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TACITUS.

TRANSLATED BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

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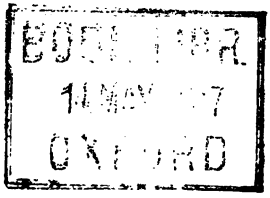
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'This is an excellent work, and supersedes all that has been done on this author. The lost portions of Tacitus are supplied by original compositions [by Brotier], and interstitial books are added to connect and complete the whole.'—
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MISCELLANY.

HISTORY OF TACITUS.

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These transactions passed in the

Year of Rome	Of Christ	Consuls.
823	70	Flavius Vespasianus, Titus, his son.

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tribes, such as the Ariana, the Helvecones, the Manimians, Elysians, and Naharvalians; the worship of Alcis, supposed to be Castor and Pollux; particular description of the Arians; the Gothones, the Rugians, and Lemivians, all under regal government—XLIV. The Suiones bordering on the ocean; their naval strength; their kings despotic—XLV. The sea without undulation; the Æstians, and their plenty of amber on the shore; the formation of amber, and its natural causes; the Sitones, subject to female government—XLVI. The Peucinians, the Venedians, and Fennians; their filth and poverty; accounts of the Helusians, the Oxiones, and others too fabulous to be related.

This tract was composed by Tacitus in the

Year of Rome	Of Christ	Consuls.
851	98	Nerva, the fourth time, Trajan, the second.

LIFE OF AGRICOLA.

Sect. I. The use and practice of biography to record the lives of eminent men—II. The custom dangerous under tyrannic power — III. Liberty of sentiment under the reign of Trajan — IV. Birth and parentage of Agricola; his education, and studies of his youth—V. He learns the military art in Britain—VI. He marries advantageously, and obtains the questorship; is made tribune of the people, and also pretor — VII. His mother murdered in Liguria by Otho's soldiers; Vespasian aspires to the empire; Agricola declares on his side; he is sent by Mucianus to command the twentieth legion then in Britain; his modest conduct advances his reputation—IX. He returns to Rome; is raised by Vespasian to the patrician rank, and made governor of Aquitania; he rises to the consulship, and gives his daughter in marriage to Tacitus; is appointed governor of Britain—X. Description of Britain —XI. Origin of the inhabitants, their institutions, religious rites, and manners—XII. Their military strength, and

manner of fighting in armed chariots; the soil, the climate, precious metals, and pearl fishery—XIII. Temper of the Britons since vanquished by the Romans; expedition of Julius Cæsar, and the other emperors—XIV. The several consular governors of Britain in regular succession; Aulus Plautius, Ostorius Scapula, Aulus Didius Gallus, Veranius, Suetonius Paulinus—XV. Complaints and discontents of the Britons—XVI. General revolt under the conduct of Boadicea; Paulinus returns from his expedition against the isle of Mona, and conquers Boadicea; Trebellius Maximus appointed governor of Britain; he is succeeded by Vettius Bolanus—XVII. Abler generals sent into Britain by Vespasian; Petilius Cerealis commands with success, and after him Julius Frontinus—XVIII. Agricola appointed governor; he subdues the Ordovicians, and marches to complete the reduction of the isle of Mona—XIX. He begins a reformation in Britain, by introducing literature and the arts of civilisation; the Britons reconciled to Roman manners—XXII. Agricola pushes his conquests in the northern part of the island, and penetrates as far as the Firth of Tay—XXIII. Forts and garrisons established to secure the country newly discovered—XXIV. Agricola pushes his conquests to the western coast opposite to Ireland; he receives a petty king of that country under his protection, and is told that the island may be conquered by a single legion—XXV. Agricola explores the country beyond the Firth of Bodotria, and sends his fleet to annoy the coast—XXVI. The Caledonians attack the ninth legion by surprise in the night; Agricola comes to the assistance of the legion; the Britons put to the rout; but soon after resume their courage, and form a general league against the Romans—XXVIII. A cohort of Usipians, levied in Germany, in a bold adventure sail round the northern part of the island—XXIX. Galgacus prepares to encounter the Romans, and takes post on the Grampian hill—XXX. His admirable speech to his army—XXXIII. Agricola harangues his men—XXXV. A fierce and bloody battle—XXXVIII. The Romans gain a complete victory; Agricola orders his fleet to sail round the whole island—XXXIX. Domitian receives an account of Agricola's operations with pretended joy, and dissembled uneasiness—XL. He grants triumphal

ornaments and a statue to Agricola, but resolves to recall him from the command in Britain; Agricola returns to Rome, and meets with a cold reception from the emperor; his prudent plan of life—XLI. The emperor and his courtiers hostile to virtue—XLII. Agricola intitled by lot to the government of Asia or Africa; but Domitian by his emissaries contrives to dissuade him, and receives thanks for excusing him—XLIII. The death of Agricola—XLIV. His age, his form and stature, and his public dignities—XLV. His loss the less to be regretted, as he escaped the horrid cruelties of Domitian, and the murder of the best men in Rome; the beautiful and pathetic sentiments with which Tacitus concludes.

The life of Agricola was written in the

Year of Rome	Of Christ	Consuls.
850	97	Nerva, emperor, third time, Verginius Rufus.

DIALOGUE CONCERNING ORATORY.

Sect. I. General introduction, with the reasons for writing an account of the following discourse—II. The persons engaged in the dialogue; at first, Curiatius Maternus, Julius Secundus, and Marcus Aper—III. Secundus endeavors to dissuade Maternus from thinking any more of dramatic composition—IV. Maternus gives his reasons for persisting—V. Aper condemns his resolution; and, in point of utility, real happiness, fame and dignity, contends that the oratorical profession is preferable to the poetical—VIII. He cites the example of Eprius Marcellus and Crispus Vibius, who raised themselves by their eloquence to the highest honors—IX. Poetical fame brings with it no advantage—X. He exhorts Maternus to relinquish the muses and devote his whole time to eloquence and the business of the bar—XI. Maternus defends his favorite studies; the pleasures arising from poetry are in their nature innocent and sublime; the fame is extensive and immortal: the poet

enjoys the most delightful intercourse with his friends, whereas the life of the public orator is a state of warfare and anxiety—XIV. Vipstanius Messala enters the room; he finds his friends engaged in a controversy, and being an admirer of ancient eloquence, he advises Aper to adopt the model of the ancients in preference to the plan of the modern rhetoricians—XV. Hence a difference of opinion concerning the merit of the ancients and the moderns; Messala, Secundus, and Maternus, profess themselves admirers of the oratory that florished in the time of the republic; Aper launches out against the ancients, and gives the preference to the advocates of his own time; he desires to know who are to be accounted ancients—XVIII. Eloquence has various modes, all changing with the conjuncture of the times; but it is the nature of men to praise the past and censure the present; the period when Cassius Severus florished is stated to be the point of time at which men cease to be ancients; Cassius with good reason deviated from the ancient manner—XX. Defects of ancient eloquence; the modern style more refined and elegant—XXI. The character of Calvus, Cælius, Cæsar and Brutus, and also of Asinius Pollio, and Messala Corvinus—XXII. The praise and censure of Cicero—XXIII. The true rhetorical art consists in blending the virtues of ancient oratory with the beauties of the modern style—XXIV. Maternus observes that there can be no dispute about the superior reputation of the ancient orators; he therefore calls on Messala to take that point for granted, and proceed to an inquiry into the causes that produced so great an alteration—XXV. After some observations on the eloquence of Calvus, Asinius Pollio, Cæsar, Cicero, and others, Messala praises Gracchus and Lucius Crassus, but censures Mecænas, Gallio, and Cassius Severus—XXVII. Maternus reminds Messala of the true point in question; Messala proceeds to assign the causes which occasioned the decay of eloquence, such as the dissipation of the young men, the inattention of their parents, the ignorance of rhetorical professors, and the total neglect of discipline—XXXIV. He proceeds to explain the plan of study, and the institutions, customs, and various arts, by which orators were formed in the time of the republic—XXXV. The defects and vices in the new system of educa-

tion: in this part of the dialogue the sequel of Messala's discourse is lost, with the whole of what was said by Secundus, and the beginning of Maternus: the supplement goes on from this place, distinguished by the sections marked with numerical figures—1. Messala describes the presumption of the young advocates on their first appearance at the bar; their want of legal knowlege, and the absurd habits which they contracted in the schools of the rhetoricians—2. Eloquence totally ruined by the preceptors; Messala concludes with desiring Secundus and Maternus to assign the reasons which have occurred to them—4. Secundus gives his opinion; the change of government produced a new mode of eloquence; the orators under the emperors endeavored to be ingenious rather than natural; Seneca the first who introduced a false taste, which still prevailed in the reign of Vespasian—8. Licinius Largus taught the advocates of his time the disgraceful art of hiring applauders by profession; this was the bane of all true oratory; and for that reason Maternus was right in renouncing the forum altogether—10. Maternus acknowleges that he was disgusted by the shameful practices that prevailed at the bar, and therefore resolved to devote the rest of his time to poetry and the muses—11. An apology for the rhetoricians; the praise of Quintilian; true eloquence died with Cicero—13. The loss of liberty was the ruin of genuine oratory; Demosthenes florished under a free government: the original goes on from this place to the end of the dialogue—XXXVI. Eloquence florishes most in times of public tumult; the crimes of turbulent citizens supply the orator with his best materials—XXXVII. In the time of the republic, oratorical talents were necessary qualifications, and without them no man was deemed worthy of being advanced to the magistracy—XXXVIII. The Roman orators were not confined in point of time; they might extend their speeches to what length they thought proper, and could even adjourn; Pompey abridged the liberty of speech, and limited the time—XXXIX. The very dress of the advocates under the emperors was prejudicial to eloquence—XL. True eloquence springs from the vices of men, and never was known to exist under a calm and settled government—XLI. Eloquence changes with the times;

every age has its own peculiar advantages, and invidious comparisons are unnecessary—XLII. Conclusion of the dialogue.

The time of this dialogue was the sixth of Vespasian's reign.

Year of Rome	Of Christ	Consuls.
828	75	Vespasian, sixth time, Titus, his son, fourth time.

HISTORY OF TACITUS.

BOOK V.

SECT. I. IN the beginning of this year Titus was appointed by his father to complete the reduction of Judea. This young commander, while Vespasian was yet no higher than a subject, had gained a reputation for brave exploit and military talents. His fame and authority were now in their meridian splendor. The armies of the empire and the several provinces exerted themselves with emulation to assist him in his enterprise. Titus, on his part, made it his study to show himself superior to the fortuitous advantages of his station. Active in the field, and elegant in his manners, he endeavored to merit esteem by affability and a strict discharge of his duty. He attended the works; he marched in the ranks, and mixed with the common soldiers, without impairing the dignity of his character. He was received in Judea at the head of three legions; the fifth, the tenth, and the fifteenth; all experienced veterans, who had served under Vespasian. To these were added the twelfth, from Syria; and the third and twenty-second, from Alexandria. He had, besides, twenty cohorts of the allies, and eight squadrons of horse. The two kings, Agrippa and Sohemus, joined his standard. Antiochus sent the forces of his kingdom. A formidable body of Arabs, with

that animosity which often embitters neighboring nations against each other, took the field as avowed enemies of the Jewish nation. The number that passed over from Rome and Italy, to serve as volunteers under a prince not yet decided in his friendships, was considerable. With this force Titus advanced into the enemy's country in order of battle, by his scouts exploring the motions of the enemy, and always prepared for action. In this manner he arrived at Jerusalem, and encamped before the town.

II. Being now to relate the progress of a siege that terminated in the destruction of that once celebrated city, it may be proper to go back to its first foundation, and to trace the origin of the people.[1] The Jews,

1 This account of the origin of the Jewish nation has been the subject of much elaborate criticism. The commentators are a little surprised that an historian, of an enlarged and comprehensive mind, should not have thought it worth his while to gain the most exact information concerning a people whose final ruin he was to relate. That neglect is still more surprising when it is considered that, in the reign of Trajan, when Tacitus published his work, the page of Jewish history was fully disclosed, and accessible to the curiosity of every Roman. Josephus lived at Rome under Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian; and under the last of those emperors his History of the War in Judea was published. Tacitus, however, neglecting all these advantages, has given an account so mixed with fable that the gleam of truth, which breaks out in one short passage, is almost extinguished by the surrounding rubbish. He deduces the origin of the Jews from five different nations; namely, the Cretans, the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, the Assyrians, and the Solymans mentioned by Homer. These various opinions are reported with an air of indecision that leaves the reader to choose for himself. The Jews, it is true, were beheld by the Romans with contempt and detestation. Tacitus charges the whole nation with a fixed and sullen hatred of all mankind; and it is therefore probable that, with regard to such a race, he did not think it necessary to enter into a minute inquiry though the materials were within his reach; and it is certain that no people whatever have been so careful to preserve the proofs of their descent from a

we are told, were natives of the isle of Crete. At the time when Saturn was driven from his throne by the violence of Jupiter they abandoned their habitations, and gained a settlement at the extremity of Libya. In support of this tradition the etymology of their name is adduced as a proof. Mount Ida, well known to fame, stands in the isle of Crete: the inhabitants are called Idæans; and the word, by a barbarous corruption, was changed afterwards to that of Judæans. According to others, they were a colony from Egypt, when that country, during the reign of Isis, overflowing with inhabitants, poured forth its redundant numbers under the conduct of Hierosolymus and Juda. A third hypothesis makes them originally Ethiopians, compelled by the tyranny of Cepheus, the reigning monarch, to abandon their country. Some authors contend that they were a tribe of Assyrians,[1] who for some time occupied a portion of Egypt, and afterwards transplanting themselves into Syria, acquired in their own right a number of cities, together with the territories of the Hebrews. There is still another tradition, which ascribes to the Jews a more illustrious origin, deriving them from the ancient Solymans,[2] so highly celebrated

single founder, and to transmit to posterity the regular genealogy of their several families.

1 We have in this passage something that borders on the truth. Abraham went forth from the Ur of the Chaldees; Genesis xi. 31. He went into Egypt to sojourn there; Genesis xii. 10. The history of his posterity in Egypt, and the journey into Syria and the land of Canaan, clearly prove the descent of the Jews from Abraham, and throw a light on what our author says of their Assyrian origin. Tacitus, however, not having investigated the fact, gives the various opinions that were floating in the world, and leaves the truth to rest on better authority.

2 Homer was held in such high veneration throughout Greece that his verses often decided the limits of disputed

in the poetry of Homer. By that people the city was built, and from its founder received the name of Hierosolyma.

III. In this clash of opinions one point seems to be universally admitted. A pestilential disease, disfiguring the race of man, and making the body an object of loathsome deformity,[1] spread all over Egypt. Bocchoris, at that time the reigning monarch, consulted the oracle of Jupiter Hammon, and received for answer that the kingdom must be purified, by exterminating the infected multitude as a race of men detested by the gods. After diligent search the wretched sufferers were collected together, and in a wild and barren desert abandoned to their misery. In that distress, while the vulgar herd was sunk in deep despair, Moses, one of their number, reminded them that, by the wisdom of his counsels, they had been already rescued out of impending danger. Deserted as they were by men and gods, he told them that if they did not repose their confidence in him, as their chief by divine commission, they had no resource left. His offer was accepted. Their march began they knew not whither. Want of water [2] was their chief distress. Worn out with fatigue, they lay stretched on the bare earth, heart-

lands, and threw a lustre round every state or people recorded in his poems.

1 Justin mentions this epidemic distemper, and calls it the leprosy. We now know that it was inflicted by God, who said to Pharaoh, 'Let my people go, that they may serve me; for if thou refuse to let them go, and wilt hold them still, there shall be a very grievous murrain.' See Exodus ix. 1, 2, 3. 10. That the passage through the Red Sea should be omitted by Tacitus, Brotier observes, cannot be matter of wonder, since it is related even by Josephus in a manner that adds no authenticity to the miracle.

2 And they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water; Exodus xv. 22.

broken, ready to expire, when a troop of wild asses,[1] returning from pasture, went up the steep ascent of a rock covered with a grove of trees. The verdure of the herbage round the place suggested the idea of springs near at hand. Moses traced the steps of the animals, and discovered a plentiful vein of water. By this relief the fainting multitude was raised from despair. They pursued their journey for six days[2] without intermission. On the seventh they made halt, and having expelled the natives, took possession of the country, where they built their city, and dedicated their temple.

IV. In order to draw the bond of union closer, and to establish his own authority, Moses gave a new form of worship, and a system of religious ceremonies, the reverse of every thing known[3] to any other age or

1 This discovery of springs in a shady grove calls to mind what Moses tells us: 'And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees;' Exodus xv. 27. Where Tacitus found the romantic incident of the troop of wild asses does not appear. The story is amusing, and probably was adopted in the narrative to prepare the reader for the consecration of that animal, as mentioned in the following section.

2 Brotier observes that a journey into Palestine, through the deserts of Arabia, could not be performed in six days; as it appears in the Memoirs of the French Missionaries in the Levant, tom. vii. p. 5, that father Sicard went over that whole tract of country, and did not reach Mount Sinai till the thirtieth day. Brotier adds, that in what Tacitus relates something like the truth is still to be found, since we are told that Joshua and the children of Israel went round the city of Jericho once, and continued so to do six days, and on the seventh day, which was the sabbath, entered the city; and, having extirpated the inhabitants, became masters of the country, where David built a city, and Solomon dedicated a temple. See Joshua vi. 3. 20, 21.

3 Moses introduced a system of religion very different from the polytheism and superstitious ceremonies of the Romans. Tacitus speaks with marked disapprobation; but the errors of prejudice have been long since refuted.

country. Whatever is held sacred by the Romans with the Jews is profane:[1] and what in other nations is unlawful and impure, with them is fully established. The figure of the animal[2] that guided them to refreshing springs is consecrated in the sanctuary of their temple. In contempt of Jupiter Hammon they sacrifice a ram. The ox, worshipped in Egypt for the god Apis, is slain as a victim by the Jews. From the flesh of swine they abstain altogether. An animal, subject to the same leprous disease that infected their whole nation, is not deemed proper food. The famine with which they were for a long time afflicted is frequently commemorated by a solemn fast. Their bread, in memory of their having seized a quantity of grain to relieve their wants, is made without leaven. The seventh day[3] is sacred to rest, for on that day their labors ended; and such is their natural propensity to sloth, that in consequence of it[4] every seventh year is

1 Whatever was sacred at Rome was beyond all doubt profane at Jerusalem. The Jews worshipped one god, and by consequence the pagan mythology fell into contempt.

2 The veneration here said to have been paid in the Temple to the image of an ass is refuted by Tacitus himself, who says, in the following section, that the Jews suffered no consecrated statues or images to be erected either in their cities or temples. He tells us afterwards, that when Pompey conquered Jerusalem, and made his entry into the Temple, he found neither statues nor images, but a void and empty tabernacle.

3 The seventh day was a day of rest, but not for the reason given by Tacitus: 'it was the sabbath of the Lord; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.'

4 The seventh year was also a year of rest, not for the sake of sluggish inactivity, but in consequence of an express command: 'Six years thou shalt sow thy field, six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard; but in the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord.' There

devoted to repose and sluggish inactivity. For this septennial custom some account in a different manner: they tell us that it is an institution in honor of Saturn, either because the Idæans, expelled, as has been mentioned, from the isle of Crete, transmitted to their posterity the principles of their religious creed, or because, among the seven planets that govern the universe, Saturn moves in the highest orbit,[1] and acts with the greatest energy. It may be added, that the period in which the heavenly bodies perform their revolutions is regulated by the number seven.[2]

V. These rites and ceremonies, from whatever source derived, owe their chief support to their antiquity. They have other institutions, in themselves corrupt, impure, and even abominable, but eagerly embraced, as if their very depravity[3] were a recommendation.

was still another sabbath of more importance: 'The space of the seven sabbaths of years shall be forty-nine years, and ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, for it is the jubilee, and it shall be holy unto you.' Josephus says that Julius Cæsar, when he imposed an annual tribute on the Jewish nation, made an exception of the seventh year, which was called the sabbath, when the people neither reaped nor sowed.

1 The orbit which Saturn describes is at a greater distance from the sun than any planet in the solar system: but judicial astrology has been long considered as a vain exploded science.

2 Tacitus says that the life of man is governed by the revolutions of the seven planets: that doctrine was not only taught by the Egyptian and Pythagorean philosophy, but has been adopted by modern astrologers. Hence the calculation proceeded by a series of seven years to the grand climacteric, at the age of sixty-three. The Jews however had very different reasons for their sabbaths of years.

3 The force of national prejudice was never more strongly displayed. Tacitus thought nothing orthodox but the creed of his own country; and in his eyes the depravity of the Jews consisted in preferring the worship of one God to Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, and the rest of the monstrous deities with which superstition had peopled heaven.

The scum and refuse of other nations, renouncing the religion of their country, flocked in crowds to Jerusalem, enriching the place with gifts and offerings. Hence the wealth and grandeur of the state. Connected amongst themselves by the most obstinate and inflexible faith,[1] the Jews extend their charity to all of their own persuasion, while towards the rest of mankind they nourish a sullen and inveterate hatred. Strangers are excluded from their tables. Unsociable to all others, they eat and lodge with one another only; and though addicted to sensuality, they admit no intercourse with women from other nations. Among themselves their passions are without restraint. Vice itself is lawful.[2] That they may know each other by distinctive marks, they have established the practice of circumcision.[3] All who embrace their faith submit to the same operation. The first elements of their religion teach their proselytes to despise the gods, to abjure their country, and forget their parents, their brothers, and their children. To encourage their own

1 The Jews were not intirely confined within the limits of Palestine; they went forth in quest of gain, and settled in every quarter where trade and commerce florished. Wherever they fixed, they retained their own principles, and despised the established religion of the place. This is called 'adversus omnes alios hostile odium.' Not being able to attend the tabernacle with their offerings, they collected among themselves a considerable treasure, and sent it as an annual tribute to the temple of Jerusalem. Hence the immense heaps of gold and silver that fell into the hands of the Romans; and hence the Jews were said to love one another, and to hate the rest of mankind.

2 It is not necessary to cite from Deuteronomy the laws against adultery, and the virgins of Israel that suffered themselves to be seduced. Tacitus transfers the guilt of individuals to the whole nation.

3 Circumcision is called a token of the covenant. This shows that it was not derived from the Egyptians, according to the notion entertained by some of the learned.

internal population is a great object of their policy. No man is allowed to put his children to death.[1] The souls of such as die in battle, or by the hand of the executioner, are thought to be immortal. Hence two ruling passions; the desire of multiplying their species, and a fixed contempt of death. The bodies of the deceased are never burned:[2] they choose rather to inter them after the example of the Egyptians. With that people they agree in their belief of a future state: they have the same notion of departed spirits,[3] the same solicitude, and the same doctrine. With regard to the Deity[4] their creed is different. The Egyptians worship various animals, and also certain symbolical representations, which are the work of man; the Jews acknowlege one God only, and him they see in the mind's eye, and him they adore in contemplation, condemning, as impious idolaters, all who with perishable materials, wrought into the human form, attempt to give a representation of the Deity. The God of the Jews is the great governing mind,[5] that directs and guides the

1 The Romans had power of life and death over their own children, and were not willing to be incumbered with a numerous issue.

2 It is certain that the Hebrews interred their dead, since Abraham's burying-place is frequently mentioned in Scripture. That the Egyptians buried their dead, is plain from their usage of embalming them. It is probable that the practice of burning the bodies of the deceased sprung originally from a design to prevent any outrage to the bodies from their enemies. Sylla, among the Romans, was the first of his family who ordered his body to be burnt, lest the barbarities which he had exercised on the remains of Marius should be retaliated on his own.

3 The Egyptians believed in a state of future rewards and punishments.

4 The Jews believed in one God; the Egyptians were polytheists, and even worshipped brute animals.

5 We have here a sublime idea of one great, supreme, and governing Mind; of one omnipotent, eternal God. It is asto-

whole frame of nature, eternal, infinite, and neither capable of change, nor subject to decay. In consequence of this opinion no such thing as a statue was to be seen in their city, much less in their temples. Flattery had not learned to pay that homage to their own kings, nor were they willing to admit the statues of the Cæsars. Their priests, it is true, made use of fifes and cymbals; they were crowned with wreaths of ivy,[1] and a vine wrought in gold was seen in their temple. Hence some have inferred that Bacchus, the conqueror of the east, was the object of their adoration. But the Jewish forms of worship have no conformity to the rites of Bacchus. The latter have their festive days, which are always celebrated with mirth and carousing banquets. Those of the Jews are a gloomy ceremony, full of absurd enthusiasm, rueful, mean, and sordid.[2]

VI. The country of Judea is bounded on the east by Arabia;[3] on the south by Egypt; on the west by Phœ-

nishing that Tacitus did not pause in deep reflection on what he could so well describe.

1 No mention is made in any part of the Bible of Jewish priests crowned with ivy. A vine wrought in gold, of prodigious weight, is mentioned by Josephus as a magnificent ornament.

2 The Roman *dies festus* signifies a day consecrated to joy, and song, and dance, and public spectacles. It was otherwise with the Jews. At stated periods they commemorated public misfortunes; and grief and fasting, sackcloth and ashes, distinguished their religious ceremonies, wholly different from the rites of Bacchus, and therefore called absurd and sordid. Tacitus it must be said has given us an unfavorable picture of the Jews. Voltaire has painted them in harsher colors; but he concludes that they ought to be exempted from the fires of the Inquisition.

3 Arabia extended from Egypt to Chaldea, and from the Euphrates, which washes Syria, to the Arabian gulf. It is divided into three parts, viz. Arabia Felix, Petræa, and Deserta.

nicia and the sea: the northern frontier stretches to a great length along the confines of Syria. The natives are strong and patient of labor. The climate is dry and sultry; rain is seldom seen, and the soil is rich and fertile. Besides the fruits known in Italy, the palm and balm tree florish in great luxuriance. The palm is beautiful as well as lofty; the balm is of moderate growth. Its branches, when the juices circulate, seem to call for an incision, but they dread the application of steel; the veins shrink from its approach. The operation is performed with a shell or pointed stone. The liquor that distils from the wound is of use in medicine. Libanus is the highest mountain in the country. It rises to a great height, affording shade under its verdant groves, and even in the ardent heat of that sultry region covered at the top with eternal snow. From this mountain the river Jordan derives its source, and the abundance of its waters. The stream does not discharge itself into the sea: it runs into two different lakes,[1] preserving through both a clear and unmixed current, till it loses itself in a third. The last of these lakes is of immense extent, resembling a sea, but more nauseous to the taste, and by its fetid exhalations pernicious to the neighborhood. The winds occasion no undulation: the surface is never ruffled. No fish can live in these waters. The birds that love to dip the wing avoid the place. The fluid element, for it can scarce be called water, supports, as it were on a solid expanse, whatever is thrown in. Between those who cannot swim and the perfect mas-

1 The first of the lakes is Samachonites, mentioned by Josephus; the second, Cinnereth, by Joshua; the third, Asphaltus, called by Milton the Asphaltic pool, by others Mare Mortuum, from the immobility of its waters. It is said by Josephus to be seventy miles in length, and in some places twelve or thirteen in breadth.

ters of the art there is no difference:[1] all float with equal ease. At certain seasons of the year the lake throws up a quantity of pitch or bitumen.[2] Experience, the mother of all useful arts, has taught men how to gather it. It is a liquid substance, naturally of a black hue. The infusion of vinegar gives cohesion to the parts. When thus condensed it floats on the surface, and you may grasp it with your hand. Those who make it their business to collect it draw one end into their boats; the rest of the mass follows without toil or difficulty, and continues loading the vessel till the viscous substance is cut in two. The separation is neither made with iron nor with brass. If touched with blood, the parts instantly divide. Such is the account transmitted to us by ancient authors. We learn, however, from modern experience, that this extraordinary substance, floating in heaps up and down the lake, is driven towards the shore, or easily drawn by the hand; and when the vapor that exhales from the land, or the heat of the sun, has sufficiently dried and hardened it, it is then cut asunder, like wood or stone, by wedges, or the stroke of the hatchet.

1 All travellers agree in stating the noxious taste and smell of the Asphaltic lake. See Pococke, where we also read that the water, impregnated with salt and sulphur, or bitumen, weighs more than fresh water, and consequently lets nothing sink. It is related by Josephus that Vespasian, in order to make an experiment, ordered some prisoners, with their hands tied behind their backs, to be thrown into the lake; when they all emerged and floated on the surface.

2 Brotier says, on the authority of an eminent traveller in the east, that the slime or bitumen, by the Greeks called *asphalte*, is thrown up on the surface of the waters during the autumn, probably from the places mentioned in the Bible. 'The vale of Siddim, which is the salt sea, was full of slime-pits:' Genesis xiv. 3. 10. And this concretion, after floating for some time, is driven by the wind to the shore, where it is carefully collected by the Arabs for their own use and profit, after delivering a certain proportion to the bassa of Jerusalem.

VII. At a small distance from the lake lie those wide extended plains which tradition says were formerly a rich and fruitful country, abounding with populous cities,[1] but long since destroyed by fire from heaven, and now a barren desert. Amidst the ruins which still remain, we are told that the marks of celestial vengeance may be clearly traced; and that the soil, consumed and parched, has lost the powers of vegetation. Whatever the earth produces, whether by the prolific vigor of nature or the cultivation of man, nothing ripens to perfection. The herbage may shoot up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms; they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity; but with this florid outside, all within turns black, and moulders into dust. To speak my own opinion, though it be true that great and florishing cities have been destroyed by fire from heaven, yet the desolation here described may be accounted for from natural causes. The exhalations from the lake seem sufficient to blast the vital principle of the soil, and to infect the whole atmosphere. By consequence all manner of grain, and the fruits of the autumn, naturally perish in a climate so hostile to vegetation. The river Belus[2] empties itself into the sea that washes the coast of Judea. The sands, which the stream carries down in large quantities, are taken up at its mouth; and being mixed with nitre, dissolve by the action of

1 The cities were Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboiim; Genesis xiv. 2. 'The Lord rained on Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire, and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain;' Genesis xix. 24, 25.

2 Belus, a river of Galilee, running from the foot of Mount Carmel, and emptying itself into the Mediterranean. Strabo says that the whole coast has a sand fit for glass, but that the sand of the river Belus is the best sort. Here the art of making glass was first discovered.

fire, and soon afterwards harden into glass. The shore is of small extent, and though constantly searched, these ingredients still remain unexhausted.

VIII. The face of the country is covered with villages. There are likewise towns of considerable note. Jerusalem is the capital. The temple is distinguished by its wealth no less than by its magnificence. The fortifications of the city are its first defence; the royal palace is the second; the inclosure, where the temple stands, forms the third. Even a Jew is not admitted beyond the portal. No man except the priests has access to the interior parts. While the Assyrians, and after them the Medes and Persians, were masters of the oriental world, the Jews, of all the nations then held in subjection, were deemed the vilest. At a subsequent period, when the Macedonian monarchy was established, Antiochus, the reigning king, formed a plan to weed out the superstition of the country. To reform, if possible, so corrupt a race, he intended to introduce the manners and institutions of Greece; but a war with the Parthians (Arsaces being then in arms) rendered that design abortive. In process of time, when the Macedonians were by degrees enfeebled, when the Parthian state was in its infancy, and the Romans were yet at a distance, the Jews seized the opportunity to erect a monarchy of their own.[1] Their

1 Justin informs us that the power of Demetrius I. and his successors, kings of Syria, not being supported with vigor, the Jews took their opportunity to shake off a foreign yoke, and assert their liberty. In confirmation of this, we read in Maccabees a treaty between Demetrius and Simon the high-priest, A. U. C. 611; B. C. 143; and thus 'the yoke of the heathen was taken away from Israel, and the people of Israel began to write in their instruments and contracts, in the first year of Simon the high-priest, the governor and leader of the Jews.'

kings were soon deposed by the caprice and levity of the people. They returned however in a short time, and having recovered the throne by force of arms, made the people feel the weight of their resentment. A scene of oppression followed: citizens were driven into exile: whole cities were demolished: brothers, wives, and parents, were put to death; and, in short, every species of cruelty usual among despotic kings was enforced with rigor by the usurpers. They saw that superstition is among the instruments of tyranny; and to strengthen their ill-gotten power, they not only supported the national rites and ceremonies, but united in their own persons the sacerdotal and regal functions.

IX. Pompey was the first Roman that subdued the Jews. By right of conquest he entered their temple. It is a fact well known, that he found no image, no statue, no symbolical representation of the Deity: the whole presented a naked dome; the sanctuary was unadorned and simple. By Pompey's order the walls of the city were levelled to the ground, but the temple was left intire. In the civil wars that afterwards shook the empire, when the eastern provinces fell to the lot of Marc Antony, Pacorus, the Parthian king, made himself master of Judea; but being in a short time after put to death by Ventidius, his forces retired beyond the Euphrates. Caius Sosius once more reduced the Jews to obedience. Herod was placed on the throne by Marc Antony, and Augustus confirmed the sceptre in his hand. On the death of Herod a man of the name of Simon, without deferring to the authority of the emperor, usurped the sovereignty. He however was punished for his ambition by Quintilius Varus, the governor of Syria; and the kingdom, by an equal partition, was divided between the three

sons of Herod. During the reign of Tiberius things remained in a state of tranquillity. Caligula ordered his statue to be erected in the temple. The Jews, rather than submit, had recourse to arms. Caligula was assassinated, and the contest died with him. In the following reign, the Jewish kings being either dead or their dominion reduced to narrow limits, the rest of Judea was converted into a Roman province. Claudius committed the administration to Roman knights, or to his favorite freedmen. Antonius Felix was of the latter description; a man who from low beginnings rose to power, and, with the true genius of a slave, exercised the tyranny of an eastern prince. He married Drusilla, the grand-daughter of Antony and Cleopatra. Mankind had then two extraordinary objects to gaze at; one in the person of Claudius, emperor of Rome; and the other an enfranchised slave; each the grandson of Marc Antony.

X. The Jews, though harassed by various acts of oppression, continued to give proofs of their patient spirit, till Gessius Florus, in the character of procurator, took on him the administration of the province. Under him a war broke out. Cestius Gallus, the governor of Syria, endeavored to crush the revolt. He fought a number of battles, in most of them unsuccessful. After his death, which was perhaps hastened by disappointment and vexation, Vespasian, by the appointment of Nero, succeeded to the command. Supported by his great military character, and the good fortune that attended his arms, with the additional advantage of able officers under him, that general in two summer campaigns overran the whole country, and made himself master of all the inferior cities. Jerusalem was the only place that held out. In the following year the war with Vitellius engaged his at-

tention, and the Jews enjoyed an interval of repose. The peace of Italy being at length restored, foreign affairs demanded his immediate care. The Jews were the only nation that refused to submit. The obstinacy of that stubborn people filled Vespasian with resentment. But what sudden emergencies might involve a new reign in difficulties could not be foreseen. In order to be prepared for all events Vespasian judged it the wisest measure to leave his son Titus at the head of the army. The prince, as already mentioned, encamped under the walls of Jerusalem, and drew out his legions in the face of the enemy.

XI. The Jews appeared in force on the plains under the ramparts, determined, if successful, to push their advantage, and if obliged to give ground, sure of a retreat within their fortifications. The Roman cavalry, with a detachment from the light-armed cohorts, advanced to the attack. A battle was fought, but with doubtful success. The Jews took shelter within their walls, venturing however for several days afterwards to sally out in small parties, till, tired by repeated losses, they resolved to shut themselves up within their fortifications. Titus prepared to carry the place by storm. To linger before it till famine compelled a surrender appeared unworthy of the Roman name. The soldiers were eager to brave every danger: courage, ferocity, and the hope of gaining the rewards of victory, inspired the whole army. Titus had his private motives: Rome was before his eyes; wealth and magnificence dazzled his imagination, and pleasure had its allurements. If the city was not taken by assault a siege in form would detain him too long from the splendid scene that lay before him. But Jerusalem stood on an eminence difficult of approach. The natural strength of the place was increased by redoubts

and bulwarks, which, even on the level plain, would have made it secure from insult. Two hills that rose to a prodigious height were inclosed by walls constructed with skill, in some places projecting forward, in others retiring inwardly, with the angles so formed that the besiegers were always liable to be annoyed in flank. The extremities of the rock were sharp, abrupt, and craggy. In convenient places near the summit towers were raised sixty feet high, and others, on the declivity of the sides, rose no less than a hundred and twenty feet. These works presented a spectacle altogether astonishing. To the distant eye they seemed to be of equal elevation. Within the city there were other fortifications inclosing the palace of the kings. Above all was seen, conspicuous to view, the tower Antonia, so called by Herod, in honor of the triumvir, who had been his friend and benefactor.

XII. The temple itself was a strong fortress, in the nature of a citadel. The fortifications were built with consummate skill, surpassing in art as well as labor all the rest of the works. The very portices that surrounded it were a strong defence. A perennial spring supplied the place with water. Subterraneous caverns were scooped under the rock. The rain water was saved in pools and cisterns. It was foreseen by the founders of the city that the manners and institutions of the nation, so repugnant to the rest of mankind, would be productive of frequent wars; hence so many precautions against a siege. Since the reduction of the place by Pompey experience taught the Jews new modes of fortification; and the corruption and venality that pervaded the whole reign of Claudius favored all their projects. By bribery they obtained permission to rebuild their walls. The strength of the works plainly showed that, in profound peace, they meditated

future resistance. The destruction of the rest of their cities served to increase the number of the besieged. A prodigious conflux poured in from all quarters, and among them the most bold and turbulent spirits of the nation. The city by consequence was distracted by internal divisions. They had three armies and as many generals. The outward walls, forming the widest extent, were defended by Simon: John, otherwise called Bargioras, commanded in the middle: Eleazar kept possession of the temple. The two former commanded the greatest number of soldiers; the latter had the advantage of situation. The three parties quarrelled among themselves. Battles were fought within the walls; stratagems were practised; conflagrations destroyed parts of the city, and a large quantity of grain was consumed in the flames. Under color of performing a sacrifice, John contrived to send a band of assassins to cut off Eleazar and his whole party in one general massacre. By this atrocious deed he gained possession of the temple. From that time two contending factions threw every thing into confusion, till the enemy at their gates obliged them to unite in their common defence.

XIII. Portents and prodigies announced the ruin of the city: but a people blinded by their own national superstition, and with rancor detesting the religion of other states, held it unlawful by vows and victims to deprecate the impending danger. Swords were seen glittering in the air; embattled armies appeared, and the temple was illuminated by a stream of light that issued from the heavens. The portal flew open, and a voice more than human denounced the immediate departure of the gods. There was heard, at the same time, a tumultuous and terrific sound, as if superior beings were actually rushing forth. The impression

made by these wonders fell on a few only: the multitude relied on an ancient prophecy, contained as they believed in books kept by the priests, by which it was foretold that, in this very juncture, the power of the east would prevail over the nations, and a race of men would go forth from Judea to extend their dominion over the rest of the world. The prediction, however, couched in ambiguous terms, related to Vespasian and his son Titus. But the Jewish mind was not to be enlightened. With the usual propensity of men ready to believe what they ardently wish, the populace assumed to themselves the scene of grandeur which the Fates were preparing to bring forward. Calamity itself could not open their eyes. The number besieged in Jerusalem, including both sexes and every age, amounted, according to the best accounts, to no less than six hundred thousand. All who were capable of serving appeared in arms. The number of effective men was beyond all proportion greater than could be expected even in so vast a multitude. The women, no less than the men, were inflamed with zeal and ardor. If doomed to quit their country, life, they declared, was more terrible than death itself. Against a city so strongly fortified, and defended by such an obstinate race, Titus saw that nothing could be done, either by surprise or a general assault. He threw up mounds and ramparts, and prepared battering engines. He stationed the legions at different posts, and assigned to each a distinct share of the duty. For some time no attack was made. In the interval the Romans prepared all the machines of war which either the ancients had employed or modern genius invented.

XIV. It will now be proper to return to the affairs of Germany. Civilis, after the check which he received in the country of the Treverians, recruited his

army by levies made in Germany. With these forces he fixed his station in the old camp, called Vetera, depending on the strength of the place. The exploits already performed on that very spot he hoped would rouse the valor of his men. Cerealis followed him by rapid marches, with an army more than double his former number, having been joined by the second, the sixth, and the fourteenth legions. To these were added the cohorts and cavalry, which had some time before received orders to come up to his assistance. They did not immediately obey; but since his victory they lost no time. The commanders on both sides were eager to engage. Delay was not the genius of either; but the two armies were separated by a marshy plain of vast extent. The natural humidity of the soil was increased by the skill of Civilis, who had contrived, by obstructions thrown across the bed of the Rhine to stop the current, and discharge a vast body of water on the neighboring plains. A treacherous spot like this, covered with an inundation, that concealed the solid ground, was highly disadvantageous to the Romans, who carried a weight of armor, and had no skill in swimming. The Germans, on the contrary, had every thing in their favor. To make their way through floods and rivers was their usual practice. They were lightly armed, and their size and stature enabled them to wade through the waters.

XV. The Batavians advanced near enough to insult the Romans. An engagement followed. The legions were thrown into disorder. Their arms and horses were swallowed up in the fens; while the barbarians, acquainted with the shallows and fordable places, advanced with alacrity, yet not daring to attack the front of the lines, but making their impression on the flank and rear. The conflict had no appearance of two armies

engaged on a solid plain: it resembled a naval fight, where the combatants are driven at the mercy of the waves. Wherever a firm footing could be found, to that spot every effort was directed. The sound, the wounded, those who could swim, and those who were unused to the waters, were all, without distinction, involved in one general scene of distress. The slaughter however was inconsiderable. The Germans, not daring to hazard a battle out of their fens, returned to their camp. The event of the day made the generals on both sides wish for a decisive action; but they wished with different motives. Civilis wanted to pursue his advantage, and Cerealis to retrieve his honor. Success inspired the barbarians; the Romans were roused by a sense of shame. The night was passed by both armies in a very different manner. War songs and savage uproar resounded from the German camp; the Romans continued silent, breathing revenge, and meditating future carnage.

XVI. At the return of day Cerealis drew out his army. In the front he placed the cavalry and auxiliary cohorts, and, to support them, the legions in the rear. He took post himself at the head of a chosen band, to act as occasion might require. Civilis, instead of presenting a regular line, formed his men in separate divisions. On the right stood the Batavians and Gugernians; the left was occupied by the Germans, with the Rhine on their flank. No general harangue was made to either army. The commanders on both sides passed through the ranks, exhorting their men as the occasion prompted. Cerealis called to mind the glory of the Roman name, and the victories of ancient as well as modern date. 'You may now,' he said, 'by one vigorous effort, exterminate a base, a treacherous, and a vanquished race. It is not a battle

you are to expect: you are going forth the avengers of your country, to punish a rebellious crew. In the late engagement you were inferior in number, and yet their bravest troops fled before you. You see the refuse of your swords; a set of runaways, who in their minds still bear the galling memory of their late defeat, and on their backs the print of ignominious wounds.' He next addressed the legions, in the style peculiarly suited to each. The fourteenth he called the conquerors of Britain. The sixth raised Galba to imperial dignity. The soldiers of the second were now to flesh their maiden swords, and in that field to consecrate their banners and their eagle. From the legions he passed to the German army, and, with hands outstretched, pointed to the fields around, and, 'There,' he said, 'there is your station; that bank of the Rhine, and that camp, was yours; wade through the blood of your enemies, and recover your own.' The general was heard with shouts of applause. The whole army panted for the onset: those who were weary of a long peace were eager to signalise their valor; while others, harassed out with the toils of war, hoped, by one glorious victory, to find the end and recompense of all their labors.

XVII. In the opposite army Civilis was neither silent nor inactive. 'These fields,' he said, 'have seen your brave exploits. The Batavians and the Germans, at every step they take, tread on the monuments of their own fame, and the bones of slaughtered legions. The Romans, whichever way they turn their eyes, have nothing before them but memorials of their own captivity, their defeat, and their disgrace. If in the Treverian territories the issue of the battle was unpropitious, the event of that day ought to make no impression. In that field the Germans conquered; but

too eager for plunder, they suffered the victory to be snatched out of their hands. From that moment we have been in a train of success, while the Romans have had to struggle with every difficulty. Whatever could be done by the skill of your general has been provided for you. Fens and marshes are the spot where you are to engage. The depths and shallows are known to you, and they will be the grave of the Romans. The Rhine and the gods of Germany are before you. In their view, and under their protection, rush on to the charge; and let each man remember, that on his sword depends the welfare of his parents, his wife, his children, and the liberty of his country. This day, my friends, this important day, will either prove us the glorious rivals of our famed forefathers, or send down our names with disgrace and infamy to the latest posterity.' The barbarians, according to their custom, applauded by clanking their arms, and dancing in wild distortion. They rushed on to the attack, discharging a volley of stones and leaden balls, and other missive weapons. By this artifice they hoped to bring on an engagement in the fens: but the Romans, aware of the stratagem, remained on the solid ground.

XVIII. The barbarians exhausted their store of darts, when, the battle growing warm, they could no longer restrain their ardor. They rushed forward with impetuous fury. Their huge stature gave them every advantage. With their long spears they were able to goad and pierce the Romans, who with difficulty kept their footing on the slippery soil. A band of Bructerians had the spirit to quit the dam erected across the Rhine, and swim to the shore. The Romans were thrown into disorder. The auxiliary cohorts began to give way, when the legions advanced to sustain the fight, and stopped the progress of the enemy. The

battle was now on equal terms. In that moment a Batavian deserter informed Cerealis that a party of cavalry might with ease wheel round the marsh, and at the farther extremity attack the enemy in the rear. The ground he said was in that part dry and firm, and there the Gugernians might be taken by surprise. Two squadrons of horse, with the deserter for their guide, reached the place, and surrounded the enemy. A shout of victory gave notice of this advantage. The legions at the same time charged in front. The barbarians fled with precipitation towards the Rhine. Had the fleet been put in motion to second the operations of the army, that day would have closed the war. The approach of night, and a sudden storm of rain, hindered the cavalry from mixing in the action.

XIX. On the following day, the tenth legion being arrived from Spain, Cerealis detached the fourteenth to reinforce Annius Gallus in the upper province. Civilis at the same time was reinforced by the Chaucians; but even with those succors, he did not think himself in force to protect the Batavian cities. Content with carrying off whatever was portable, he set fire to the rest, and retired to the island. The Romans he well knew could not follow him without throwing up a bridge, and for that purpose they had no boats in readiness. As a farther security, he had the precaution to destroy the great dam formerly laid across the Rhine by Drusus Germanicus, leaving the river, thus freed from obstruction, to flow in its natural channel towards the confines of Gaul. The consequence was, that the current taking a new course, the body of water which separated the island from the main land sunk into a scanty stream, and the space between Germany and Batavia seemed to be one continued continent. Tutor and Classicus passed over the Rhine;

followed by no less than a hundred and thirteen Treverian senators. Alpinus Montanus, the deputy sent as above mentioned, from Cremona by Antonius Primus to the states of Gaul, was one of the number. He was accompanied by his brother Decimus Alpinus. These men dispersed themselves among the neighboring nations, urging every topic that could excite compassion; and by their gifts and presents, in a country fond of tumult and commotion, they raised considerable levies.

XX. Civilis found himself in a condition to rekindle the war. He formed four divisions of his army, with intent to attack on one and the same day the Roman cohorts, the cavalry, and the legions at four different posts; the tenth legion at Arenacum; the second at Batavodurum; and the auxiliaries in their intrenchments at Grinnes and Vada. In this enterprise Civilis headed one of the divisions; Verax, his sister's son, led the second; Classicus and Tutor had their separate commands. In these several attempts complete success was not expected; but where much was hazarded, the issue in some quarter might be prosperous. The enemy knew that Cerealis was not an officer of the strictest caution; and therefore hoped that, while he was distracted by different tidings, and by consequence obliged to hasten from one post to another, he might be somewhere intercepted on his march. The party destined to storm the quarters of the tenth legion judging it an enterprise of too much danger, desisted from the project; content with falling on such as were employed at a distance from the camp in hewing wood for the use of the army. In this attack the prefect of the camp, five principal centurions, and a few soldiers, were cut to pieces. The rest took shelter within the intrenchments. At Beta-

vodurum the push of the enemy was to destroy a bridge which the Romans had in part constructed over the river. A fierce engagement followed; but the approach of night left it undecided.

XXI. The attacks at Vada, under the conduct of Civilia, and at Grinnes, led on by Classicus, were attended with greater danger to the Romans. At each place the assault was made with resistless fury. The best and bravest of the soldiers perished on the spot. Among them fell Briganticus, at the head of a squadron of horse; a man, as already stated, distinguished by his zeal in the service of Rome, and his avowed hatred of Civilis his uncle. While the Romans were pressed on every side, Cerealis, with a select body of cavalry, came up to their relief. The fortune of the day was instantly changed. The Germans in a panic plunged into the river. Civilis attempted to stop their flight. His person being known, a shower of darts was discharged against him. He quitted his horse, and saved himself by swimming across the river. The Germans escaped by the same expedient. Tutor and Classicus were conveyed away in boats. The Roman fleet, notwithstanding positive orders, failed again to co-operate with the land forces. Several of the mariners were dispersed on different duties, and fear restrained the rest. It was the constant fault of Cerealis never to allow due time for the execution of his orders. His designs were always sudden, but the issue crowned him with glory. Where his conduct was liable to censure, fortune seemed willing to repair his error. Success made him over sanguine, and by consequence discipline fell into neglect. It was but a few days after this victory that he narrowly escaped being made a prisoner. His address saved him from

the hands of the enemy, but not from the disgrace of his own misconduct.

XXII. He had been as far as Bonn and Novesium to inspect the camps then carrying on at those places for the winter-quarters of the legions. He chose to return by water. Among the troops that followed his boats along the banks of the Rhine no order was observed, no discipline, no night-watch. The Germans saw their negligence, and took their measures accordingly. They chose a night remarkably dark, and sailed down the river. They landed without opposition, and rushed immediately to the intrenchments. They began with art and stratagem. They cut the cords of the tents, and butchered the men as they lay struggling under the load. Another party in the mean time attacked the fleet. They fastened their grappling instruments, and began to haul off the vessels. Their first approach was conducted in silence; but the slaughter was no sooner begun than, to increase the terror, they rent the air with shouts and savage uproar. Roused by the anguish of their wounds, the Romans started from their beds; they grasped their arms, and ran wild about the avenues of their camp; some completely armed, but the greatest part with their clothes thrown on in their hurry, and their swords in their hands. Cerealis, half asleep, and almost naked, owed his safety to a mistake. The barbarians saw the prætorian ship with a flag displayed, and from that circumstance inferring that the general was on board, took possession of the vessel. Cerealis had passed the night in another quarter. A woman from the country of the Albians, known by the name of Claudia Sacrata, had attracted his notice; and the report of the army was, that when the attack began he was happy in her

embrace. The sentinels, who had neglected the duty of their watch, made an excuse that did no honor to the general: that they might not disturb his rest, their orders were to observe the strictest silence, and by consequence, making no signal, and using no watch-word, they themselves were overpowered with sleep. It was broad daylight when the Germans sailed back, leading with them the captured vessels, and among them the pretorian galley, which they afterwards sent by the river Luppia, as a present to Veleda.

XXIII. Civilis had the ambition to display his naval armament. For this purpose he equipped all the vessels that carried two ranks of oars, or even one. To these he added a prodigious number of small craft, among which were thirty or forty fitted out like the Roman Liburnian galleys. The vessels lately taken from the Romans carried sails made with German mantles, and, with their diversity of colors, presented a spectacle not unpleasing to the eye. The place chosen for this naval show was the vast bay, resembling a sea, where the Rhine discharges itself through the mouth of the Meuse into the ocean. For fitting out this fleet Civilis had two motives; one to gratify the national vanity of the Batavians; the second, more important, to intercept the provisions sent from Gaul for the use of the Roman army. Cerealis at the sight of this unexpected parade was struck with wonder; but nothing could shake his resolution. He prepared to meet the barbarians on their new element. He ordered out his fleet, inferior in number, but in the skill of the mariners, the experience of the pilots, and the size of the vessels, greatly superior. The Romans sailed with the current; the enemy had the wind in their favor. A slight engagement followed. The two

fleets exchanged a flight of darts: they passed each other, and parted. This was the last effort of Civilis. He gave up all hope, and retired beyond the Rhine. Cerealis laid waste the isle of Batavia, leaving however the lands and houses of Civilis free from injury. This policy is not unusual among general officers. It was now the latter end of autumn; the rainy season set in, and the river, swelled above its banks, caused an inundation throughout the island. The face of the country, naturally low and swampy, presented a vast sheet of water. No ships were at hand; the army was distressed for provisions; and the tents and baggage were washed away by the flood.

XXIV. Civilis asserted afterwards that the Roman army in this juncture might have been utterly destroyed, and that the Germans actually intended it, if he himself had not diverted them from the enterprise. The surrender of that chief, which followed soon after, made this account not improbable. Cerealis, by his secret agents, offered terms of peace to the Batavians: he tempted Civilis with a promise of pardon; and to Veleda and her family he held forth the advantages to be gained by terminating a war which brought nothing but slaughter and calamity. 'Her best policy,' he said, 'would be to intitle herself by some meritorious act to the favor and protection of Rome. The Treverians were cut to pieces; the Ubians submitted, and the Batavians were expelled from their country. By the friendship of Civilis Germany had gained nothing but slaughter, ruin, and the desolation of families. Where is Civilis now? He roams about, a helpless wanderer, destitute of means, a burden to his friends. After passing the Rhine so often, the Germans may now be satisfied. Fresh hostilities would add to their guilt.

The insolence and the crime would be on their side: on that of Rome, the indignation of the legions, and the vengeance of the gods.'

XXV. With this menacing strain Cerealis had the art to intermix soothing promises. The nations beyond the Rhine were weary of war. The Batavians began to open their eyes. 'To persist,' they said, 'were to provoke their utter ruin. A single nation could not undertake to deliver the world from bondage. By the slaughter of the legions, and the destruction of the Roman camps, what had been gained? New legions, with greater vigor and superior numbers, were poured in on them. If the war was waged for Vespasian, that end was answered: Vespasian is master of the empire. If to oppose the Roman people was the real object, the Batavians are but a handful of men, unequal to the task. Let us turn our eyes to Rhætia, to Noricum, and the other allies of Rome. They are loaded with various imposts. From the Batavians Rome exacts no tribute: men and valor are all she asks. This may be called a state of freedom: at the worst, it borders on civil liberty. And if we are to choose who shall rule over us, is it not more honorable to submit to the emperor of Rome, than, like the Germans, to bear the infamy of a female reign?' Such was the reasoning of the Batavian people. The nobles of the country charged every thing to the account of Civilis: 'By his headlong violence they were hurried into the war. In the miseries of his country that restless chief hoped to find a remedy for his ruined fortunes. In evil hour the Batavians were advised to besiege the legions, and to murder the commanding officers: the gods in that moment denounced their vengeance on the whole nation. The war was necessary for one man, and it has been the ruin of his country. We are now

on the brink of destruction: repentance may expiate our guilt, and, by delivering up the author of all calamity, we may atone for past misconduct.'

XXVI. Civilis knew the temper of his countrymen, and took his measures to prevent the blow. A long train of adversity had sunk the vigor of his mind; and the love of life, a passion which often enervates the noblest minds, began to exert its influence. He desired a conference. Cerealis granted it. The bridge over the Wahal was broken down in the middle. The two chiefs advanced to the extreme points. In that situation Civilis spoke as follows: 'Were I to plead my cause before an officer in the interest of Vitellius, I should give myself up as lost. Pardon I should not expect, nor would any credit be given to what I have to offer. Vitellius and I were mortal foes. We acted with open, with avowed hostility. The quarrel was begun by him; it was inflamed by me. With Vespasian I lived on other terms; my respect for his person has long been known. While he was yet a private man, he ranked me in the number of his friends. Antonius Primus knew our connexion. By letters from that officer I was urged to kindle the flame of war. I was desired to find employment for the German legions and the states of Gaul, that none might pass over the Alps into Italy. The advice of Antonius, communicated by his letters, was seconded by Hordeonius Flaccus in person. I complied with their wishes: I appeared in arms, and did in Germany what was accomplished by Mucianus in Syria, by Aponius in Mœsia, and by Flavianus in Pannonia.' * * * * *

[The rest of this book is lost.]

APPENDIX.

SECT. I. IN the interview with the Roman general Civilis endeavored by an artful apology to disguise and palliate his own conduct. He had pretended in the beginning of the war that he took the field in the service of Vespasian; and his efforts he now contended were no way inferior to the Roman officers who in different parts of the world exerted themselves with zeal and ardor in the same cause. He claimed the merit of having found employment in Germany for the legions devoted to the interest of Vitellius: he had carried his victorious arms to their very camp, and there obliged them to capitulate. An irruption into Italy was prevented by the vigor of his operations, and the oath of fidelity to Vespasian was enforced by his orders. He complained that those important services were by his enemies invidiously called acts of rebellion. But thus accused, and thus calumniated, could it be expected that in such a juncture he should sheath the sword, and by an ignominious surrender take on him a load of guilt? Pusillanimity and mean compliance would have been treachery to himself. He must have incurred the contempt of the legions; but he chose by warlike enterprise and by his valor in the field to gain their applause. In the distraction of the times many things happened on both sides, rash, impetuous, and perhaps not to be justified. But where all were blamable, to settle the measure of particular guilt seemed, in his opinion, to be a fruitless inquiry. He added that the Batavians had been at all times the faithful allies of Rome: while they were

considered in that light, and not treated as a vanquished people, they were willing to maintain their old attachment with unshaken constancy. Their arms, their men, their valor, were ready in the service of the empire. 'These,' he said, 'were the sentiments of his countrymen; they were his principles, and the rule of his conduct.' Having been the adviser of the oath to Vespasian, he was now the mediator of a general peace.

II. Cerealis heard the Batavian chief with calm attention. He went to the meeting with a pacific disposition; and having nothing so much at heart as a compromise of all differences, he did not amuse himself with a petty controversy about inferior matters, at that time of no weight or consequence. He scorned to take notice of the fallacy with which Civilis attempted to color his own seditious violence; and in order effectually to restore the public tranquillity, he declared himself willing to bury all past transactions in total oblivion. Peace was established, and that part of the empire remained free from war and civil commotions.

Civilis from that time lost all weight and influence with his countrymen. They considered him as the fierce incendiary who had kindled up the flame of discord, and the author of a wide-wasting war, in which both nations saw the destruction of camps, the desolation of cities, and the slaughter of armies. Cerealis was soon after sent to command in Britain. He succeeded Vettius Bolanus, and by his warlike spirit revived the lustre of the Roman name, which had been impaired by the inactive genius of his predecessor.

Peace being finally concluded with the Batavians, the Lingones and other states of Gaul laid down their arms. The people saw that they were victims to the pride and wild ambition of their chiefs, and all were

willing to end a bloody and destructive contest, in which desolation was the only consequence of victory. Tranquillity was restored in that part of the empire; but the troubles in Mœsia were not so easily quelled. That country continued to be the theatre of war. The Sarmatians had made an irruption with the ferocity usual among barbarians; and having two passions to gratify, their love of plunder, and their savage delight in blood, they marked their way with carnage and destruction. A detail of their operations cannot now be given. History has transmitted no memorial of those transactions. All we know is, that Fonteius Agrippa, the proconsul of Mœsia, was defeated in a pitched battle, and fell with honor amidst heaps of slain. Soon after that disaster Rubrius Gallus was sent by Vespasian to undertake the conduct of the war. That officer restored military discipline and revived the spirit of the legions. He sought the barbarians in their fastnesses, and defeated them in every encounter; hanging always on their rear, till at length he chased them out of the province, and obliged them to repass the Danube. His next care was to secure the country from future incursions. For that purpose he built a chain of forts on the frontier, and leaving a strong garrison at every post, gave an effectual check to the inroads of those fierce invaders.

III. Rome had now no war on her hands, except that in Judea, under the conduct of Titus. The victories obtained by Vespasian, and the rapid success with which he overran the whole province of Galilee, have been already stated. That commander knew the early genius of his son; and having decided proofs of his valor and military talents, he thought proper, when his own affairs called him into Egypt, to leave Titus to reap the glory of ending the war by the conquest of

Jerusalem. Tacitus has described Titus at the head of a numerous army, inspiring the soldiers with zeal and ardor by his own example, and winning all hearts by his amiable manners. We have seen him encamped before the walls of Jerusalem, throwing up towers, and preparing for the operations of a regular siege; and there unfortunately Tacitus leaves us. The rest of the great historian's work has perished. The loss can never be repaired; but an event so truly interesting ought not to be passed by in silence. The Jewish war, abstractedly from its connexion with religion, presents a series of calamities, and a scene of blood and carnage that cannot be equalled in the records of any other nation. We have before us an infatuated race ripe for destruction, and by their own folly provoking the vengeance of a great and warlike nation, while internal divisions, civil discord, party rage and madness, conspire with a foreign force to accelerate the destruction of their whole nation: we see a city so strong by nature and art that it was deemed almost impregnable, burned to the ground, and near eleven hundred thousand inhabitants perishing in the flames; a temple, in its form and structure the wonder of the world, rased to its foundation; a people driven from their native land, dispersed all over the globe to exist in wandering tribes, but to find no place where they could again become a people under their own plan of polity. These are important events; and they become more striking when it is considered that they were foretold by Christ himself forty years before the dreadful catastrophe, in which the immediate finger and wrath of God were manifestly displayed.

IV. The natural causes which led to the destruction of Jerusalem have been in some degree explained already, but may with propriety be retouched in this

place, when we are entering on a siege that terminated in the ruin of a devoted people. The mad ambition of Caligula to have his statue placed in the temple was the first occurrence that roused the indignation of the Jews, and kindled the flame of discord throughout the nation. The death of Caligula prevented an immediate war, but did not appease the jealousy of a discontented people, who were not only determined that the images of deified emperors should never disgrace their temple, but would not so much as suffer the likeness of the Cæsars to be brought into their territories. Of this zeal Josephus relates a remarkable instance. He tells us, that when Vitellius the governor of Syria was preparing to march his army through a part of Judea, in order to attack the Arabs, the chief of the Jews objected to the measure, alleging that the colors of the legions were crowded with profane images, which the laws did not allow to be seen in their country. The Roman general yielded to the remonstrance, and ordered his legions to pursue a more circuitous way. And yet this condescension did not satisfy the Jewish mind. The seed-plots of a revolt were laid; and Felix, the brother of Pallas, the reigning favorite at the court of Claudius, by oppression, rapine, and every species of cruelty, helped to spread a general spirit of revolt. Gessius Florus, who by his interest with Poppæa obtained from Nero the post of governor of Judea, found the province in a state of tumult and distraction. His conduct added fuel to the flame. Avarice was his ruling passion. Resolved to aggrandise himself and accumulate immoderate riches, he practised every species of iniquity, till the people, fired with indignation, broke out into open rebellion. Cestius Gallus, the governor of Syria, assembled a numerous army, and penetrated into the

heart of the enemy's country, even to the walls of Jerusalem: but war was not his talent: he abandoned the siege, and fled with precipitation. The Jews hung on his rear, and defeated him in every skirmish. According to Josephus, they took an eagle from one of the legions, and in the pursuit cut off no less than six thousand of the Roman army. Cestius did not long survive the disgrace. He died of grief; and the government of Syria was given to Mucianus, who afterwards took an active part in the elevation of Vespasian to the imperial dignity. But the Jewish war required a commander who should make that business the only object of his attention. Nero, for the reasons which have been already mentioned, gave that commission to the man who was even then destined to be emperor of Rome. In the space of two summers the victorious general subdued the whole country, and made himself master of every stronghold and fortified city, except Jerusalem, which was reserved to crown Titus with immortal glory.

V. Tacitus has described the city of Jerusalem and the temple; but perhaps, with the advantage of D'Anville's plan, a more distinct idea of the place may now be given. The city stood on two hills, namely, Mount Sion to the south, and Acra to the north. The former, being the loftiest, was called the upper, and Acra the lower city. The walls of each were washed on the outside by a broad and rapid stream, that rushed like a torrent from west to east, through the valleys of Hinnom and Cedron, to the foot of the Mount of Olives. The famous temple stood on a third hill called Mount Moriah, which on the eastern side was bounded by the valley of Cedron. A fourth hill, to the north of the temple, was in process of time inclosed within the fortifications; and there the Jews, abounding in

numbers, built another city. The new quarter was called Bezetha. Josephus says the circumference of the whole city was three-and-thirty stadia, computed by D'Anville about three thousand three hundred paces. Art conspired with the natural situation to make the works almost inaccessible. A wall of great strength and prodigious elevation surrounded Sion, extending along the north and west sides of the hill, and being carried eastward, separated it from Mount Acra. Mount Acra was inclosed by another wall, which stretched to the north, and then diverging towards the east, ended at Fort Antonia. The third wall defended the temple to the east. These fortifications were farther strengthened by towers built with consummate skill, as may be seen in the description given by Tacitus. Five of the towers were distinguished by their strength and magnificence. The first was the tower Psephina, an octagon building seventy cubits high, commanding a prospect of Arabia towards the east, and on the western side a view of Palestine and Phœnicia to the margin of the sea: the other four were built by Herod, who was placed on the throne by Marc Antony. From motives of gratitude to his patron, Herod called one of his new structures the Tower Antonia. The other three he dedicated to the persons whom he most esteemed, and to do them honor, made use of their names: Hippichos was his dearest friend; Phasael was his brother; and Mariamne, it is unnecessary to say, was the wife whom he loved to distraction, and in his fury murdered, while he adored her.

The temple of Jerusalem was an immense fabric, divided by a number of courts, and surrounded with porticos and magnificent galleries, which were in fact so many fortifications that made it look, as Tacitus

observes, more like a citadel than a religious sanctuary. The place of worship, or the temple properly so called, stood in the centre, detached from all other buildings: the inside was divided by a veil or curtain into two parts, one of which was the Holy of Holies. The outward space was filled with buildings appropriated to religious ceremonies, and the dwelling of the priests and others who officiated at the altar. A large court, encompassing those several buildings, was called the Court of the Gentiles, who were allowed to enter that part, but strictly excluded from the sanctuary. The whole of this vast quadrangle, according to Josephus, was six stadia, or three quarters of a mile round: as D'Anville computes it, the circumference was still greater.

VI. This great and opulent but devoted city was now the last receptacle of the Jewish nation. The people saw the progress of the Roman arms: all Galilee overrun by the conqueror, their fortresses stormed, and their armies routed in every engagement. In that alarming crisis, all degrees and orders of men abandoned their habitations and fled for shelter to Jerusalem. The celebration of the passover, which was then near at hand, attracted prodigious multitudes to pay their worship. It is notwithstanding probable that Josephus exaggerates when he tells us that the besieged in the city amounted to three millions. Tacitus says six hundred thousand. If from the last number we deduct women and children, with the aged and infirm, there will still remain a vast warlike force to man the works and repel the approaches of the enemy. What added to the difficulties which Titus had to encounter was the desperate resolution of men during the whole war inured to carnage, and to the natural obstinacy of the Jewish temper uniting the

madness of enthusiasm. They were taught by their false prophets that the Lord of Hosts would fight their battles, and deliver them from a foreign yoke. The predictions that relate to the coming of the Messiah were not understood as promising a Redeemer to free the world from the bondage of sin, and send forth the light of truth from Judea: as Tacitus observes, they expected an heroic conqueror, who should march at the head of their armies, and extend the dominion of the east over all foreign nations. But the Jewish mind was not to be enlightened. The Divine vengeance had been declared with awful denunciations; they had been told, that their enemies should cast a trench around them, and not leave one stone on another. The celebrated Bossuet, in his Discourse on Universal History, confirms the account of portents and prodigies, as related by Tacitus. 'And what,' says he, 'could be so alarming a signal of the impending wrath of Heaven as the hollow murmur heard by the priests in the sanctuary, and the voice that issued from the Holy of Holies, 'Let us leave this place!' It was manifest that the temple was abandoned by God and his angels.' The same excellent author relates another phenomenon, which either was a miracle, or might have been considered by the people as an awful warning. Four years before the war with the Romans a common peasant began on a sudden impulse to cry out, 'A voice from the east! A voice from the west! A voice from the four quarters of the world! A voice against Jerusalem! against the temple, and all new-married brides and bridegrooms! A voice against the whole body of the people!' From that time he never ceased day and night to repeat, 'Woe to the people! Woe to Jerusalem!' No other words came from his lips. In the temple, at all religious ceremonies, he uttered

the same dreadful menace. He was seized, and dragged before the magistrate: to every interrogatory his answer was, 'Woe to Jerusalem!' he was ordered to be whipped, and then turned adrift as a wild enthusiast. He rambled about the country, visiting every city, and in his fits of transport uttering the same terrible prediction, straining his voice to the utmost pitch, yet not enfeebling it. When the war broke out he went on with the same enthusiasm, proclaiming vengeance, and, with crowds of his countrymen, returned to Jerusalem. The siege being formed, he fixed his eyes on the walls, exclaiming with vehemence, 'Woe to the city! Woe to the temple! Woe to the people!' He added at last, 'Woe to myself!' and in that moment a stone from a battering-engine struck him dead on the spot. The name of this man, says Bossuet, was Jesus; and it may be, that since the first who offered grace and mercy and eternal life expired on the cross, the second of the name was ordained to denounce the ruin of the whole nation.

VII. Though the Jews by their rashness involved themselves in a war with a great and powerful empire, it may be truly said that Jerusalem was destroyed by their own hands, not by the Roman arms. They had called down the vengeance of Heaven by the worst iniquities, and to complete their utter destruction, were still abandoned to the vices that provoked their fate. False prophets, as had been foretold, imposed on the deluded people. Heresies sprang up and multiplied; new doctrines were propagated; and by consequence various sects were formed; all, as usual among schismatics, envenomed against each other. Religious dissensions engendered civil discord; and Judea, rent and torn by contending factions, became a theatre of horror, rapine, and mutual slaughter. By the contest

between Vespasian and Vitellius, which began in the year of Rome 822, the Jews gained some respite from the operations of a victorious enemy; but they had not the wisdom to employ the interval in preparations for another campaign. Three powerful factions divided the whole nation; and, as usual when the infatuated multitude claim a right to exercise what is called the sovereignty of the people, each faction was under the management of a leader or a chief, who was admired for his eloquence and superior talents. But eloquence without integrity is a frivolous talent: it has been properly called lip-wisdom. The three demagogues knew the popular arts by which the rabble is generally influenced. The public good was their pretext, but their own private ambition was the exciting motive, the cause of all their actions. They talked of the independent spirit of their nation, and the glory of resisting the Roman legions; but while they railed at slavery, their own domination was the object in view.

Of these three tyrants Eleazar was the first in point of time. When Cestius, as already mentioned, encamped before the walls of Jerusalem, he had put himself at the head of a strong party, who assumed the name of Zealots, and made himself master of the temple. John of Giscala saw the strength of that faction, and had the address to insinuate himself into their clubs or political meetings. He had a wonderful flow of words, and was soon admired as a consummate orator. An artful concealer of his sinister purposes, he knew how to gloss and decorate his speeches with well-acted zeal for the public good. He drew over to his party a number of the most active Zealots, and formed a league that soon grew formidable to Eleazar. Strong as his confederacy was, he was not abl-

to make himself master of the temple; but the city, as if taken by conquest, fell under his absolute dominion. Inured before he entered Jerusalem to the most barbarous cruelties, and the most violent acts of depredation, he continued in the city to practise the same horrible outrages, till the people resolved to call in another tyrant to their assistance. This was Simon, son of Gioras, who had raised himself from obscurity by his intrepid courage and the most flagitious crimes. By promising rewards to the free, and freedom to the slaves, he was able to form an army of twenty thousand men. With that force he advanced to the walls of Jerusalem. The citizens, harassed and worn out by the oppressions of John, opened their gates to receive him. Simon entered amidst the acclamations of the rabble. He promised to be the friend of the people. Various conflicts ensued between him and the Zealots. Fierce and obstinate battles were fought; houses were plundered; whole families were put to the sword; and Jerusalem was a scene of blood and massacre. The parties gained alternate victories, but no decisive blow was struck. Eleazar remained in possession of the highest part of the temple; John maintained his post on Mount Moriah; and Simon commanded in Salem and Bezetha. The Christians who resided in the city of Jerusalem, finding that Titus was approaching at the head of his army, knew their time to depart. They saw, according to the warning given to them by Christ himself, that desolation was nigh, and, as commanded, fled to the mountains.[1]

1 'When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh: then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them that are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are the countries enter thereinto:' St. Luke xxi. 20, 21.

VIII. Such was the internal state of Jerusalem when Titus, early in the spring, encamped before the walls. The natural clemency of that amiable prince inclined him to offer terms of capitulation, but he too well knew the obstinacy of a blind and devoted race. An account of the legions and allied forces that went on this expedition has been stated by Tacitus. The first care of Titus was to form his lines, to level the grounds, and throw up forts and battlements before the walls of the city. The legions went to work with alacrity, all contending with emulation to execute the orders of their general. In the midst of these exertions a sudden burst of lamentation assailed their ears. They looked, and saw advancing from one of the gates a wretched band of mourners, stretching forth their hands, and with hideous cries and dismal shrieks imploring the protection of the Romans from the barbarous cruelty of their fellow-citizens. The soldiers were touched with compassion. Without waiting for the command of their officers, they went in a body to succor the distressed, and conduct them to their tents. In that moment was seen the treachery of the Jewish character. The notes of grief were changed to warlike shouts. The traitors surrounded the generous soldiers, and brandishing their daggers, rushed to the attack with the fury of the vilest assassins. The Romans were massacred on the spot, while a band of Jews on the walls beheld the tragic spectacle with fell delight, and adding taunts and insult to their perfidy, made a jest of the unhappy victims, who were butchered for their humanity.

IX. This stratagem had the effect of kindling a spirit of revenge throughout the Roman army. Titus in the mean time preserved the even tenor of his happy disposition. To yield to sudden emotions of anger

was not in his nature. He weighed all circumstances, and still wished to spare the effusion of blood. He saw a deluded people, who by open rebellion had provoked the Roman arms, and though pent up within their walls, still believed their false prophets, expecting to be masters of universal empire: he knew that they were distracted by intestine factions; that, under the direction of their chiefs, the assassin's dagger was every day drenched in blood, and massacre laid waste the city. Titus beheld their misfortunes with an eye of pity: willing to sheath the slaughtering sword, he offered a general pardon: but in vain; the whole nation was infatuated and ripe for destruction.

The Roman soldiers, eager to begin the attack, carried on their works with unabating vigor. Mounds were thrown up; forts were built; and battering-rams and other warlike engines were advanced to the walls. The first impression was made on Salem, or the lower city, on the north-west side of Jerusalem. Simon commanded in that quarter: his sword, which had been till then employed against his fellow-citizens, was at length turned against the besiegers. He exerted his most strenuous efforts, and by his example inspired his men with undaunted resolution. But the vigor of the legions was irresistible. Darts and firebrands, and other missive weapons, were thrown into the town with incessant fury; stones of enormous weight were discharged from a number of engines; and the besieged were driven from the ramparts. In the heat of the engagement Titus received a wound in his shoulder, of which he felt the symptoms during the rest of his life; but danger served only to animate his warlike spirit. The soldiers followed the example of their general. The battering-rams opened a breach in the walls; the conquering troops rushed in sword

in hand, and took possession of Salem. This was on the fifteenth day of the siege. It was soon perceived that by their success they had gained a perilous situation. They were exposed to the engines of the enemy from Bezetha and the tower of Antonia on the north, from the temple on the east, and from Sion on the south. But to confront every danger was the maxim and the practice of the legions. They maintained the conflict five days successively, and surmounted every difficulty. Titus entered Bezetha at the head of two thousand men.

X. The Jews fled in consternation; and if the Romans had been allowed to pursue their advantage that day might have ended the siege. But Titus paused in the moment of victory. Clemency resumed her influence. He ordered his men to give quarter to all that laid down their arms. The runaways took shelter in the tower of Antonia. It might have been expected that the humanity of Titus would have softened the rigor of the Jewish mind. It had a contrary effect. The infatuated people could not suppose that virtue was his motive. His conduct was imputed to despair and cowardice. John and Simon agreed for the first time to carry on their operations with a spirit of union. They collected their numbers, and poured down to the attack with impetuous fury. Titus saw the danger of being surrounded by superior numbers, and with that presence of mind which never deserted him, resolved at once not to hazard the lives of his men for the vainglory of their general. He had gained a victory; but prudence required that he should for the present resign all his advantages. He sounded a retreat, and returned to his camp.

XI. The preparations necessary for a second assault employed the legions during the four following days.

The interval was dreadful to the Jews. Internal dissensions broke out with redoubled fury. Simon considered the retreat of the Romans as a complete victory, and made no doubt but that in a short time they would raise the siege. Elate with success, he thought it time to think of aggrandising himself. A man of his disposition knew no way to establish his ill-gotten power but by wading through scenes of blood. His partisans committed depredations at their will and pleasure, and his assassins drenched their daggers in the blood of all who dared to lament the miseries of their country. Simon had been raised to his bad eminence by Mattthias, a priest, who presided at all public sacrifices; and he now considered the man to whom he owed an obligation as a living reproach. He accused his friend of a design to desert to the Romans, and on that charge condemned him to death, together with his three sons. The venerable old man begged with earnest supplication to be the first victim, that he might not live to see so horrible a spectacle as the murder of his children. The prayer of misery was rejected. The wretched father saw his sons bleed, and, having felt that agony of heart, resigned himself to the executioner.

John, in the mean time, did not think himself established in plenitude of power while Eleazar still remained in possession of the inner part of the temple. His ambition could not brook a rival. Eleazar, on the other hand, had no resources to support himself and his party, but the offerings and first-fruits that were brought to the sanctuary. Those, in contempt of all laws divine and human, he converted to his own use; and with that view allowed admittance to all who came to offer their adoration. During the horrors of the siege, sacrifices, libations, and other acts of devo-

tion went on in the temple; but in the midst of the religious ceremonies the holy place was deluged with human blood mixed with the gore of slaughtered victims. John was at length determined to end the contest with Eleazar. Ambition like his was not to be satisfied with any thing less than the absolute command. Having taken his measures for that purpose, he ordered his band of assassins to mix with the crowd that entered the inner temple. A dreadful scene of confusion, horror, and murder, followed. The ruffians, skilled in their trade, threw off their upper garments, and, brandishing their poniards, struck a general panic. The Zealots of Eleazar's party rushed out of the temple with precipitation. The innocent multitude clung to the altar; but the altar was no longer a sanctuary. All were put to death without distinction. By this horrible stratagem John obtained a complete victory. Eleazar, according to Tacitus, fell in the general massacre; but if we believe Josephus, he survived to act for the future under the command of John, who became the ruling chief of the Zealots. The three factions which prevailed in the beginning of the siege were in this manner reduced to two. John and Simon were now the pretended friends of the people, and the ruin of their country.

XII. Titus knew by sure intelligence that the cessation of arms, which his preparations rendered necessary, was by the folly and madness of the besieged converted to their own destruction. He exerted himself notwithstanding to return to the charge without loss of time. The exertions of the soldiers seconded his most ardent wishes. Having constructed his warlike engines, and taken his measures for the assault, he made his approaches to the breach, which he had

already battered, and by an incessant discharge of stones and arrows, and other missive weapons, had kept open, in spite of the efforts of the Jews to repair their fortifications. The legions advanced to the assault with determined bravery. The conflict lasted three days without intermission. On the fourth, the archers and slingers discharged such an uninterrupted volley, that the besieged could no longer maintain their station on the ramparts. The engineers played their battering-rams with the greatest skill and success. The walls gave way, and the Romans in close-embodied ranks were able to cut their way through the breach. The Jews fled for shelter to Sion and Mount Moriah. Titus entered with the conquering troops, and once more took possession of Salem. He ordered all the houses to be levelled to the ground, and marked out the lines of his camp. He filled the towers that were left standing with a band of select men, who from that advantageous post would know how to annoy the battlements of the enemy. The whole city was now inclosed within the lines of circumvallation which Titus had ordered in the beginning of the siege. Salem was completely conquered. The legions extended their ranks as far as the foot of the tower Antonia, and thence to the mount of Olives, on the north-east side of the temple. But new difficulties were the consequence of victory. A wide extensive valley lay between the base of Mount Moriah and Bezetha. The Romans in that situation were exposed to the slings and engines of the enemy on the summit of the Tower Antonia, the temple, and Mount Sion. To men who were directly under those forts or citadels the height appeared stupendous and inaccessible. Till towers of equal elevation were raised there was no way to assault the works; and to batter a breach was impossi-

ble. This occasioned a suspension of hostilities for ten days. The labor was immense, and such as would have deterred any forces but a Roman army. The soldiers loved their general, and their ardor rose in proportion.

XIII. The Jews in consternation saw from their ramparts the towers rising high in air, and the platforms which were to receive the warlike engines built with a rapidity that astonished them. They now thought it time to desist from their internal feuds, and the rage of mutual slaughter. The common danger reconciled all parties. John and Simon formed an union of counsels. They assembled their bravest troops, and, having concerted their plan of operations, made a sally into the city of Salem with their whole strength combined. The Romans were taken by surprise. Despair itself inspired the Jews with courage. Their first impression was not to be resisted. The legions gave ground, and were obliged to retreat to their camp. The Jews pursued them to their intrenchments. The Romans were besieged in their turn. All was uproar, terror, and confusion, till Titus, by his exhortations, by his own example, and by every effort, roused the spirit of his men, and led them on to the charge. The Jews were repulsed. They fled; they were pursued; they were taken prisoners, or put to the sword. The slaughter lasted till night came on, and John and Simon, with their surviving numbers, retreated to their former station.

XIV. Titus was now at leisure to raise the necessary batteries, and construct all his works for a grand assault. The besieged in the mean time were afflicted with disasters worse, if possible, than their own horrible assassinations. A dreadful famine laid waste the city. The streets were covered with the dead and the dying: old

men, women, and children, stretched forth their hands for sustenance, and expired in the act: the wounded soldiers perished for want of relief: shrieks and groans and lamentations resounded in every quarter: the surviving wretches envied the fate of those who died first; they lived only to prolong their misery, fixing their eyes on the temple, and invoking death to end their woes. The rites of sepulture were neglected. It was necessary however to remove the dead bodies. John and Simon ordered them to be thrown down the steep into the lower city. Titus went to view the unhappy victims as they lay in heaps under the walls. Shocked at a scene so melancholy and affecting, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and called the gods to witness that he was not the cause of those dreadful calamities.

John and Simon, the tyrannical authors of every mischief, beheld the distress of the people without remorse or pity. Under their direction plunder and massacre went on with unrelenting fury. A band of assassins continued prowling about in quest of prey. They searched every house; and where they saw an appearance of health, they seized the wretched family, and dragged them like so many criminals to the rack, in order to make them discover in what secret place they laid up their slender hoard of victuals. The two friends of the people converted every thing to their own use. Distress and misery went on increasing, and deeds that shocked humanity were committed in the face of the day. Fathers took the nourishment from their children, and sons seized it from their mothers. In return, a woman of the name of Mary, who, in the beginning of the war, removed with all her substance from beyond the Jordan to take shelter in Jerusalem, committed an outrage that cannot be related without horror. A band of ruffians carried off her little store

of corn. Enraged by that act of violence, she seized her infant, then at her breast, and in despair and frensy plunged a poniard in its heart. Nor did she stop there: the cravings of hunger were to be appeased. She cut her babe in pieces, and devoured the fruit of her womb. The smell of victuals soon attracted a banditti of freebooters. They broke into the house; and though inured to murder, they recoiled with horror at a sight so barbarous and inhuman. The story was soon divulged; it spread through the city, and reached the Roman camp. Titus heard it with astonishment. He heaved a sigh, and mourned the lot of humanity. His towers, his platforms, and his warlike engines, were completed; his slingers and archers were at their post, and his whole army panted for an opportunity to display their valor; but he himself was still restrained by the tenderness of his nature. He caused a general amnesty to be proclaimed in favor of all who should make a voluntary surrender; and at the same time bound himself by a solemn promise to preserve the city, the temple, and the religion of the people. Numbers embraced the offer, and rushed out of the gates on every side; but the vengeance of Heaven pursued a devoted race. The wretched fugitives, in their way to the Roman camp, passed through the lines of the Arabs who had enlisted under the banners of Titus. A soldier of that nation perceived a Jew discharging the superfluities of nature, and then searching for the gold which he had swallowed before he left the town. That circumstance diffused a notion that all the Jews had adopted the same stratagem to secrete their money. Full of that idea, the Arabs rushed with fury on the defenceless multitude, and ripped up their bellies to discover their hidden treasure. The Romans followed the example; and a scene of blood

and carnage continued, till Titus, fired with indignation, checked the fury of his men, and gave the promised protection to all that escaped the massacre.

XV. Titus found that his lenity, instead of making an impression on the Jewish mind, was considered by that obstinate people as a proof of weakness. He determined therefore to make one vigorous effort, and let the enemy see the strength and valor of the Roman army. His operations were directed against Fort Antonia. John and Simon no sooner saw the platforms and wooden towers advancing towards the walls than they made a sally with intent to set fire to the works of the besiegers. The Zealots, armed with torches and firebrands, advanced with eagerness. The legions showed a firm undaunted countenance. The signal for the attack being given, they charged the enemy in such compact order, that nothing could resist their fury. The conflict did not last long. The Jews were thrown into confusion, and, after a few vain efforts, retreated to their city.

The battering-rams were advanced against the Tower Antonia. The besieged discharged from their ramparts a volley of stones and other missive weapons. Nothing could deter the Romans. They condensed their shields over their heads, and having formed a military shell, began to sap the foundation of the walls, while the engineers annoyed the enemy on the upper part of the works. At length the arch of a deep subterraneous cavern, which had been constructed under the eastern side of the tower, fell in at once, and drew after it a great part of the wall in one prodigious ruin. The opening was wide enough for the Romans to enter in wide extended lines; but, according to Josephus, they stood aghast at the sight of an inward wall, which had been built by the order of John. The historian

relates a number of circumstances that derogate much from our idea of the courage and discipline of a Roman army. Be the fact as it may, the Tower Antonia was on the following day taken by storm. The Jews who escaped the sword fled in dismay and terror to the temple, which they considered as a safe asylum, still convinced that a sanctuary, of which the God of Abraham was the protector, would never yield to the Roman arms.

XVI. Titus had now gained an eminence from which his warlike engines could play with advantage on the enemy. The approaches to the temple lay exposed to the valor of the legions. His clemency made him suspend his operations. To save the sanctuary, and even to protect the people in the exercise of a religion, which, with every Roman, he condemned as a perverse superstition, was still the wish of his heart. Josephus, who, as the reader will remember, commanded the garrison at Jotapata in Galilee, and was there taken prisoner by Vespasian, attended Titus during the siege of Jerusalem. Whether he misunderstood the prophecies relating to the Messiah, or misinterpreted them to curry favor with the Roman general, cannot now be known. Tacitus condemns the blind superstition of the Jews, who would not see that the prediction had, as he conceived it, a palpable reference to Vespasian and his son Titus. Josephus either actually did or pretended to see it in the same light. Willing to stop the effusion of blood, Titus resolved to send a deputation to the Jewish chiefs; and for that purpose no one seemed so proper as a native of the country, who would know the topics fit to be urged, and by his powers of persuasion might be able to command the passions, and make an impression on the hearts of a deluded people. Josephus undertook that important

embassy. He had an interview with John, and has left in his history a detail of all that passed. It will be sufficient in this abridgment to observe, that nothing could alter the obstinacy of a blind enthusiast, who by his manifold crimes provoked the wrath of an offended God, and at the same time was so infatuated as to expect the Divine protection. Josephus, though reviled as a traitor to his country and a slave to the Romans, made use of every argument to open the eyes of the people: he represented to them the horrors of inevitable destruction: heaven and earth combined against their city; and with tears in his eyes he exclaimed, 'I see at length, too late I see, that I am struggling against the will of God. Titus wishes to save you from desolation, and your doom is pronounced above. It is God, a powerful, an avenging God, who sends the Romans to bury all in ruin. Repentance may still efface your crimes; contrition of heart may avert the impending vengeance: save yourselves and your holy city; save your temple, the wonder of the universe: Titus wishes to preserve that noble structure: do not be worse enemies to yourselves than even the Romans, who hold the sword over your heads, and still in mercy forbear to strike the fatal blow.' He could no more: a flood of tears suppressed his voice: he turned his eyes to the temple, heaved a sigh, and returned to Fort Antonia.

XVII. Titus saw that his moderation served only to confirm the hard of heart; and, by protracting the siege, to expose his men to ambuscades, and the danger of sudden skirmishes with a people inured to craft and stratagem. He called a council of war. The principal officers were of opinion that nothing less than the utter destruction of the temple would secure a lasting peace. A building which the Jews themselves

had made a theatre of blood, ought not, they contended, to be any longer considered as a place of worship. It was rather a citadel, in which the garrison remained in force; and, since the proffered capitulation was rejected, ought to be given up to the fury of an enraged soldiery. Titus concurred with his officers in every point, except the demolition of the inner part of the temple. That he still resolved to save; but, as Josephus observes, a superior Council had otherwise ordained. God in his justice had decreed the fall of Jerusalem; and Titus, unconscious of his mission, was the agent to execute the will of Heaven.

On the following day the general assault began. The Romans advanced under their military shell to the outward wall of the temple. The Jews sallied out, and a fierce engagement followed. Nothing however could break through the close embodied lines of the legions. The besieged gave way, and finding themselves pursued with impetuous fury, fled for shelter to the inner court. The Romans entered sword in hand. The battle was renewed with redoubled ardor. The combatants were confined to one spot. For the Jews, no room for flight; the Romans fought to end the war. The cries of the dying, and the shouts of the victors, reverberated by the surrounding walls, filled the place with dreadful uproar. The orders of Titus and his officers were no longer heard. The Jews in some parts fought with frantic obstinacy. Numbers in despair fled to the sanctuary. There the false prophets still assured them that the Lord of Hosts was on their side. In that instant the besiegers forced the gates. The massy gold and glittering ornaments inspired them with new ardor. The love of plunder conspired with revenge, and Titus exerted himself in vain to restrain their fury. One of the soldiers mounted to the top of the portico, and threw a com-

bustible weapon, which clung to the woodwork, and set fire to the whole building. The Jews saw that all was lost, and in their last agony sent forth the groan of an expiring people. Titus withdrew from the scene of desolation, lamenting that his efforts to save the place were without effect. As he passed along, word was brought to him that a number of priests stood on the outside wall, imploring him to spare their lives. 'It is too late,' said Titus; 'the priests ought not to survive their temple.' He retired to Fort Antonia; and there beholding the conflagration, and lifting up his hands, exclaimed, with a sigh, 'The God of the Jews has fought against them: to him we owe our victory.'

Such was the end of the temple of Jerusalem; a magnificent structure, which had stood for ages, the pride and glory of the Jews, the place of national worship, and the oracle of God. It is remarkable that this dreadful catastrophe happened on the tenth of August, the day on which the first temple, built by Solomon, was burnt to the ground, in the year of the world 3416, before Christ 587, by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. The second and last temple was built about fifty-two years after that of Solomon was laid in ruins. It had stood above six hundred years, enlarged and embellished from time to time; but was at length levelled to the ground to rise no more, notwithstanding the attempt of Julian the Apostate to rebuild the temple, and thereby discredit the prediction of Christ. His mad project failed. So true it is that no power can destroy what God has raised; and none can raise what he destroys. The sentence was pronounced above, and not one stone was left on another.[1]

1 'Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone on another that shall not be thrown down:' St. Matthew xxiv. 2.

XVIII. An end was not yet put to the war. John and Simon, with a number of their followers, found their way into the upper city on Mount Sion. But the courage of the Jews depended on the preservation of their temple. Seeing it in flames, they thought themselves abandoned by their God, and wanted to surrender. Even in that distress they were still distracted by intestine factions. John and Simon declared their fixed resolutions to hold out to the last. The scene of misery that followed is not to be described; a devouring famine raged in every quarter, and the barbarity of the unrelenting tyrants was not to be appeased. In a few days the chiefs saw the Romans, with indefatigable labor, advancing their towers, and preparing for a general assault. They thought it time to capitulate. Titus promised to spare their lives, but refused to compromise the war on any other terms. He required, in decided terms, an immediate, unequivocal, unconditional submission; a surrender at discretion. John and Simon received this answer with indignation. The pride of men, who had been so long the tyrants of the people, was too obstinate to bend to the will of a conqueror. They talked of the rights of man, resolved to live independent, or to die with honor in the cause of liberty. They harangued the populace, and bellowed against Titus with the zeal and vehemence of determined patriots; but in a short time after they deserted the public in the hour of need, and thought of nothing but their own personal safety. The towers of Hippicos, Phasael, and Mariamne, were almost impregnable. In places of that strength they might have stood at bay for a length of time, and perhaps have extorted from Titus an honorable capitulation: they might at least have shared the fate of a people whom they had

ruined. But their words and actions were at variance. They abandoned the public interest, and basely hid themselves in subterraneous vaults, in hopes of eluding the fury of the conqueror. The legions battered a breach, and entered the city sword in hand. A dreadful carnage followed. Neither sex nor age was spared. According to Josephus, not less than eleven hundred thousand perished during the siege. The buildings were set on fire, and, excepting the three towers, the whole city of Sion was laid in ruins. As soon as the rage of slaughter ceased all that escaped the general carnage were collected together, and disposed of according to their deserts. The most active incendiaries were put to death: some were reserved to grace the victor's triumph; and the rest were sent into Egypt, and sold to slavery.

In this manner the city of Jerusalem, which had florished for ages, was made a wilderness. The Jews, no longer able to subsist as a people, have been for upwards of seventeen hundred years scattered over the face of the earth, a living monument of Divine vengeance.

XIX. While the siege was still depending Vespasian sailed from Alexandria, and after a short voyage landed at Brundusium. He proceeded by slow journeys, without pomp or vain parade, making his approaches to Rome with the air of an humble citizen returning to his family. A prodigious concourse of people of all descriptions came forward to meet him, and the tribe of courtiers buzzed and glittered round him as usual, offering the incense of adulation. They were received with cold neglect. It was soon perceived that in the new reign truth would be in fashion.[1]

1 In the tribe of flatterers that gathered round the emperor, the most officious was Phebus, Nero's freedman, who

One of the cities through which he passed declared an intention to raise a statue to him at a vast expense. Vespasian held forth his hand, and answered with a smile, 'Let this be the base of your statue; place your money here.' He entered the city of Rome amidst the acclamations of a people who had long been harassed by the cruelty of Nero, and expected under a mild and equitable government a respite from their misery.

XX. Vespasian entered on his third consulship in conjunction with Cocceius Nerva, who was afterwards emperor of Rome; two men who seem to have been, for the noblest purpose, united in office; Vespasian, to instruct his colleague in the arts of government; and Nerva, to prepare himself for a just, an upright, and a virtuous reign. Titus in the mean time remained at Mount Sion, surveying with regret the desolation which the legions had made. Addresses of congratulation and crowns of victory were presented to him by deputies from all the neighboring states: he calmly answered, that he was the instrument to execute the decrees of Heaven. He gave orders that the three towers on Mount Sion should be left standing, as a monument for posterity, to mark where the city stood which was laid in ruins by the folly and madness of the inhabitants. Having made all proper arrangements, and left Terentius Rufus with a legion under his com-

hoped by adulation to expiate the insolence of his behavior on a former occasion, when Vespasian had been guilty of the crime of falling asleep while Nero sung. Vespasian asked the freedman what he should do to appease Nero's indignation. 'Go, and hang yourself,' replied Phebus. This man in confusion threw himself at the feet of the new prince. Vespasian, with a smile, repeated, 'Go, and hang yourself;' and, content with that reproach, left the sycophant to himself.

mand to guard Mount Sion and the province of Judea, he set out, after the example of his father, to make the tour of Egypt.

John and Simon, as has been mentioned, survived the slaughter of their countrymen; but it was not long before they fell into the hands of the conqueror. John was the first that surrendered. He met with more clemency than was due to a man whose wild ambition had been the cause of so many dreadful disasters. He was condemned to remain a prisoner for life.

Simon did not meet with equal lenity. His perverse and obstinate resistance served to aggravate his former iniquities, and to fill the measure of his guilt. He had taken refuge in a deep cavern, carrying with him a store of provisions and a number of workmen with their tools and instruments, with intent to open a passage under ground, and after collecting together the surviving forces of his countrymen, to appear again in arms against the Romans. But rocks were impenetrable; provisions were exhausted; he began to dread the misery of an approaching famine, and resolved once more to see the light of heaven. Rufus ordered him to be loaded with irons, and in that condition conveyed to Rome, to clank his chains at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror.

Meanwhile Titus was received at Memphis with all demonstrations of joy. It happened while he remained at that place that the consecration of an ox, adored under the name of Apis by the Egyptians, as their national god, was to be celebrated with all the rites of superstition usual on that occasion. Titus was invited to preside at the festival. He yielded to the request of the people, and in conformity to established usage, wore a regal diadem during the ceremony. Innocent as this transaction was, it did not

fail, in a busy city like Rome, to occasion a variety of reports, all founded on vague conjecture and sinister construction. The wisdom of some, and the malignity of others, saw a deep design. Titus, they said, was flushed with the pride of victory; he began to tower above his rank, and to form schemes of ambition. It was not the vanity of a day that made him assume the regal diadem; it was evident that he aimed at greater things. These reports were wafted with speed across the Mediterranean. Titus heard with indignation that his character was blackened, and resolved to make the best of his way to Rome. He arrived at Rhegium over-against Sicily, and embarking there in a trading vessel, sailed to Puteoli: from that place he pursued his journey with all possible expedition, and, without the ceremony of announcing his arrival, flew to Vespasian's apartment, and throwing his arms around his neck, exclaimed, 'I am come, my father; your son is come.'

The senate had decreed a triumph for the emperor and another for Titus. Vespasian chose to wait till he had a partner to enjoy the glory of the day. They both entered Rome in the same triumphal car. The pomp and magnificence displayed on the occasion exceeded all former splendor. The spoils of war, the wealth of conquered nations, the wonders of art, and the riches of Egypt, as well as Jerusalem, presented a spectacle that dazzled the eye, and filled the spectators with delight and wonder. The colors and ensigns exhibited a lively representation of the Jewish war; the battles that were fought; the cities that were stormed; the towers and temples that were wrapped in flames; all were drawn with art, and decorated with the richest coloring. The prisoners of war formed a long procession. Simon was distinguished from the rest. The

well-known ferocity of his character attracted the attention of the multitude, and fixed all eyes on him. He walked with abated pride; but the traces of guilt and cruelty were still visible in every feature. The triumph stopped at the capitol. Simon was seized and dragged to execution on the Tarpeian rock; there to pay the forfeit of his crimes, and fall a victim to his countrymen, whom his atrocious deeds had ruined.

XXI. It is not the design of this abridgment to detail the history of Vespasian's reign. It will be sufficient to observe, that he closed the temple of Janus, having settled a profound peace throughout the Roman world. He and Titus were joint consuls in the year of Rome 825; Vespasian for the fourth time, Titus the second. Their first care was to allay the spirit of party and faction, which had embittered the minds of men in the distractions of the civil war; to reform the manners, give energy to the laws, and teach the military to submit to the civil authority. The records of the old republic, and all the valuable monuments of antiquity had perished in the flames of the capitol: not less than three thousand brazen tablets, on which were engraved the decrees of the senate and the acts of the people, were destroyed in that dreadful conflagration. To repair the loss as well as might be, Vespasian ordered diligent search to be made in every quarter for the copies that were known to exist; and, after due examination, he deposited the same in the public archives. He rebuilt the capitol; promoted arts and sciences; encouraged men of genius; and though his avarice in many instances was little short of rapacity, he spared no expense to restore the buildings which had been destroyed by Nero's fire, and in general to improve and adorn the city.

These were imperial works, of the highest advantage to the people, and all carried on with vigor that did honor to a patriot prince. It must not be dissembled that, amidst his public cares, his private conduct was not without a stain. His amorous passions were not subdued by age. A courtesan, of the name of Cænis, had won his affections before he married Flavia Domitilla; and, after the death of his wife, she was able to allure him back to her embraces. Her influence was such, that she lived in all the state and grandeur of an empress. She disposed of all favors; granted the government of provinces, and accumulated enormous wealth, without any scruple about the means. This, beyond all question, was a blemish in the character of Vespasian; but happily he was delivered from the disgrace and obloquy occasioned by his being the dupe of love in the decline of life. Cænis died in the year of Rome 827; and from that time the money that was drained by hard exactions from the provinces was, without reserve, laid out for the use and ornament of the city.

If Titus, after the example of his father, gave a loose to love, it cannot be matter of wonder that he thought youth the season of pleasure and gay enjoyments. His passions broke out without restraint. He passed the night in joy and revelry with a band of dissolute companions; insomuch, that the people began to dread a return of all the vices of Nero's reign. Queen Berenice, whom he saw in Palestine, and was then enamored of her beauty, lived with him at Rome in the greatest splendor. A report prevailed that he had bound himself to her by a promise of marriage. This filled the city with discontent and popular clamor. The public voice was loud against so close a connexion between the emperor's son and a princess of the Jewish

nation. Titus at length saw the current of popular prejudice, and wisely resolved to sacrifice his private pleasures to the interests of the state. Berenice returned to her own country. They parted with mutual reluctance, or, as Suetonius expresses it, with something like the elegant brevity of Tacitus, 'Berenicem ab urbe dimisit, invitus invitam.'[1] The virtues which made him afterwards the delight of humankind resumed their influence, and from that time inspired all his actions.

XXII. In the course of Vespasian's reign two transactions occurred which, it must be acknowleged, have left a stain on his memory. Of these it will not be improper to give a short detail. The first was the death of Helvidius Priscus, who has been often mentioned by Tacitus. That excellent man fell a sacrifice to his enemies, and perhaps to his own intemperate conduct. Initiated early in the doctrines of the stoic school, and confirmed in the pride of virtue by the example of Pætus Thrasea, his father-in-law, he saw the arts by which Vespasian, notwithstanding the rigor of his nature, courted popularity; and did not scruple to say that liberty was more in danger from the artifices

1 The loves of Titus and Berenice, though not the best chosen subject for dramatic fable, became in the last century the favorite exhibition of the French stage. Corneille and Racine, the two great poets of that country, entered the lists, and like the bards of Greece at the Olympic games, contended with each other for the laurel crown. It happened that a princess of France, sister to Louis XIV., requested a play on the subject of Titus and Berenice from the pen of Racine. The poet complied; and while he was at work, Corneille received the like solicitation from Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans. The two plays were acted in 1670, at different theatres. That of Corneille had no success; Racine's had a run of thirty nights. Fontenelle observed on the occasion that it was a combat between two eminent men, and the youngest gained the victory.

of the new family, than from the vices of former emperors. In the senate he spoke his mind with unbounded freedom. Vespasian bore his opposition to the measures of government with patience and silent dignity. He knew the virtues of the man, and retained a due esteem for the memory of Thrasea. Willing on that account to live on terms with Helvidius, he advised him to be for the future a silent senator. The pride of a stoic spurned at the advice. Passive obedience was so repugnant to his principles, that he stood more firm in opposition. Mucianus and Eprius Marcellus, who were the favorite ministers of the emperor, were his enemies; and it is probable that, by their advice, Vespasian was at length induced to let the proceedings of the senate take their course. Helvidius was arraigned by the fathers, and ordered into custody. He was soon after banished, and in consequence of an order despatched from Rome, put to death. It is said that Vespasian relented, and sent a special messenger to respite execution; but the blow was struck. Helvidius was, beyond all question, a determined republican. His own imprudence provoked his fate; and this perhaps is what Tacitus had in contemplation when he places the moderation of Agricola in contrast to the violent spirit of others, who rush on certain destruction, without being by their death of service to the public.

XXIII. The case of Eponina was an instance of extreme rigor, or rather cruelty. She was the wife of Julius Sabinus, a leading chief among the Lingones. This man, Tacitus has told us,[1] had the vanity to derive his pedigree from Julius Cæsar, who, he said, during

1 Tacitus mentions the escape of Julius Sabinus from the field of battle, where his countrymen, the Lingones, suffered a dreadful slaughter, and the historian promises in proper

his wars in Gaul, was struck with the beauty of his grandmother, and alleviated the toils of the campaign in her embraces. Ambitious, bold, and enterprising, he kindled the flame of rebellion among his countrymen, and having resolved to shake off the Roman yoke, marched at the head of a numerous army into the territory of the Sequani, a people in alliance with Rome. This was A. U. C. 823. He hazarded a battle, and was defeated with great slaughter. His rash-levied numbers were either cut to pieces, or put to flight. He himself escaped the general carnage. He fled for shelter to an obscure cottage; and in order to propagate a report that he destroyed himself, set fire to his lurking-place. By what artful stratagems he was able to conceal himself in caves and dens, and, by the assistance of the faithful Eponina, to prolong his life for nine years afterwards, cannot now be known from Tacitus. The account which the great historian promised has perished with the narrative of Vespasian's reign. Plutarch[1] relates the story as a proof of conjugal fidelity. From that writer the following particulars may be gleaned; two faithful freedmen attended Sabinus to his cavern; one of them, Martialis by name, returned to Eponina with a feigned account of her husband's death. His body, she was made to believe, was consumed in the flames. In the vehemence of her grief she gave credit to the story. In a few days she received

time and place to relate how he lay concealed in dens and caverns for nine years afterwards, supported during the whole time by the fidelity and unshaken affection of his wife Eponina. The defeat of Sabinus was A. U. C. 823. He and his wife were put to death at Rome, A. U. C. 831; but unfortunately that part of our author's work has not survived the ravages of time.

1 For this fragment of history see Plutarch's Amatoris, or The Lover.

intelligence by the same messenger that her husband was safe in his lurking-place. She continued during the rest of the day to act all the exteriors of grief, with joy at her heart, but suppressed with care. In the dead of night she visited Sabinus, and in his arms indulged the transports of her soul. Before the dawn of day she returned to her own house, and, for the space of seven months, repeated her clandestine visits, supplying her husband's wants, and softening all his cares. At the end of that time she conceived hopes of obtaining a free pardon; and having disguised her husband in such a manner as to render a detection impossible, she accompanied him on a long and painful journey to Rome. Finding there that she had been deceived with visionary schemes, she marched back with Sabinus, and lived with him in his den for nine years longer. Mutual love was their only comfort. Her tender affection sweetened the anxieties of her husband, and the birth of two sons was a source of pleasure, even in distress and misery. In the year of Rome 831 they were both discovered, and in chains conveyed to Rome. Vespasian forgot his usual clemency. Sabinus was condemned, and hurried to execution. Eponina was determined not to survive her husband. She changed her supplicating tone, and with a spirit unconquered in ruin, addressed Vespasian: 'Death,' she said, 'has no terror for me. I have lived happier under ground than you on your throne. Bid your assassins strike their blow: with joy I leave a world in which you can play the tyrant.'

She was ordered for execution. Plutarch concludes with saying, that during Vespasian's reign there was nothing to match the horror of this atrocious deed; for which the vengeance of the gods fell on Vespasian,

and in a short time after wrought the extirpation of his whole family.

Vespasian died on the twenty-third of June, A. U. C. 832, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, after reigning ten years. Titus died on the thirteenth of September, A. U. C. 834, in the forty-first year of his age, after a reign of two years and somewhat more than two months.

Domitian was put to death by a band of conspirators, who were determined to deliver the world from a monster, on the eighteenth of September, A. U. C. 849, in the forty-fifth year of his age, after a reign of fifteen years; a large portion of human life, as Tacitus observes, in which the people groaned under the cruelty of an unrelenting and insatiate tyrant.

A TREATISE

ON THE

SITUATION, MANNERS, AND PEOPLE,

OF

GERMANY.

MANNERS OF THE GERMANS.

SECT. I.[1] THE whole vast country of Germany[2] is separated from Gaul,[3] from Rhætia, and Pannonia, by

1 The time when the treatise on the German Manners was written is fixed by Lipsius in the fourth consulship of Nerva, and the second of Trajan, A. U. C. 851, A. D. 98. A passage in section 37, where Tacitus mentions the second consulship of Trajan, clearly shows that the piece was composed in that year, or soon after. It is a draught of savage manners delineated by a masterly hand; the more interesting, as the part of the world which it describes was the seminary of the modern European nations; the Vagina Gentium, as historians have emphatically called it. The work is short, but, as Montesquieu observes, it is the work of a man who abridged every thing, because he knew every thing. It is for this reason that the following notes have swelled to a size which may at first sight appear unwieldy: but the subject merits attention; it calls for something more than mere cursory observation. If the present writer has collected with diligence; if the brevity of the author be explained; if his facts receive confirmation from the following illustrations; the inquiry will not be deemed to be mere ostentation or vain parade. A thorough knowlege of the transactions of barbarous ages will throw more light than is generally imagined on the laws of modern times. Wherever the barbarians, who issued from their northern hive, settled in new habitations, they carried with them their native genius, their original manners, and the first rudiments of the political system which has prevailed in different parts of Europe. They established monarchy and liberty; subordination and freedom; the prerogative of the prince and the rights of the subject; all united in so bold a combination, that the fabric in some places stands to this hour the wonder of mankind. The British constitution, says Montesquieu, came out of the woods of Germany. What the state of this country was before the arrival of our

the Rhine and the Danube; from Dacia and Sarmatia by a chain of mountains; and, where the mountains

Saxon ancestors, Tacitus has shown in the Life of Agricola. If we add to this account what has been transmitted to us concerning the Germans and Britons by Julius Cæsar, we shall see the origin of the Anglo-Saxon government, the great outline of that Gothic constitution, under which the people enjoy their rights and liberties at this hour. Montesquieu, speaking of his own country, declares it impossible to form an adequate notion of the French monarchy, and the changes of their government, without a previous inquiry into the manners, genius, and spirit, of the German nations. Much of what was incorporated with the institutions of those fierce invaders has flowed down in the stream of time, and still mingles with our modern jurisprudence. It is true that in the progress of society, arts and sciences have diffused new lights, and the civil union being by consequence better understood, milder laws, and more polished manners, have well-nigh effaced all traces of barbarism; but still it will not be unpleasant, or indeed useless, to go back to those days of ignorance. We shall view the waters at their fountain-head dark, foul, and muddy; but by following them downward, we shall see them working themselves clear, and purified at length to a clear and limpid current. We shall gain a knowlege of the origin of laws, while we read the history of the human mind. The subject, it is conceived, is interesting to every Briton. The following notes are therefore offered without farther apology for their length. In the manners of the Germans the reader will see our present frame of government, as it were, in its cradle. The antiquary, who has already made his researches, will perhaps find little novelty; but to those who have not had leisure or curiosity, the following annotations may open new veins of knowlege and reflection. They will lead to a better acquaintance with a fierce and warlike people, to whom this country owes that spirit of liberty, which through so many centuries has preserved our excellent form of government, and raised the glory of the British nation.

2 It is material in this place to observe that Augustus Cæsar divided Belgic Gaul into two provinces, distinguished by the names of Upper and Lower Germany. Many of the new settlers in those parts were originally Germans, and, when the whole country was reduced under subjection to the Roman empire, the people, unwilling to pass for natives of Gaul, still retained their original name. Those two provinces called the Upper and Lower Germany, being in

subside, mutual dread forms a sufficient barrier. The rest is bounded by the ocean, embracing in its depth of water several spacious bays, and islands of prodigious extent, whose kings and people are now in some measure known to us, the progress of our arms having made recent discoveries. The Rhine has its source on the steep and lofty summit of the Rhætian Alps,[1] from which it precipitates, and, after winding towards the west, directs its course through a long tract of country, and falls into the Northern Ocean. The Danube, gushing down the soft and gentle declivity of the mountain Abnoba, visits several nations in its progress, and at last, through six channels (the seventh is absorbed in fens and marshes), discharges itself into the Pontic Sea.

II. The Germans, there is reason to think, are an indigenous race,[2] the original natives of the country,

fact part of Gaul, are not comprised in the account given by Tacitus. He speaks of ancient Germany, called Germania Antiqua, or Barbara; of Germany on the eastern side of the Rhine, Germania Transrhenana; bounded on the west by the Rhine; on the south by the Danube; on the east by the Vistula, or Weissel, and the mountains of Sarmatia; and finally by the Northern Ocean, including the Baltic, and the gulfs of Bothnia and Finland.

3 Gaul, according to Cæsar, was divided into three parts: namely, 1. Belgic Gaul, bounded by the Seine, the Marne, the mountains of Vauge, the Rhine, and the ocean. 2. Celtic Gaul, bounded by the ocean, the Seine, the Marne, the Soane, the Rhone, and the Garonne. 3. Aquitania, bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, the Garonne, and the Pyrenees.

1 The Rhætian Alps are now called the Mountains of the Grisons; that in particular from which the Rhine issues is called Vogelberg. This celebrated river flows in one regular channel, embracing a few small islands in its course, till it reaches the island of the Batavians, where it divides itself into two branches, one washing the eastern side of Germany, and the other forming the boundary of Gaul. For a farther account of this river see Annals, ii. 6. See also this tract, § 29.

2 The inhabitants of every nation that had no literary me-

without any intermixture of adventitious settlers from other nations. In the early ages of the world, the adventurers who issued forth in quest of new habitations did not traverse extensive tracts of land: the first migrations were made by sea. Even at this day the Northern Ocean, vast and boundless, and, as I may say, always at enmity with mariners,[1] is seldom navigated by ships from our quarter of the world. Putting the dangers of a turbulent and unknown sea out of the case, who would leave the softer climes of Asia, Africa, or Italy, to fix his abode in Germany?[2] where nature

numents were by the ancients deemed the immediate offspring of the soil. The world is now better informed. Asia is considered as the country where the numbers of mankind multiplied with rapid increase, and thence overflowing into Scythia, peopled the northern regions of Europe. Under which of the sons of Noah that vast migration was formed it is now fruitless to inquire. Antiquaries have amused themselves with systems founded on vain opinions, and, having no historical records, they have wandered in a maze of wild conjecture, without contributing to the stock of real knowlege.

1 In the time of Tacitus a voyage from Italy to the Northern Ocean would have been an enterprise too wild and daring. Drusus, the father of Germanicus, was the first Roman commander who ventured to explore those seas. His voyage without doubt began from some part of Gaul or Germany, and reached the point of Jutland. His son Germanicus, many years after, made the same attempt, but with great difficulty and danger. See Annals, ii. 23.

2 This is by no means a satisfactory reason for the position advanced by Tacitus, namely, that the Germans were the indigenous offspring of the soil. In those remote ages, when the numbers of one nation overflowed into another, the object was not the most delightful country, but the safest habitation. Asia, Italy, and some parts of Africa, afforded delightful spots; but to men who could not find a settlement in those regions, even Germany, which appears so horrid to Tacitus, was not without its conveniences. The people escaped from oriental despotism, and lived in freedom. 'A freehold,' says Addison, 'though it be but in ice and snow, will make the owner pleased with the possession, and stout in the defence of it.' Germany was the land of liberty and

offers nothing but scenes of deformity; where the inclemency of the season never relents; where the land presents a dreary region, without form or culture, and, if we except the affection of a native for his mother country, without an allurement to make life supportable. In all songs and ballads,[1] the only memorials of

heroic fortitude. What men lost of their sensual gratifications, they gained in virtue.

1 Songs and rude poetry have been in all savage countries the memorials of public transactions. Kings and heroes were the poets and historians of the Scythian, the Celtic, and the northern nations. Saxo Grammaticus and other writers inform us that they drew their materials from Runic songs, or Icelandic poetry. The Gauls had their Druids, the priests and philosophers of the nation, who preserved their doctrine by oral tradition, and verses committed to memory only. The Germans had their bards, who in their songs recorded all public transactions, and sung the praises of their warriors and illustrious men. At all feasts and public assemblies the bards were the panegyrists of exalted merit. The same was the case in Britain, Wales, and Ireland. The songs of the bards were the prelude to battle; they inspired the chiefs with enthusiastic ardor. When Edward I. formed the plan of reducing Wales to subjection he thought it necessary to destroy all the bards. The Scandinavians had their poets, or scalds, whose business it was to compose odes or songs, in which they celebrated the warlike achievements of their ancestors. The praises which those poets gave to valor, the enthusiasm which animated their verses, and the care which the people took to learn them from their infancy, all conspired to rouse the martial spirit of their armies. Mallet's Northern Antiquities, i. 223. The American savages have their war-songs and rude poetry, in which they sing the praises of the gallant chiefs who have fought or died for their country. Garcilasso de la Vega says that in writing his History of Peru he availed himself of old songs and ballads, which a princess of the race of their incas taught him to get by heart in his infancy. Tacitus tells us that Arminius, long after his death, was remembered in the rude songs of his country. See Annals, ii. 88. Some of those songs, or brief chronicles of the times, were dug up in German monasteries in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Charlemagne, according to Eginhard, the historian of that warlike prince, composed verses in the rude style of that age, commemorating

antiquity among them, the god Tuisto, who was born of the Earth, and Mannus, his son, are celebrated as the founders of the German race. Mannus, it is said, had three sons; from whôm the Ingævones, who border on the sea-coast; the Hermiones, who inhabit the midland country; and the Istævones, who occupy the remaining tract, have all respectively derived their names. Some, indeed, taking advantage of the obscurity that hangs over remote and fabulous ages, ascribe to the god Tuisto a more numerous issue, and thence trace the names of various tribes, such as the Marsians, the Gambrivians, the Suevians, and the Vandals. The ancient date and authenticity of those names are, as they contend, clearly ascertained. The word Germany[1] is held to be of modern addition.[1] In support of

the wars and brave exploits of the German chiefs. He is said to have carried with him into France a large collection of those ancient ballads, which he ordered to be translated into Latin. But those records are now nowhere to be found.

1 Lipsius is of opinion that this passage will ever be the torment of the commentators. But the difficulty does not seem to be insurmountable. Tacitus says that the first emigrants from the other side of the Rhine who entered Gaul, and dispossessed the natives, were in his time called Tungrians; but when they undertook their expedition, to strike their enemies with terror, they called themselves Germans. The word of course implying something formidable, and, by adverting to the etymology, it receives the following construction: *Gehr*, or *wher*, signifies war. From that root the French have derived their word *guerre*. *Man* in the German tongue implied the same as it does now in that country and in England. Hence we find that the first invaders, to spread a general alarm, called themselves Germans, or *warlike men*. That such migrations were made into Gaul is evident from Julius Cæsar. In the second book of his Gallic Wars, § 4, he relates that on inquiry he found that the Belgians were for the most part Germans originally, who had been drawn by the fertility of the country to settle in those parts, and, during the irruption of the Teutones and Cimbri, were the only people of all the provinces of Gaul that resisted those fierce barbarians, and never suffered them to set foot in their territories.

this hypothesis, they tell us that the people who first passed the Rhine and took possession of a canton in Gaul, though known at present by the name of Tungrians, were in that expedition called Germans; and thence the title assumed by a band of emigrants, in order to spread a general terror in their progress, extended itself by degrees, and became in time the appellation of a whole people. They have a current tradition that Hercules[1] visited those parts. When rushing to battle they sing, in preference to all other heroes, the praises of that ancient worthy.

III. The Germans abound with rude strains of verse; the reciters of which, in the language of the country, are called bards.[2] With this barbarous poetry they

The name of Germans, assumed by those who crossed over into Gaul, was in process of time adopted by all nations on the east side of the Rhine, and in Cæsar's time was the established appellation of the whole country. The region which the Tungrians inhabited, Brotier says, was what the French call *L'Ancien Diocèse de Tongres*, and it is remarkable that the same territory was occupied by the Franks, when, under the conduct of Pharamond, they made their irruption into France, and from that time gave their name to the whole country.

1 Besides the fabulous Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, there was in ancient times no warlike nation that did not boast of its own particular Hercules. La Bletterie, the ingenious translator of a considerable part of Tacitus, mentions a learned antiquary, M. Freret, who supposed, not without great probability, that some German chief of great renown in arms was called *Her Koul, Belli Caput*, the head of a victorious army. *Her Koul* would easily be changed by the Romans into Hercules. However that may be, we find in Tacitus an intire forest beyond the Visurgis, or the Weser, sacred to Hercules. See Annals, ii. 12. The warriors rushing to battle sung his praise, as we find that in their ballads they afterwards celebrated Arminius. See Annals, ii. 88. Several learned men have clearly proved that the word Hercules was a name given to all the leaders of colonies who came out of Asia to settle in Greece, Italy, and Spain; North. Antiq. i. 91.

2 The commentators are much at variance about the reading

inflame their minds with ardor in the day of action, and prognosticate the event from the impression which it happens to make on the minds of the soldiers, who grow terrible to the enemy, or despair of success, as the war-song [1] produces an animated or a feeble sound.

of the original word to express the recitation of the German poets. Some of them contend for *barritus*, instead of *barditus*; for *barrire*, they say, signifies the cry or roar of an elephant. Horace uses the word *barrus* for an elephant. But Lipsius observes that elephants were not known in Germany. This dispute about a word seems to be, as is usually the case, of little or no importance, since it is evident that the poets of Germany and Britain were called bards, and therefore *barditus* is probably the true reading. Lucan describes the office of the bard, and gives him that very name.

The strains of verse which the bards poured forth in their fits of enthusiasm inflamed the German and the British warriors with heroic fortitude. Perhaps nothing contributed more to make those nations stand at bay for such a length of time with the whole power of the Romans. The soldier said to the bard: 'Come, and see me fighting for my country; see me bleed, if the fate of war will have it so; and if I die, be sure to record my memory.' This was the ambition of the northern nations. Lipsius observes that it was the same with the first inhabitants of Spain.

The war-song of the Canadians and the northern savages of America has been mentioned in the books of all travellers in that part of the world. Charlevoix has given a full account of this wild preparation for battle, and Dr. Robertson has quoted the very words of an Indian war-song: 'I go to revenge the death of my brothers: I shall kill, I shall exterminate, I shall burn, my enemies; I shall bring away slaves; I shall devour their heart, dry their flesh, and drink their blood: I shall tear off their scalps, and make cups of their skulls.' The terms of a German war-song have not reached posterity. The collection by Charlemagne is totally lost. In those pieces we should undoubtedly have seen strong marks of ferocity; but the spirit of revenge that could eat the flesh of prisoners taken in battle was unknown in Germany. The Scandinavians, when they were going to join battle, raised great shouts, clashed their arms together, invoked the name of Odin, and sung hymns in his praise; Northern Antiquities, i. 237.

1 Dr. Aikin has selected a passage from the Life of Sir

Nor can their manner of chanting this savage prelude be called the tone of human organs: it is rather a furious uproar; a wild chorus of military virtue. The vociferation used on these occasions is uncouth and harsh, at intervals interrupted by the application of their bucklers to their mouths, and by the repercussion bursting out with redoubled force. An opinion prevails among them that Ulysses, in the course of those wanderings which are so famous in poetic story, was driven into the Northern Ocean; and that having penetrated into the country, he built on the banks of the Rhine the city of Asciburgium,[1] which is inhabited at this day, and still retains the name given originally by the founder. It is farther added, that an altar dedicated to Ulysses, with the name of La-

Ewen Cameron, which happily illustrates the ancient German opinion concerning the prophetic spirit of the war-song. At the battle of Killicrankie, just before the fight began, Sir Ewen commanded such of the Camerons as were posted near him to make a great shout, which, being seconded by those who stood on the right and left, ran quickly through the whole army, and was returned by the enemy. But the noise of the muskets and cannon, with the echoing of the hills, made the Highlanders fancy that their shouts were louder and brisker than those of the enemy; and Lochiel cried out: 'Gentlemen, take courage, the day is ours: I am the eldest commander in the army, and have always observed something ominous and fatal in such a dull, hollow, and feeble noise as the enemy made in their shout; which prognosticates that they are all doomed to die by our hands this night; whereas ours was brisk, lively, and strong, and shows that we have vigor and courage.' The event justified the prediction; the Highlanders obtained a complete victory.

1 The love of fabulous history, which was the passion of ancient times, produced a new Hercules in every country, and made Ulysses wander in every sea. Tacitus mentions it as a romantic tale; but Strabo seems willing to countenance the fiction, and for that purpose gravely tells us that Ulysses founded a city, called Odyssey, in Spain. Lipsius observes that Lisbon, in the time of Strabo, had the appellation of Ulyssipo, or Olisipo.

ertes, his father, engraved on it, was formerly discovered at Asciburgium. Mention is likewise made of certain monuments and tomb-stones still to be seen on the confines of Germany and Rhætia, with epitaphs or inscriptions in Greek characters. But these assertions it is not my intention either to establish or to refute; the reader will yield or withhold his assent according to his judgment or his fancy.

IV. I have already acceded to the opinion of those who think that the Germans have hitherto subsisted without intermarrying with other nations, a pure, unmixed, and independent race, unlike any other people, all bearing the marks of a distinct national character. Hence, what is very remarkable in such prodigious numbers, a family likeness throughout the nation; the same form and feature,[1] stern blue eyes, ruddy hair, their bodies large and robust, but powerful only in sudden efforts. They are impatient of toil and labor; thirst and heat overcome them; but, from the nature of their soil and climate, they are proof against cold and hunger.

V. The face of the country, though in some parts varied, presents a cheerless scene, covered with the gloom of forests, or deformed with wide-extended marshes; towards the boundaries of Gaul, moist and swampy; on the side of Noricum and Pannonia, more exposed to the fury of the winds. Vegetation thrives with sufficient vigor. The soil produces grain, but is

1 This wonderful similitude throughout the whole race has been remarked by various authors. Juvenal has mentioned their yellow hair, their blue eyes, and other circumstances, that made the whole nation appear to be one family.

Sidonius Apollinaris says that, being in Germany, and finding the men so very tall, he could not address verses of six feet to patrons who were seven feet high.

unkind to fruit trees;[1] well stocked with cattle, but of an under-size, and deprived by nature of the usual growth and ornament of the head. The pride of a German consists in the number of his flocks and herds: they are his only riches, and in these he places his chief delight. Gold and silver are withheld from them;—is it by the favor or the wrath of Heaven? I do not however mean to assert that in Germany there are no veins of precious ore; for who has been a miner in those regions? Certain it is, they do not enjoy the possession and use of those metals with our sensibility. There are indeed silver vessels to be seen amongst them, but they were presents to their chiefs or ambassadors; the Germans regard them in no better light than common earthenware. It is however observable, that near the borders of the empire the inhabitants set a value on gold and silver, finding them subservient to the purposes of commerce. The Roman coin is known in those parts, and some of our specie is not only current but in request. In places more remote the simplicity of ancient manners still prevails; commutation of property is their only traffic. Where money passes in the way of barter our old coin is the most acceptable, particularly that which is indented at the edge, or stamped with the impression of a chariot and two horses, called the serrati and bigati. Silver is preferred to gold, not from caprice or fancy, but because the inferior metal is of more expeditious use in the purchase of low-priced commodities.

VI. Iron does not abound in Germany,[2] if we may

1 The Germans attended to nothing but the production of corn. Their country, like Canada, was covered over with immense tracts of forest, and till the ground was cleared, and the cold by consequence abated of its rigor, cultivation could not be carried on with any kind of advantage.

2 Abundance of iron was to be found in the bowels of the

judge from the weapons in general use. Swords and large lances are seldom seen. The soldier grasps his javelin, or, as it is called in their language, his fram; an instrument tipped with a short and narrow piece of iron, sharply pointed, and so commodious that, as occasion requires, he can manage it in close engagement or in distant combat. With this, and a shield, the cavalry is completely armed. The infantry have an addition of missive weapons. Each man carries a considerable number; and being naked, or at least not incumbered by his light mantle, he throws his weapon to a distance almost incredible. A German has no attention[1] to the ornament of his person: his shield is

earth; but to extract it, to soften it by fire, and render it pliant and malleable, required more skill and patience than consisted with the rough genius of a savage race. Accordingly swords and javelins were not much in use. A spear tipped with iron was their weapon in almost all the battles recorded by Tacitus. It appears in the Annals, ii. 14, that those instruments of war were of an enormous size, and unwieldy in close engagement. The number was not sufficient to arm more than the front line of their army. The rest carried short darts, or clubs hardened by fire. In general pointed stones were prefixed to their weapons, and many of these, Brotier says, have been discovered in German sepulchres. The *fram* of king Childeric was found on opening his monument.

1 The only covering of a German was a short mantle. Their soldiers for the most part were naked. All however were curious in the embellishment of their shields, which we find, Annals, ii. 14, were not made of iron, but of osier-twigs interwoven, or of thin boards decorated with gaudy colors. These shields were the delight of the German soldiers. They were at first the ensigns of valor, and afterwards of nobility. The warlike chief made it his study to adorn his shield with variegated colors and figures of animals, to distinguish his own martial prowess; and what in the beginning was merely personal, became in time hereditary. Hence what we now call coats of arms peculiar to the descendants of particular families; and hence the origin of heraldry. The shield of a German was his only protection in the heat of an engagement. Breastplates were worn by a few only. The headpiece was of two

the object of his care, and this he decorates with the liveliest colors. Breastplates are uncommon. In a whole army you will not see more than one or two helmets. Their horses have neither swiftness nor elegance of shape, nor are they trained to the various evolutions of the Roman cavalry.[1] To advance in a direct line, or wheel suddenly to the right, is the whole of their skill, and this they perform in so compact a body, that not one is thrown out of his rank. According to the best estimate, the infantry form the national strength, and for that reason always fight intermixed with the cavalry.[2] The flower of their youth,

sorts; one made of metal, to which the Romans gave the name of *cassis*; the second of leather, called *galea*. It is true that Plutarch, in the life of Marius, giving an account of the irruption of the Cimbri, describes their helmets formed like the heads of ferocious animals, with high plumed crests. He also mentions their iron breastplates. But this warlike apparatus was most probably acquired during their march into Italy. Vegetius wonders by what fatality it happened that the Romans, after having experienced the advantage of their armor during a space of 1200 years, from the foundation of Rome to the reign of Gratian, should at length abandon their ancient discipline, and by laying aside their breastplates and their helmets, put themselves on a level with the barbarians, who insulted them in every quarter. By this alteration they left themselves and the empire obnoxious to their enemies.

1 The Roman art of managing the war-horse is beautifully described by Virgil. The reader who desires to know the skill with which the Romans vaulted on their horses and leaped off again, will find it at large in Vegetius.

2 The German manner of intermixing the foot-soldiers with the cavalry is described by Julius Cæsar. Ariovistus, he says, had about 6000 horsemen, who chose a like number out of the foot, each his man, all remarkable for strength and agility. These accompanied the cavalry in battle, and served as a rear-guard. If the action became dangerous they advanced to the relief of the troops. If any horseman was wounded, and fell to the ground, they gathered round to defend him. If speed was required, either for hasty pursuit or sudden retreat, they were so nimble and alert by

able by their vigor and activity to keep pace with the movements of the horse, are selected for this purpose, and placed in the front of the lines. The number of these is fixed and certain: each canton sends a hundred; from that circumstance called hundreders[1] by the army. The name was at first numerical only: it is now a title of honor. Their order of battle presents the form of a wedge.[2] To give ground in the heat of action, provided you return to the charge, is military skill, not fear or cowardice. In the most fierce and obstinate engagement, even when the fortune of the day is doubtful, they make it a point to carry off their slain. To abandon their shield is a flagitious crime. The person guilty of it is interdicted from religious rites, and excluded from the assembly of the state. Many who survived their honor on the day of battle have closed a life of ignominy by a halter.

VII. The kings in Germany[3] owe their election to

continual exercise that, laying hold of the manes of the horses, they could keep pace with their swiftest motion.

1 Germany was divided into states or communities, each state into cantons, and each canton into hundreds, or a hundred families. So the Suevians were divided according to Cæsar, iv. 1. The Swiss at this day are divided into cantons. The division into hundreds was introduced into England by our Saxon ancestors. The hundreders in this country were a civil establishment; whereas in Germany they were a military institution, being so many select men, whose duty it was to mix with the cavalry in battle; and therefore in that country hundreder was a title of honor.

2 The word *wedge*, importing a body of men drawn up in that form, is a well-known military term. The ranks are wide in the rear, but lessen by degrees, and sharpen to a point in front, the better to break through the lines of the enemy. The practice was universally in use among the Germans, and accordingly in the History of Tacitus we find Civilis drawing up the Frisians, the Caninefates, and his own countrymen the Batavians, in three different wedges.

3 The text in this place seems perfectly clear, though various writers, fond of particular hypothesis, have endeavored

the nobility of their birth: the generals are chosen for their valor. The power of the former is not arbitrary or

to perplex it. Some of those ingenious authors contend that the kings in Germany were hereditary, and the general officers elective. But Tacitus says, *sumunt*, they take or choose, and he applies the word to kings, as well as to commanders-in-chief. Hence it may fairly be inferred that in the election of kings they had regard to the nobility of an ancient race; but still they chose them. They chose perhaps out of certain families, and gave the preference to the issue of the deceased king: but it does not appear that they were bound by any law of inheritance. In Cæsar's account of the Germans there are some passages that seem to clash with Tacitus, or at least to create a difficulty. Germany however was new to Cæsar: he did not penetrate far into the country; and though a mind like his would take a wide survey of his subject, it cannot be supposed that, with all his accuracy, he gained complete information. He tells us that the Germans make choice of a chief to conduct their wars, and arm him with power of life and death: but in time of peace there is no public magistrate, all decisions being made by the leading men in their several districts. This may seem to imply that there was no king to rule over them. But this could not be Cæsar's meaning: he was well acquainted with Ariovistus, the German king, who made an irruption into Gaul. We shall see in the sequel of this tract that, in some places towards the north, the kings were arbitrary; in others their authority was limited. If they happened to be distinguished by their exploits in war, the nation was willing to take the field under their auspices; if not, they chose a commander famous for his martial spirit. We read in Tacitus the manner of choosing a general: he was placed on a shield, and carried on the shoulders of the men, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the army. Gregory de Tours informs us that kings among the Franks were chosen in the same manner. The celebrated Abbé Vertot, in his Parallel between the Manners of the Germans and the Franks, who founded the French monarchy, finds in the election of a chief to preside in war the origin of the *maires du palais*, who at one time had so much weight and power throughout France. The Franks, he says, after the example of their German ancestors, reserved the right of choosing their general, and the king was bound to confirm his authority. Occasionally they chose their king to lead them to the field of battle. Clovis is a proof of this fact. He united in himself the royal preroga-

unlimited: the latter command more by warlike example than by their authority. To be of a prompt and daring spirit in battle, and to attack in the front of the lines, is the popular character of the chieftain: when admired for his bravery, he is sure to be obeyed. Jurisdiction is vested in the priests. It is theirs to sit in judgment on all offences. By them delinquents are put in irons and chastised with stripes. The power of punishing is in no other hands. When exerted by the

tive, and the authority of commander-in-chief. Under Clotaire, the second king of the western part of France, the elective general was suppressed, but soon revived again under the following monarchs. In the reign of Clovis II. the people continued to choose their commanders-in-chief, and that extraordinary power was exercised in a manner wholly independent of the sovereign, and often dangerous to his title. It will not be improper to insert here the substance of Montesquieu's opinion on the subject:—A government, under which a nation, who had a king on the throne, elected an officer invested with all the powers of royalty, must be thought an extraordinary phenomenon in politics; but on inquiry it will be found that the Franks, who established the French monarchy, derived their notions of government from an ancient source. They were descended from the Germans, who in the choice of a king were determined by his nobility, and in that of their leader by his valor. Here we behold the kings of the first race, and the mayors of the palace. No doubt but some of the princes, who with a martial spirit offered to conduct a warlike enterprise, were accepted by the voice of the people, and being thus confirmed, they exercised both the royal and military power. But those two branches of authority were often separated. In order thoroughly to understand the genius of the Franks, we need only to recollect the conduct of Arbogastes, a Frank by nation, to whom Valentinian committed the command of his army. He confined the prince in his own palace, and suffered no man to confer with him on the subject of affairs, civil or military. The savage tribes of America often afford a striking resemblance of German manners; and accordingly we read in Charlevoix, 'The army has often at its head the chief of the nation or town; but he must first have distinguished himself by some signal act of bravery; if not, he is obliged to serve as a subaltern.'

priests it has neither the air of vindictive justice nor of military execution; it is rather a religious sentence, inflicted with the sanction of the god, who, according to the German creed, attends their armies on the day of battle. To impress on their minds the idea of a tutelar deity, they carry with them to the field certain images and banners, taken from their usual depository, the religious groves. A circumstance which greatly tends to inflame them with heroic ardor is the manner in which their battalions are formed. They are neither mustered nor embodied by chance. They fight in clans, united by consanguinity, a family of warriors. Their tenderest pledges[1] are near them in the field. In the heat of the engagement the soldier hears the shrieks of his wife and the cries of his children. These are the darling witnesses of his conduct, the applauders of his valor, at once beloved and valued. The wounded seek their mothers and their wives: undismayed at the sight, the women count each honorable scar, and suck the gushing blood. They are even hardy enough

1 The Germans felt themselves inflamed with enthusiastic ardor when their wives and children surveyed the field of battle. Many instances of this occur in Tacitus. In the engagement between Cæsar and Ariovistus, the Germans encompassed their whole army with a line of carriages, in order to take away all hopes of safety by flight; and their women, mounted on those carriages, weeping and tearing their hair, conjured the soldiers, as they advanced to battle, not to suffer them to become slaves to the Romans. The Britons, under the conduct of Boadicea, prepared for the decisive action in the same manner. Galgacus, in his speech before the last battle for liberty, tells the Caledonians that the advantage of having wives and children was on their side, whereas the Romans had no such pledges to excite their valor. The manners of ancient chivalry seem to be derived from this German origin. The fair helped to disarm the knight returning from his adventures; they praised his valor and dressed his wounds.

to mix with the combatants, administering refreshment, and exhorting them to deeds of valor.

VIII. From tradition they have a variety of instances of armies put to the rout, and by the interposition of their wives and daughters again incited to renew the charge. Their women saw the ranks give way, and rushing forward in the instant, by the vehemence of their cries and supplications, by opposing[1] their breasts to danger, and by representing the horrors of slavery, restored the order of the battle. To a German mind the idea of a woman led into captivity is insupportable. In consequence of this prevailing sentiment, the states which deliver as hostages the daughters of illustrious families are bound by the most effectual obligation. There is, in their opinion, something sacred in the female sex,[2] and even the power of

1 We have in Florus a lively description of the undaunted courage with which the German women opposed the enemy in the day of battle. After stating the victory obtained by Marius over the Cimbri, the historian says that the conflict was not less fierce and obstinate with the wives of the vanquished. In their carts and waggons they formed a line of battle, and from their elevated situation, as from so many turrets, annoyed the Romans with their poles and lances. Their death was as glorious as their martial spirit. Finding that all was lost, they sent a deputation to Marius, desiring that they might be at liberty to enrol themselves in a religious order. Their request, in its nature impracticable, being refused, they strangled their children, and either destroyed themselves in one scene of mutual slaughter, or with the sashes that bound up their hair hung suspended by the neck on the boughs of trees or the tops of their waggons. That the women were esteemed by the German nations as their dearest pledges is confirmed by Suetonius, who relates that Augustus Cæsar demanded from the conquered tribes a new sort of hostages, namely, their women; because he found by experience that they did not much regard their male hostages.

2 Plutarch, in his Treatise on the Virtues of the Female Sex, relates that a dispute arose among the tribes of Celtic emi-

foreseeing future events. Their advice is therefore always heard: they are frequently consulted, and their responses are deemed oracular. We have seen, in the reign of Vespasian, the famous Veleda revered as a divinity by her countrymen. Before her time Aurinia and others were held in equal veneration: but a veneration founded on sentiment and superstition, free from that servile adulation which pretends to people heaven with human deities.

IX. Mercury is the god chiefly adored in Germany. On stated days they think it lawful to offer to him human victims. They sacrifice to Hercules and Mars[1]

grants, before they passed over the Alps, so fierce and violent, that nothing but the decision of the sword could end the quarrel. The Celtic women on that occasion rushed between the two armies, and determined the question with such good sense, that the Celtic nations ever after made it their practice to call women to their consultations about peace and war. When Julius Cæsar inquired of the prisoners why Ariovistus declined an engagement, he found that it was the custom among the Germans for the women to decide by lots and divinations whether it was proper to hazard a battle, and that they had declared against coming to action before the new moon; Cæsar, i. 50. Strabo relates, that among the Cimbrian women, who followed their husbands in the invasion of Italy, there were several who had the gift of prophecy, and marched barefooted in the midst of the lines, distinguished by their grey hairs and milk-white linen robes. Tacitus in his History observes, that most of the German women were considered as prophetesses, and in particular, that Veleda was worshipped as a goddess.

1 Human victims were offered to Mercury (or Hesus) as the chief of the German gods, and, according to the text, certain animals were sacrificed to Mars and Hercules. The Germans were of Scythian origin, and of course retained much of the manners of their ancestors. See Herodotus, iv. The Celtic nations offered human victims to their gods, and accordingly Cæsar tells us that the same horrible superstition prevailed among the Gauls. In threatening distempers or imminent dangers, they made no scruple to sacrifice human victims, and made use of the ministry of their druids for that purpose. They put the victims alive into a colossus

such animals as are usually slain in honor of the gods. In some parts of the country of the Suevians the worship of Isis is established. To trace the introduction of ceremonies, which had their growth in another part of the world, were an investigation for which I have no materials: suffice it to say, that the figure of a ship (the symbolic representation of the goddess) clearly shows that the religion was imported into the country. Their deities are not immured in temples, nor represented under any kind of resemblance to the human form. To do either were, in their opinion, to derogate from the majesty of superior beings. Woods and groves[1] are the sacred depositories; and the spot being

of osier-twigs, and all within expired in the flames. Convicts for theft, robbery, or other crimes, were thought most acceptable to the gods, and when real criminals were not to be found, the innocent were made to suffer. Pliny informs us that men were sacrificed by the Romans as late as the year of Rome 657, when a decree was passed, in the consulship of Cornelius Lentulus and Licinius Crassus, forbidding the practice of human sacrifices. And thus, says Pliny, the world was obliged to the humanity of the Romans, who abolished the horrible ceremonies, in which it was pronounced to be a religious duty to sacrifice a man, and even wholesome to eat his flesh. And yet the same writer tells us that the mischief was so far from being cured by the decree of the senate, that he saw a Greek man and woman buried alive at Rome. Plutarch speaks of the same barbarity in his own time inflicted on a native Gaul. La Bletterie relates from Vopiscus, that in the year of the Christian era 270, Aurelian, to induce the senate to consult the sibylline books, offered a considerable number of prisoners, of whatever nation they should choose, to be sacrificed on that occasion. After that fact, he says, let man boast of his reason, and with presumption say that he stood in no need of revelation.

1 Groves devoted to superstition were frequent in Germany and Gaul. Mention is made, Annals, ii. 12, of a wood sacred to Hercules. The forest of Barduhenna occurs, Annals, iv. 73; and in the History, iv. 14, Tacitus describes a sacred grove. Claudian, in his Panegyric on Stilico, congratulates his hero that by his means the Hercynian forest,

consecrated to those pious uses, they give to that sacred recess the name of the divinity that fills the place, which is never profaned by the steps of man. The gloom fills every mind with awe; revered at a distance, and never seen but with the eye of contemplation.

X. Their attention to auguries, and the practice of divining by lots,[1] is conducted with a degree of superstiwhich before that time had been made a gloomy desert by superstition, was converted into a place for the sports and pleasures of man, where he might pursue the chase, and hew the venerable oaks as his occasion required.

Lucan's description of a sacred grove near Marseilles, in the third book of the Pharsalia, is well known to the classic scholar. The rites of a barbarous worship, and the impression made on the mind by the gloom of a thick forest, are there displayed with a masterly hand; but perhaps Seneca has given the philosophical and true reason. He says: 'If you enter a dark wood, where high embowering trees exclude the light of the sun, the prodigious growth and lofty majesty of the wood, the solitude of the place, and the deep impenetrable gloom, all conspire to impress an awful stillness, and to fill the mind with ideas of the invisible power of a superior Being.' The younger Pliny says more concisely, 'We adore the gloom of woods, and the silence that reigns around us.' The same effect in a Gothic church is finely described in Congreve's Mourning Bride:

No, all is hush'd, and still as death:—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight.

1 The Scythians, according to Herodotus, iv., had their divining twigs. The manner in which they were used is explained by Saxo Grammaticus, History of Denmark, xiv., who says that the Rugians, a people bordering on the Baltic sea, threw into their bosoms three pieces of wood, partly white and partly black; the former denoting success, and the latter adverse fortune. La Bletterie says the law of the Frisians shows that the people, even after they were converted to Christianity, still retained this form of divination.

tion not exceeded by any other nation. Their mode of proceeding by lots is wonderfully simple. The branch of a fruit tree is cut into small pieces, which, being all distinctly marked, are thrown at random on a white garment. If a question of public interest be depending, the priest of the canton performs the ceremony: if it be nothing more than a private concern, the master of the family officiates. With fervent prayers offered up to the gods, his eyes devoutly raised to heaven, he holds up three times each segment of the twig, and as the marks rise in succession, interprets the decrees of fate. If appearances prove unfavorable, there ends all consultation for that day; if, on the other hand, the chances are propitious, they require for greater certainty the sanction of auspices. The well-known superstition, which in other countries consults the flight and notes of birds, is also established in Germany; but to receive intimation of future events from horses[1] is the peculiar credulity of the country. For this purpose a number of milk-white steeds, unprofaned by mortal labor, is constantly maintained at the public expense, and placed to pasture in the religious groves. When occasion requires they are harnessed to a sacred chariot, and the priest, accompanied by the king or chief of the state, attends to watch the motions and the neighing of the horses. No other mode of augury is received with such implicit faith by the people, the nobility, and the priesthood. The horses on these solemn occasions are supposed to be the organs of the gods, and the priests their favored interpreters. They have still another way of prying into futurity, to which they have recourse when anxi-

1 Instances of this superstition are recorded among the Persians. Darius was elected king by the neighing of a horse; Herodotus, iii.

ous to know the issue of an important war. They seize, by any means in their power, a captive from the adverse nation,[1] and commit him in single combat with a champion selected from their own army. Each is provided with weapons after the manner of his country; and the victory, wherever it falls, is deemed a sure prognostic of the event.

XI. In matters of inferior moment the chiefs decide;[2] important questions are reserved for the whole

1 Montesquieu observes that this was the origin of duelling, and also of the heroic madness of knight-errantry. It was considered by the superstition of the times as an appeal to Heaven. In a fierce and warlike nation, like the Germans, whole families waged war on one another for every species of injury. To modify so savage a custom, the combat was fought under the eye of the magistrate, and in that manner private as well as public affairs were determined. The proof by battle was established, and with more eagerness, as it excluded perjury. Judicial combat was the mode of trial that afterwards prevailed all over Europe. Witnesses and *compurgators* were obliged to support their evidence by the decision of the sword. Ecclesiastics, women, minors, the aged and infirm, could not be expected to enter the list, and were therefore obliged to produce their champions. The custom in England was called wager of battle. The form of proceeding is stated on good authority by the late Judge Blackstone. That elegant writer had the merit of converting the thorny study of the law into a branch of polite literature. By him we are told that the last trial by battle that was joined in a civil suit, was in the thirteenth year of queen Elizabeth, and was held in Tothill-fields, where Sir H. Spelman was a witness of the ceremony. In Rushworth's Collection, ann. 1631, 7th Car. I., there is a long account of the proceedings preparatory to a trial by battle in the court of chivalry; but his majesty in the end revoked his letters-patent, not being willing to have the cause decided by duel. This remnant of German manners, though fallen into disuse, is not intirely abolished at this day.

2 Montesquieu is of opinion that in this Treatise on the Manners of the Germans an attentive reader may trace the origin of the British constitution. That beautiful system, he says, was found in the forests of Germany; Spirit of Laws, xi. 6. The Saxon *Witenagemot* was beyond all doubt an im-

community. Yet even in those cases where all have a voice, the business is discussed and prepared by the chiefs. The general assembly, if no sudden alarm calls the people together, has its fixed and stated periods, either at the new or full moon.[1] This is thought the season most propitious to public affairs. Their account of time differs from that of the Romans: instead of days, they reckon the number of nights.[2] Their public ordinances are so dated; and their proclamations run in the same style. The night, according to them, leads the day. Their passion for liberty is attended with this ill consequence: when a public

proved political institution, grafted on the rights exercised by the people in their own country. The author of the European Settlements in America says, 'The Indians meet in a house, which they have in each of their towns for the purpose, on every solemn occasion, to receive ambassadors, to deliver them an answer, to sing their traditionary war-songs, or to commemorate the dead. These councils are public. Here they propose all such matters as concern the state, which have already been digested in the secret councils, at which none but the head men assist.'

1 The power and influence of the moon on all human affairs has been a notion adopted by the credulity and superstition of every age and nation. Ariovistus, according to Julius Cæsar, was forbid to hazard a battle before the new moon. The commentator on the passage in Cæsar adds, that by a law of Lycurgus the Spartan army was not to take the field before the full moon; and Vespasian, to take advantage of religious prejudices, attacked the Jews on the sabbath-day. See in the Annals a panic in the army, occasioned by an eclipse of the moon. The elder Pliny sets forth the extravagant powers attributed to the same planet. In this enlightened age some traces of the same superstition still remain.

2 The Gauls, we find in Cæsar, vi. 17, computed the time by nights, not by days. Vestiges of this custom still remain in Germany and Britain. We say *sen'night* and *fortnight*; last Monday *sen'night*, this day *fortnight*. By the Salic law, title 49, the time allowed for appearing in court was computed by nights instead of days. Chambers, in his Dictionary, tells us that in a council held in this island, ann. 824, a cause was heard after thirty nights.

meeting is announced, they never assemble at the stated time. Regularity would look like obedience: to mark their independent spirit, they do not convene at once, but two or three days are lost in delay. When they think themselves sufficiently numerous the business begins. Each man takes his seat, completely armed. Silence is proclaimed by the priests, who still retain their coercive authority. The king, or chief of the community, opens the debate: the rest are heard in their turn, according to age, nobility of descent, renown in war, or fame for eloquence. No man dictates to the assembly: he may persuade, but cannot command. When any thing is advanced not agreeable to the people they reject it with a general murmur. If the proposition pleases they brandish their javelins. This is their highest and most honorable mark of applause: they assent in a military manner, and praise by the sound of their arms.

XII. In this council of the state accusations are exhibited, and capital offences prosecuted. Pains and penalties are proportioned to the nature of the crime. For treason and desertion[1] the sentence is, to be hanged on a tree: the coward, and such as are guilty of unnatural practices,[2] are plunged under a hurdle into bogs

1 The Salic law imposed a pecuniary penalty on such as took down a convict still alive from the tree or gibbet on which he was suspended. Even the dead body was not to be cut down without permission from the judge. A fine was paid for this offence.

2 The cowards here intended were most probably those who offered to attend a chief to the wars as his faithful followers, and afterwards deserted. Men of that description were accounted infamous. By a law of the Lombards, the freeman who was summoned to defend his country against a foreign invasion, and refused to carry arms in that pressing exigence, was adjudged guilty of a capital crime, and suffered as a traitor. Among the Canadians, the man who attaches himself to a leader, and having sung the war-song, refuses to

and fens. In these different punishments the point and spirit of the law is, that crimes which affect the state may be exposed to public notoriety: infamous vice[1] cannot be too soon buried in oblivion. He who is convicted of transgressions of an inferior nature[2]

perform his engagement, is never safe from the indignation of his countrymen; at least he is disgraced for ever; Charlevoix, letter xiv.

1 The Germans distinguished the crimes which were prejudicial to the state, such as treason and desertion, from cowardice, which they ranked with those unnatural passions that ought never to be heard of in society. The enemy of his country was punished as a public example. Private vices, in themselves base and flagitious, were considered as disgraceful to the guilty, not as an extensive mischief, and therefore swept away from the notice and the memory of man. Ignominious offenders were suffocated in mud, and their bodies were concealed from sight to be forgotten as soon as possible. This distinction of crimes and punishments continued so long, that, by a law of the Burgundians, the wife who proved false to her husband was in like manner put to death in the mud. This practice of the Germans calls to mind the punishment for parricide among the ancient Romans. The person convicted of that crime was hooded, as unworthy of the common light; sowed up alive in a sack, with an ape, a dog, and a cock; and in that condition thrown into the sea, or into the next lake or river. Cicero has described this mode of punishment. 'The parricide,' he says, 'was sowed in a sack, that he who murdered the author of his being should no longer enjoy the elements by which all things are formed. The law would not condemn him to be devoured by wild beasts, lest the nature of the animals should be rendered still more ferocious; nor was it deemed proper to throw him naked into the next river, lest, when wafted into the sea, his body should pollute the waves, that purified all things from infection. In this manner the criminal was suffered to live as long as possible without the open air; and he was left to die in such a manner that his bones never touched the earth.'

2 In the list of crimes for which a fine or composition was allowed, homicide, adultery, theft, and other personal injuries, were included. See this Tract, § 21. The laws which the Germans established in their new settlements, when they quitted their forests and overran all Europe, are the best

pays a mulct of horses or of cattle. Part of that fine goes to the king, or the community,[1] and part to the

commentary on Tacitus. They confirm him in every thing material. A race of barbarians, issuing from their woods and marshes, and bearing down all before them, would naturally bring with them their primitive ideas, and transfuse them into all the laws established in the conquered country. Whoever will be at the pains of examining their code of laws will soon perceive that in their various fines for offences committed, they attended altogether to the quantity of the damage, the malice expressed or implied by the deed, and the rank of the person injured. Brotier, in his note on this passage, has given a variety of instances with his usual accuracy. The whole would draw this note into too great a length. A few examples will be sufficient. For stealing a sucking calf, a fine, besides the real value and the expense of the suit, was imposed by the Salic law. For stealing a bull the fine was greater, and for the king's bull still more. For a dog of the chase a considerable sum. Knives were of great value with a people unskilled in the mechanic arts. By the Salic law he who stole a knife was obliged to make restitution, and to pay a penalty. Horses were almost inestimable among the Saxons, and accordingly by their law horse-stealing was made a capital crime: a circumstance the more singular, as a composition was allowed for homicide. By the Salic law theft had its different shades of guilt; such as stealing from the outside of the house, from the inside; and if the offender entered by a counterfeit key, the penalty increased. If he broke in, and then fled and stole nothing, he was fined for the damage done by the forcible entry. The bare attempt to commit a crime was in some instances punished. If a man intending to give a mortal wound missed his blow, the Salic law fined him for the malice expressed. For fracturing a skull the penalty was considerable, and still greater if the bone exfoliated, and the brain was laid open. By the Salic and Ripuarian laws, homicide had different degrees of guilt, and the composition varied accordingly. For killing a barbarian the fine was moderate; for killing a man, and concealing the body, the punishment was higher, and still increased if the person slain was sunk in a well, or thrown into a pond. The ranks of men were also taken into consideration. If a freeman killed a freeman; if a Ripuarian killed a Frank, or a Burgundian, he paid the sums established by the law; but the value of a Roman was fixed at a lower rate. Many more examples might be added; but these short hint will serve to show from what source the German emigra-

person injured, or to his family. It is in these assemblies that princes are chosen,[1] and chiefs elected to act

derived their notion of crimes and punishments. The fine in Germany was a mulct of cattle, the only riches of the country; but in process of time, when the Roman empire was overturned, and the invaders became acquainted with money, the fines were pecuniary. By the Ripuarian laws, instead of the penal sum called the *weregild*, the composition might be made in cattle, at the option of the offender.

1 The part allotted to the king by the Salic law was called the *fredum*, a payment to the king as conservator of the public peace by preventing private vengeance for the injury received. Montesquieu sees in this passage the origin of the fiscal revenue, or the king's exchequer. He observes farther, that when a man was killed by accident, or what is called a chance-medley, no *fredum* was paid to the king, because for involuntary homicide no vengeance could be demanded by the friends of the deceased. If a man was killed by the fall of a piece of wood, no *fredum* was paid, but the piece of wood was forfeited, as was likewise the beast that occasioned the death of a man; Spirit of Laws, xxx. 20. From these early institutions, all flowing from the German manners, the origin of deodands, well known in our English law, may be clearly seen.

1 The whole country of Germany was divided into different states. In some of these monarchy was established, and in others the republican form of government. The former submitted to kings; the latter had their chiefs. The case was the same with the American savages. An eminent writer says: 'Though some tribes are found in America with a head, whom we call a king, his power is rather persuasive than coercive. The other forms, which may be considered as a sort of aristocracies, have no more power;' European Settlements in America, i. 176. In Germany the leader of armies was elective. In each state or tribe the divisions were, first, the people; secondly, the cantons, or shires, as they are called in Britain; thirdly, the *vici*, or hundreds. Magistrates were chosen in general conventions of the people to preside in the several cantons and hundreds. Cæsar, who seems to contradict this, knew that the commander in war had no authority in time of peace; and thence perhaps arose his mistake. Tacitus expressly says that there were magistrates in the several cantons and hundreds; and his account of the matter seems to be confirmed by the law made by the descendants of the German tribes, directing that, according to ancient custom, an assembly of the people should be con-

as magistrates in the several cantons of the state. To each of these judicial officers assistants are appointed from the body of the people, to the number of a hundred, who attend to give their advice, and strengthen the hands of justice.

XIII. A German transacts no business, public or private, without being completely armed.[1] The right of carrying arms is assumed by no person whatever till the state has declared him duly qualified. The young candidate is introduced before the assembly, where one of the chiefs, or his father, or some near relation, provides him with a shield and javelin.[2] This, with them, is the manly gown:[3] the youth from that

vened before the chief, or *comes*, or his deputy, and that pleas should be held by the hundreder.

1 The custom of wearing swords on all occasions prevailed in every country where the Germans took possession. That the magistrates never went armed is to be ascribed to the clergy, who for many centuries presided in the courts of justice. The Romans, it is well known, never wore their swords but in time of war, or on a journey.

2 This seems to be the origin of chivalry, that famous institution, which spread over the greatest part of Europe in the eleventh century. It is related of Charlemagne that he gave a sword with great pomp and solemnity to his son prince Lewis. La Bletterie says that a ceremony, little different from that now before us, is still subsisting in many parts of Germany. When a young page has passed the time of life for his employment the prince whom he served gives a grand entertainment, and in the presence of his courtiers receives homage from his page, and then girds a sword on his side, and sometimes makes him a present of a horse. This is called 'giving the right to carry arms. Brotier observes, that the sons of kings often received a present of arms from a foreign state; and, in conformity to that custom, Audoin, after a signal victory, was desired by the Lombards to admit his son, who had signalised his valor in the field of battle, to dine at the same table with his father: but the conqueror made answer that it could not be till the young prince received a sword from some foreign potentate; Warnefrid, De Gestis Langobardorum, i. 23.

3 When the young men of Rome attained the age of seven

moment ranks as a citizen: till then he was considered as part of the household: he is now a member of the commonwealth. In honor of illustrious birth, and to mark the sense men entertain of the father's merit, the son, though yet of tender years, is called to the dignity of a prince or chief. Such as are grown up to manhood, and have signalised themselves by a spirit of enterprise, have always a number of retainers in their train. Where merit is conspicuous, no man blushes to be seen in the list of followers or companions.[1] A clanship is formed in this manner, with degrees of rank and subordination. The chief judges the pretensions of all, and assigns to each man his proper station. A spirit of emulation prevails among his whole train, all struggling to be the first in favor, while the chief places all his glory in the number and intrepidity of his companions. In that consists his

teen years, they changed their dress called the *prætexta*, for the *toga virilis*, the manly gown. On that occasion the youth was conducted by his friends into the forum (or sometimes into the capitol), where with much solemnity he changed his habit, and the day was called *dies tirocinii*, or the day on which he was capable of being a cadet in the army. The young German was in like manner introduced to the public by his relations. He then received a shield and a spear, and this is properly compared to the manly gown of the Romans. The same ceremony was observed by the Scandinavians. At the age of fifteen their young men became their own masters, by receiving a sword, a buckler, and a lance, and this was performed in some public meeting. See Northern Antiquities, vol. i. p. 197.

1 We have seen that the chiefs among the Gauls, and also the Canadians, had a train of young adventurers, who listed in their service. Fidelity, no less than martial bravery, was the pride and glory of the followers, who voluntarily entered into the army. The respect with which they were beheld by their countrymen was such, that if any one of them was killed or wounded, the composition was three times more than the sum paid in the case of a common freeman.

dignity:[1] to be surrounded by a band of young men is the source of his power; in peace, his brightest ornament: in war, his strongest bulwark. Nor is his fame confined to his own country; it extends to foreign nations, and is then of the first importance, if he surpasses his rivals in the number and courage of his followers. He receives presents from all parts; ambassadors are sent to him; and his name alone is often sufficient to decide the issue of a war.

XIV. In the field of action it is disgraceful to the prince to be surpassed in valor by his companions; and not to vie with him in martial deeds is equally a reproach to his followers. If he dies in the field, he who survives him[2] survives to live in infamy. All are bound to defend their leader, to succor him in the heat of action, and to make even their own actions subservient to his renown. This is the bond of union, the most sacred obligation. The chief fights for victory; the followers for their chief. If, in the course of a long peace, the people relax into sloth and indolence, it often happens that the young nobles seek a more active life[3] in the service of other states engaged in

1 War was the ruling passion of all the northern nations. Among such a people it cannot be matter of wonder that the chief who led them on to danger and heroic fortitude should be idolised by the soldiers. In Gaul the warrior had a train of clients and followers in proportion to his fame in arms: that was the only mark of grandeur known amongst them; Cæsar, vi. 14. It was the same among the Scandinavians, and we see in Charlevoix that the Americans followed their leaders with equal ardor.

2 When Chonodomarus, king of the Alamanni, was taken prisoner by the Romans, his military companions, to the number of two hundred, and three of the king's most intimate friends, thinking it a flagitious crime to live in safety after such an event, surrendered themselves to be loaded with fetters; Ammian. Marcellin. xvi. 13. There are instances of the same kind in Tacitus.

3 It appears from Cæsar's account that they had another

war. The German mind cannot brook repose. The field of danger is the field of glory. Without violence and rapine a train of dependants cannot be maintained. The chief must show his liberality, and the follower expects it. He demands at one time this warlike horse; at another, that victorious lance, imbrued with the blood of the enemy. The prince's table, however inelegant, must always be plentiful: it is the only pay of his followers. War and depredation are the ways and means of the chieftain. To cultivate the earth, and wait the regular produce of the seasons, is not the maxim of a German: you will more easily persuade him to attack the enemy, and provoke honorable wounds in the field of battle. In a word, to earn by the sweat of your brow what you might gain by the price of your blood is, in the opinion of a German, a sluggish principle, unworthy of a soldier.

XV. When the state has no war to manage, the German mind is sunk in sloth. The chase does not afford sufficient employment. The time is passed in sleep and gluttony. The intrepid warrior, who in the

way of exercising their courage, when their nation was in a state of profound peace. They deemed it highly honorable to lay waste the country all around their frontier, conceiving that to exterminate their neighbors, and suffer none to settle near them, was a proof of valor. They had still another kind of employment; robbery had nothing infamous in it, when committed out of the territories of the state to which they belonged: they considered it as a practice of great use, tending to exercise their youth, and prevent sloth and idleness. The custom of carrying arms in the service of foreign states, during a long peace at home, was in vogue among the Scandinavians. 'The more valiant among them, unable to lie inactive till their own country should offer them new occasions to enrich and signalise themselves, entered into the service of such other nations as were at war. This was a general custom among all the Teutonic and Celtic nations; and ancient history affords us a thousand examples of it;' Northern Antiquities, vol. i. p. 234.

field braved every danger, becomes in time of peace a listless sluggard. The management of his house and lands he leaves to the women, to the old men, and the infirm part of his family. He himself lounges in stupid repose; by a wonderful diversity of nature[1] exhibiting in the same man the most inert aversion to labor and the fiercest principle of action. It is a custom established in the several states to present a contribution of corn and cattle to their chieftains.[2] Indi-

1 In all the striking characters recorded in history, or drawn by the poet's or the orator's pen, we see a mixture of opposite qualities. Catiline, as described by Cicero or by Sallust, is not the most wonderful instance, even in civil society. Among rude and savage tribes, where nature works without restraint, the contrast is obvious. Every thing is in the extreme; peace and war, activity and sloth, love and hatred, all take their turn, and show themselves without disguise. No moderation, no gradual transition from one passion to another. Every thing is done on the impulse of the moment, and repugnant desires seem to lie blended together.

2 Brotier finds in this passage the origin of tributes, by which he must be understood to mean voluntary contributions. The Romans imposed a tribute, and other imposts under various names of *stipendia* and *vectigalia*, on all the conquered provinces. In Germany, where no man had a fixed possession of lands, and property was disregarded, the chieftains were obliged to maintain their followers or companions in war. But plunder and rapine were the only revenue of the chief. To enable him however to support his rank, the different states (*civitates*) sent him voluntary presents of corn and cattle. When migrations were afterwards spread over Europe, the soldiers after every victory claimed their share of the booty, and soon obtained a portion of lands; but those lands were for the benefit of the individual, and at first for a year only. When they were made estates for life, and afterwards hereditary, every tenant of a certain portion of land was bound to attend the king in his army for forty days every year. That personal attendance growing troublesome, the tenants compounded with the crown for a pecuniary satisfaction, which in time was levied by assessments under the name of scutage, talliages, or subsidies. But even these were not to be levied without the consent of the common council of the realm. King John was obliged so to de-

viduals follow the example, and this bounty proves at once an honor to the prince and his best support. Presents are also sent from the adjacent states, as well by private persons as in the name of the community. Nothing is so flattering to the pride of the chiefs as those foreign favors, consisting of the best horses, magnificent armor, splendid harness, and beautiful collars. The Romans have lately taught them to receive presents of money.

XVI. The Germans, it is well known, have no regular cities; nor do they allow a continuity of houses. They dwell in separate habitations, dispersed up and down, as a grove, a meadow, or a fountain, happens to invite. They have villages, but not in our fashion, with a series of connected buildings. Every tenement stands detached, with a vacant piece of ground round

clare in his Magna Charta. See Blackstone, vol. i. p. 309, 310. The same law was in force on the continent. When William the Norman desired a supply from the barons of his country, in order to assert his claim to the crown of England, they told him that the Normans were not bound to serve in foreign wars, and no consideration could induce them to raise a supply. See St. Amand, Historical Essay on the Legislative Power, p. 102. When the French monarchy became afterwards greatly enlarged, no aid or subsidy could be levied without the consent of the three estates in their general assembly. The first blow that was given to the liberties of France was, as Philip de Comines observes, in the reign of Charles VII., when the nobles agreed that the king should levy money on their tenants for the venal consideration of their having a share of the sum so collected. The historian adds that the king gave a wound to his country, which would continue long to bleed; and he asks with honest indignation, is there a prince on earth who has power to raise a single penny from his subjects without the consent of those who are to pay it? The spirit of liberty has prevented the same grievance in this country, where, however great the public burdens, the rule has ever been that no impost shall be exacted without the consent of parliament; and thus the idea of voluntary tributes, which came originally out of the woods of Germany, remains in force at this hour.

it, either to prevent accidents by fire, or for want of skill in the art of building. They neither know the use of mortar nor of tiles. They build with rude materials, regardless of beauty, order, and proportion. Particular parts are covered over with a kind of earth so smooth and shining, that the natural veins have some resemblance to the lights and shades of painting. Besides these habitations, they have a number of subterraneous caves, dug by their own labor, and carefully covered over with dung; in winter their retreat from cold, and the repository of their corn. In those recesses they not only find a shelter from the rigor of the season, but in times of foreign invasion their effects are safely concealed. The enemy lays waste the open country, but the hidden treasure escapes the general ravage; safe in its obscurity, or because the search would be attended with too much trouble.

XVII. The clothing in use is a loose mantle, made fast with a clasp, or, when that cannot be had, with a thorn. Naked in other respects, they loiter away whole days by the fire-side. The rich wear a garment, not indeed displayed and flowing, like the Parthians, or the people of Sarmatia, but drawn so tight, that the form of the limbs is palpably expressed. The skins of wild animals are also much in use. Near the frontier, on the borders of the Rhine, the inhabitants wear them, but with an air of neglect that shows them altogether indifferent about the choice. The people who live more remote, near the northern seas, and have not acquired by commerce a taste for new-fashioned apparel, are more curious in the selection. They choose particular beasts, and having stripped off the furs, clothe themselves with the spoil, decorated with particolored spots, or fragments taken from the skins of fish that swim the ocean as yet unexplored by

the Romans. In point of dress there is no distinction between the sexes, except that the garment of the women is frequently made of linen, adorned with purple stains, but without sleeves, leaving the arms and part of the bosom uncovered.

XVIII. Marriage is considered as a strict and sacred institution.[1] In the national character there is

1 In this passage Tacitus seizes the opportunity to commend the noble simplicity of the German marriages, in order to pass a pointed censure on the nuptial ceremonies established at Rome, and the facility with which both sexes violated the marriage vow. Montesquieu, in his compendious manner, has shown the progress of vice till it triumphed over the office of the censor, and established an intire corruption of manners. The civil wars reduced the number of citizens; and of those that remained few were married. Julius Cæsar and Augustus passed their laws against celibacy, called by Tacitus the Julian statutes, and by him declared to be a feeble remedy. The lines of Horace stating the same complaint need not be quoted. The indignation of Juvenal in his sixth satire is sufficiently known. The simplicity and virtue of the marriage contract among the tribes of Germany are given by Tacitus as a striking contrast to the depravity of Roman manners. The instances in which a plurality of wives was indulged occurred but seldom, and even then were founded on special reasons. Thus we read that Ariovistus had two wives: the first, of the Suevian nation; the second, the sister of a king, who courted the alliance of that German warrior. Montesquieu assigns the same reason for the number of wives among the kings of the first race. For a proof of the fidelity of the German wives, see Florus. La Bletterie says that among the women who perished with their husbands on that occasion, the Romans found one hanging by the neck, and her two children fastened to her feet. Among the wild Canadians it appears that women were not in the same estimation as in Germany. The preliminary and the ceremony of marriage are extremely simple. The young man seats himself by the side of the girl in her own cabin; and if she suffers it without stirring from her place, she is held to be consenting to the marriage. The bridegroom gives her various presents; which are so many symbols and admonitions of the slavery to which she is going to be reduced: such as a collar and straps to carry burdens: a kettle and a fagot, importing that she is to dress the victuals, and make

nothing so truly commendable. To be contented with one wife is peculiar to the Germans. They differ in this respect from all other savage nations. There are indeed a few instances of polygamy; not however the effect of loose desire, but occasioned by the ambition of various families, who court the alliance of the chief distinguished by the nobility of his rank and character. The bride brings no portion; she receives a dowry from her husband. In the presence of her parents and relations he makes a tender of part of his wealth: if accepted, the match is approved. In the choice of the presents female vanity is not consulted. There are no frivolous trinkets to adorn the future bride. The whole fortune consists of oxen, a caparisoned horse, a shield, a spear, and a sword. She in return delivers a present of arms, and by this exchange of gifts the marriage is concluded. This is the nuptial ceremony; this the bond of union; these their hymeneal gods. Lest the wife should think her sex an exemption from the rigors of the severest virtue and the toils of war, she is informed of her duty by the marriage ceremony; and thence she learns that she is received by her husband to be his partner in toil and danger, to dare with him in war, and suffer with him in peace. The oxen yoked, the horse accoutred, and the arms given on the occasion, inculcate this lesson; and thus she is prepared to live, and thus to die. These are the terms of their union: she receives her

a provision of wood. The husband has his own peculiar functions; he makes a mattress for his wife, builds a cabin for her, and passes his time in hunting and fishing. The man who abandons his wife without good cause must expect nothing but insults from her relations; and a woman who wantonly leaves her husband must pass her time still worse. In some places the husband has a right to cut off the nose of the wife who elopes from him; see Charlevoix, letter xiv.

armor as a sacred treasure, to be preserved inviolate, and transmitted with honor to her sons,[1] a portion for their wives, and from them descendible to her grandchildren.

XIX. In consequence of these manners the married state is a life of affection and female constancy. The virtue of the woman is guarded from seduction: no public spectacles[2] to seduce her; no banquets to inflame her passions; no baits of pleasure to disarm her virtue. The art of intriguing by clandestine letters[3] is unknown to both sexes. Populous as the country is, adultery is rarely heard of: when detected, the punishment is instant, and inflicted[4] by the husband.

1 By a law of the Saxons, if a woman have male issue, she is to possess the portion she received in marriage during her life, and transmit it to her sons.

2 Seneca considers public spectacles as so many places of seduction. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is so dangerous as loitering at such diversions, for when the heart is softened by pleasure, the passions stand ready for the admission of every vice. How is this to be understood? I return from those places more avaricious, more ambitious, more luxurious.'

3 Maroboduus and Adgandestrius, two German kings, are supposed to have been able to write, since their letters to Rome are mentioned, Annals, iii. 63. 88; but their countrymen in general were rude and illiterate. Many centuries passed before reading and writing came into general use. In the middle ages kings and warriors were not able to write; and it is well known that in this country a lord of parliament was by law intitled to his clergy, though he could not read. The art of writing is finely described in the following translation of a passage from Lucan:

> The noble art from Cadmus took its rise,
> Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes.
> He first in wondrous magic fetters bound
> The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound.
> The various figures by his pencil wrought
> Gave color and a body to the thought.

But this art was almost wholly unknown in Germany, and by consequence love letters were not in use.

4 By a law of the Visigoths, if a woman was guilty of

He cuts off the hair of his guilty wife,[1] and having assembled her relations, expels her naked from his house, pursuing her with stripes through the village. To public loss of honor no favor is shown. She may possess beauty, youth, and riches; but a husband she can never obtain. Vice is not treated by the Germans as a subject of raillery, nor is the profligacy of corrupting and being corrupted called the fashion of the age.[2] By the practice of some states, female virtue is advanced to still higher perfection: with them none

adultery, but not taken in the fact, it was competent to her husband to accuse her before the magistrate; and if the charge was supported by evidence, both the offenders were delivered over to the husband, to be dealt with as he should think proper. If the husband killed both in the fact it was justifiable.

1 The hair long and flowing was considered as an ornament; and therefore by the Salic law, to cut off the hair of an innocent person was an injury severely punished. In some parts of what is now Westphalia the women took on them to execute justice on the adulteress, following her with stripes from village to village, and with small knives inflicting wounds, till they left the offender breathless, or at the point of death.

2 Salvien, a priest of Marseilles, who wrote in the fifth century, has left a remarkable parallel between the manners of the Romans and the Germans, at the time when those fierce invaders were making their inroads in every quarter of Europe. The progress of vice was such, that a general corruption of manners was diffused through the wide extent of the empire. Salvien says that the barbarians seemed destined not only to conquer, but to reform the vices of the age. Wherever the Goths and Vandals carried their victorious arms no kind of licentiousness was seen, except among the old inhabitants. The Romans considered adultery as an elegant fashion; the barbarians thought it a crime. Juvenal, who wrote in the time of Domitian, and is supposed to have died in the reign of Adrian, has shown the depravity of the age in which he lived; and yet those dissolute manners were tenderly called the way of the world. Seneca has observed, when enormous vices are grown so general as to be the manners of a people, no remedy can be expected.

but virgins marry.[1] When the bride has fixed her choice, her hopes of matrimony are closed for life. With one husband, as with one life, one mind, one body, every woman is satisfied: in him her happiness is centred; her desires extend no farther; and the principle is not only an affection for her husband's person, but a reverence for the married state.[2] To set limits to population, by rearing up only a certain number of children and destroying the rest,[3] is ac-

1 The facility with which divorces were obtained at Rome introduced an indefinite right of renouncing one marriage and embracing another, as often as caprice or a new passion dictated. The letter of the law was observed, but the spirit was grossly counteracted, says Martial; and the same author, in an excellent epigram, tells us that the Julian law against adultery was revived, and yet, in less than thirty days, Thelesina married her tenth husband; if that may be called a marriage, which in fact was no better than a legal adultery.

Chastity was in higher respect among the tribes of Germany. According to Valerius Maximus, the Cimbrian women who marched with the army into Italy were all virgins, and assigned that reason to Marius, when they made it their request to be admitted into the vestal order. See this tract, § 8, note 1, where it will be seen that those women strangled themselves, rather than expose their persons to the passions of the Roman soldiers. Valerius Maximus adds, if the gods, on the day of battle, had inspired the men with equal fortitude, Marius would never have boasted of his Teutonic victory.

2 In the Epistle from St. Boniface, we are told that among the Vinedians, a rude and barbarous people, the sanctity of marriage was observed with so much zeal and mutual affection that the wife on the death of her husband despatched herself, that her body might be burned on the same funeral pile with the man she loved. Procopius gives an account of the same conjugal fidelity among the Heruli. It is needless to mention the same practice among the widows of Malabar and other parts of India.

3 Great latitude was allowed by the Roman law to the paternal authority. The father, contrary to all the rights of nature, had an absolute jurisdiction over his children. He could condemn them to death. Such a power, nothing short of absolute dominion, gave birth to a train of evils. Infants

counted a flagitious crime. Among the savages of Germany virtuous manners operate more[1] than good laws in other countries.

were abandoned, thrown into rivers, and exposed to wild beasts. Laws were undoubtedly made to stem the torrent of licentiousness, but those were eluded by the arts of procuring abortion. Juvenal inveighs against that horrible practice with his usual spirit:

Yet these, though poor, the pain of childbed bear,
And, without nurses, their own infants rear.
You seldom hear of the rich mantle spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
Dryden's Juvenal.

Such was the manners of an enlightened people, who were so prodigal of the name of barbarians to all the nations round them! How much superior was the natural reason, the instinct, it may be said, of the German tribes, to the boasted philosophy of Greece and Rome! It is remarkable that Pliny the elder apologises for the unnatural practice of the Romans. 'The prolific vigor,' he says, 'of some women, who would otherwise be overstocked with children, calls for this indulgence.' The Germans felt the power of parental fondness, and accordingly we see in the Salic law that their descendants imposed various pecuniary fines for cruelty to infants; for killing a woman with child, or a woman not past childbearing; with many other clauses, all tending to protect the rising generation. The Americans were not deficient in affection for their offspring; but it does not appear that they attended to the means of multiplying their numbers. Charlevoix relates an instance of filial affection blended with savage ferocity. An Iroquois, who had served in the French army against his own nation, met his father in an engagement, and in the act of going to give the mortal blow, discovered who he was. He stopped his arm, and said to his prostrate father, 'The life which I received from you, this day I give you. Let me not meet you again; for now I owe you nothing.'

1 Justin says of the Scythians, 'Justice is cultivated in that country, more through the disposition of the people, than by declaratory laws.' The same writer adds, 'It is altogether astonishing that natural instinct should teach a savage race what neither moral wisdom, nor the precepts of philosophy, could establish in Greece. Elegant manners yielded to unin-

XX. In every family the children are reared up in filth. They run about naked, and in time grow up to that strength and size of limb which we behold with wonder. The infant is nourished at the mother's breast, not turned over to nurses and to servants. No distinction is made between the future chieftain and the infant son of a common slave. On the same ground, and mixed with the same cattle, they pass their days, till the age of manhood draws the line of separation,[1] and early valor shows the person of ingenuous birth. It is generally late before their young men come to manhood;[1] nor are the virgins married too soon. Both parties wait to attain their full growth. In due time the match is made, and the children of the marriage have the constitution of their parents. The uncle by the mother's side regards his nephews with an affection

structed nature. Ignorance of vice did more among barbarians than all the boasted systems of a polished nation.

1 The age of manhood seems to have commenced at the end of their twelfth year. Stout and well-grown boys were capable of bearing arms, in a country where the soldier was equipped with light armor. Hence king Theodoric says, 'It is absurd that the young men, who are fit for military service, should be deemed incapable of conducting themselves. Valor fixes the age of manhood. He, who is able to pierce the foe, ought to combat every vice. Montesquieu observes that Childebert II. was fifteen years old, when Gontram his uncle declared him to be of full age. 'I have put,' he said, 'this javelin into your hands, to inform you that I now resign the kingdom to your care:' and then, turning to the assembly, 'You see that Childebert is a man: obey him.' Montesquieu adds, that, by the Ripuarian laws, at the end of fifteen years the ability of bearing arms and the age of manhood went together. The youth had then acquired the strength of body that was requisite for his defence in combat. Amongst the Burgundians, who made use of the judiciary combat, the youth was of full age at fifteen. When the armor of the Franks was light, fifteen might be deemed the age of discretion. In succeeding times heavy armor came into use, and then the term of minority was enlarged.

nothing inferior to that of their father. With some, the relation of the sister's children to their maternal uncle[1] is held to be the strongest tie of consanguinity, insomuch that in demanding hostages, that line of kindred is preferred as the most endearing objects of the family, and consequently the most tender pledges. The son[2] is always heir to his father. Last wills and testaments are not in use. In case of failure of issue,

1 We find in Charlevoix, that though it be true that there is no nation in the world where the female sex is more despised, it is equally true that the children belong to the mother only, and the father is always held as a stranger to his offspring, while at the same time he is respected as the master of the cabin. In some parts of Asia and Africa filiation was reckoned from the mother only, perhaps because in those countries the real father was equivocal. Among the Germans there was not the same room for jealousy. It is true that the woman convicted of adultery was shorn of her locks, and driven out of the village; but still marriage was deemed a sacred institution, and conjugal fidelity was a female virtue throughout the nation. The women reared their infants at their breast, and trusted nothing to nurses or servants. The husband hunted; or lounged by the fireside in stupid apathy. He dwelt in one hut with his family; but he valued them no more than if they were all assembled by accident, and for his offspring he felt no solicitude. Filial affection was by consequence fixed on the mother. Add to this the respect, nothing short of veneration, which was paid to the sex by all the different tribes. These considerations may account for the affection of the maternal uncle for his sister's children. 'It was for this reason,' says Montesquieu, 'that the early French historians dwell so much on the affection of the kings of the Franks for their sisters, and the sisters' children. By the Salic law, the sister of the mother was preferred to the father's sister; and when a woman became a widow she fell under the guardianship of the female relations of her deceased husband.

2 Thus we see that, by custom (the unwritten law of the Germans), the females were excluded from the succession to the lands of their deceased father. What those lands were is clearly explained by Montesquieu. 'While the Franks,' he says, 'lived in their own country, their whole stock consisted of slaves, herds of cattle, horses, arms, and accoutrements. Lands for cultivation were assigned to them by th

the brothers of the deceased are next in succession, or else the paternal or maternal uncles. A numerous

state for a year only, and after that time it was resumed by the public. What then were the lands to which the male issue succeeded? Every hut or cabin had a precinct of ground, and that was the estate that descended to the sons, or went in the male line. It was called Salic land, because the mansion of a German was called *sal*, and the space inclosing it *salbac*, the homestead. When the Franks issued from their own country, and gained possessions in Gaul, they still continued to give to their new settlements the name of Salic land; and hence, the law of the Franks that regulated the course of descent was called the Salic law. Rapin has left us an elaborate dissertation on the subject. He takes notice of two different editions of the Salic law; but the last it seems is not correct. From the former, Rapin states six rules of succession to land property. 1. If a man dies without issue, his father or his mother shall inherit. 2. If he leaves neither father nor mother, his brother or his sister shall succeed. 3. If there is no surviving brother or sister, the sister of his mother shall be intitled. 4. If the mother has left no sister, the sister of the father shall succeed. 5. If the father has left no sister, the next relation of the male line shall have the estate. 6. No part of the Salic land shall pass to the females; but the whole inheritance descends to the male line, that is, the sons shall be intitled to the succession. Rapin has entered into a long discussion, but Montesquieu was master of his subject, and with the brevity of Tacitus has placed the whole in the clearest light. The rule among the Germans in their own country was, that the Salic land should go to the sword, and not to the distaff. The daughters were excluded because they passed by marriages into other families. The Salic law was founded on the customs and manners of Germany. If the father left children, the daughters were excluded, and the right of inheritance vested in the sons. The well-known law of the French monarchy, which excludes the female line from the succession to the crown, had its origin in the woods of Germany. It is true that in process of time the law of the Franks gave way to the civil law; and women, though incapable of performing military duty, were allowed to succeed to fiefs, which for that reason were called improperly fiefs. The Salic law lost its force in France, except as to the succession to the crown, in which respect it has remained inflexible from the earliest period of the monarchy to the present time.

train of relations is the comfort and the honor of old age. To live without raising heirs to yourself[1] is no advantage in Germany.

XXI. To adopt the quarrels as well as the friendships of your parents and relations, is held to be an indispensable duty. In their resentments however they are not implacable. Injuries are adjusted by a settled measure of compensation. Atonement is made for homicide[2] by a certain number of cattle, and by that satisfaction the whole family is appeased: a happy

1 To be possessed of great wealth, by whatever means acquired, and to be at the same time old without issue, gave the highest credit and importance to a Roman citizen. He was surrounded by flatterers who paid their court, and with emulation sent handsome presents, in hopes of being made testamentary heirs, or at least of obtaining a legacy. The advantages of this situation were such that fathers often renounced their children in order to enjoy the incense of adulation. Rome was divided into two classes; the rich, who amused their followers with expectations; and the legacy-hunters, who panted for sudden riches. Seneca has drawn, as it were in miniature, a striking picture of the avaricious sycophant: he is a vulture, lying in wait for a carcass. Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have made both ranks of men a subject of ridicule.

2 This compromise for manslaughter, and other personal injuries, had the happy effect of curbing the ferocity of a barbarous race; but still the principle of the composition was a satisfaction to the injured party. Avarice was called in to appease revenge. A debt was supposed to be due for the crime committed, and this appears to have been established in the remotest ages. Homer mentions a composition for murder:

——If a brother bleed,
On just atonement we remit the deed.
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharged, the murd'rer lives.
Iliad, ix. 743.

And again in the description of Achilles' shield:

There in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:

regulation, than which nothing can be more conducive to the public interest, since it serves to curb that spirit of revenge which is the natural result of liberty in the excess. Hospitality [1] and convivial pleasure are no-

> One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,
> And bade the public and the laws decide.
> *Iliad*, xviii. 577.

This mode of composition of crimes and injuries was adopted by the various communities in Germany; but their descendants, after the irruption into Gaul, Italy, and Spain, still claimed the right of waging private war for private injuries. Hostilities continued during a number of years, and the animosity of the contending parties laid a scene of blood. Charlemagne endeavored by a positive law to abolish the mischief; but the genius of one man was not sufficient to eradicate a custom so firmly established. See Robertson, Hist. of Charles V. i. 54. Some of the prices settled by the Salic law for a variety of offences may be seen in this tract. By the law of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, the price of the king's head, or his *weregild*, was fixed at 30,000 *thrimsas*, a species of coin whose value is uncertain. The price of the prince's head was 15,000 *thrimsas*; the bishop's, or alderman's, 8000; the sheriff's, 4000; a thane's or clergyman's, 2000; a ceorle's 266: Hume's History, App. i. To complete this system, it remained to compel the delinquent to pay, and the person injured to accept a proper satisfaction. This point being once established, men resigned their savage rights of revenge, and the civil magistrate was enabled to preserve public order and tranquillity.

1 Tacitus is confirmed by Julius Cæsar, who says the laws of hospitality are inviolable among the Germans. Their visitors are sure of a cordial reception. Their houses are open to every guest; vi. 22. Lafitau informs us that the laws of hospitality are held sacred by the savages of America. The guest, on his first arrival, never tells who he is, or whence he came, nor does the master of the house make any inquiry. No time is lost in that exchange of compliments so much cultivated by polished nations. The stranger, as soon as he enters the cabin, has his repast laid before him, and he sits down to it without ceremony. His account of himself is always given after his meal, and sometimes at the end of four, six, or ten days. See an account of the European Settlements in America, vol. i. p. 171. Montesquieu observes that

where so liberally enjoyed. To refuse admittance to a guest were an outrage against humanity. The master of the house welcomes every stranger, and regales him to the best of his ability. If his stock falls short, he becomes a visitor to his neighbor, and conducts his new acquaintance to a more plentiful table. They do not wait to be invited; nor is it of any consequence, since a cordial reception is always certain. Between an intimate and an intire stranger no distinction is made. The law of hospitality is the same. The departing guest receives as a present whatever he desires, and the host retaliates by asking with the same freedom. A German delights in the gifts which he receives: yet by bestowing he imputes nothing to you as a favor, and for what he receives he acknowleges no obligation.

XXII. In this manner the Germans pride themselves on their frankness and generosity. Their hours of rest are protracted to broad daylight. As soon as they rise, the first thing they do is to bathe, and generally, on account of the intense severity of the climate, in warm water.[1] They then betake themselves to their

hospitality florishes most where the manners are rude and simple. The spirit of commerce may unite civilised nations, but individuals are not the more connected. Every thing in those countries has its price. The sentiments of the heart, the social affections, and the virtues of humanity, are exchanged and bartered in a course of traffic. Barbarians have little or no attention to their interest. The Burgundian law imposed a fine on every man who refused his roof and fireside to the coming guest; but the Salic law provided that no man should harbor an atrocious criminal.

1 Contrivances for bathing in warm water occur in the books of almost all travellers in North America. The inhabitants of the south have recourse to lakes and rivers. Lafitau informs us that the people of Peru and Mexico, living under the intense heat of the sun, as soon as they rise in the morning, betake themselves, men and women, to the seaside, whe-

meal, each on a separate seat, and at his own table.[1] Having finished their repast, they proceed completely armed to the despatch of business, and frequently to a convivial meeting. To devote both day and night to deep drinking is a disgrace to no man. Disputes, as will be the case with people in liquor, frequently arise, and are seldom confined to opprobrious language. The quarrel generally ends in a scene of blood.[2] Im-

that advantage is near at hand, or the nearest river, and there exercise themselves in the water for a considerable time. The severity of the winter towards the north requires the use of hot stoves. The Russians are remarkable for the same custom. Their vapor baths, to which men and women resort promiscuously, and, after exciting a violent perspiration, go forth without any covering to roll in the snow, are described at length by Abbé la Chappe, in his account of his Journey through Siberia to Tobolski.

1 The manner in which the Romans placed themselves at table differed from most other nations. Three couches, called *triclinia*, were ranged in order, but so as to leave the end of the table open for the approach of the servants. Three persons lay, in effeminate luxury, on each of the couches; sometimes four or five.

Cicero, in Pisonem, says there was nothing in his house neat or elegant. Five Greeks, and often more, lay crowded on one couch. Tacitus seems never to be better pleased than when he has an opportunity of passing an oblique censure on the manners of the Romans. Accordingly we find that the Germans in a more manly way seated themselves each at his own table. That this was the primitive custom of remote ages, appears frequently in Homer; and Virgil, his great imitator, says:

> This was their example, this their court of state;
> Here at their sacred feast the fathers sat.
>
> *Pitt's Virgil.*

2 The same love of liquor, with all its consequential mischiefs, have been observed by all travellers among the savage tribes of America. Charlevoix says the avarice of the French dealers introduced drunkenness among them, and that in the streets of Montreal, husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, were frequently seen in a state of intoxication, worrying one another with their teeth, like so many enraged wolves.

portant subjects, such as the reconciliation of enemies, the forming of family alliances, the election of chiefs, and even peace and war,[1] are generally canvassed in their carousing festivals. The convivial moment, according to their notion, is the true season for business, when the mind opens itself in plain simplicity, or grows warm with bold and noble ideas. Strangers to artifice, and knowing no refinement, they tell their sentiments without disguise. The pleasure of the table expands their hearts, and calls forth every secret. On the following day the subject of debate is again taken into consideration, and thus two different periods of time have their distinct uses; when warm, they debate; when cool, they decide.

XXIII. Their beverage is a liquor drawn from barley or from wheat, and, like the juice of the grape, fermented to a spirit. The settlers on the banks of the Rhine provide themselves with wine. Their food is of the simplest kind; wild apples, the flesh of an animal recently killed, or coagulated milk.[2] Without

1 Lipsius says that, when he read Xenophon's account of the Persians, he was struck with the wonderful conformity of the eastern nations to the manners of the ancient Germans. See the speech of Civilis in a sacred grove, when all were warm with liquor. Plutarch observes that it was the custom of the Greeks, as well as the Persians, to debate of state affairs at their convivial meetings. He refers to a passage in Homer, where Nestor advises Agamemnon to prepare a feast, and then hear the ablest counsellor. For this Plutarch gives a reason: 'There is,' he says, 'a wineless drunkenness excited by anger, malice, ambition, and other turbulent passions; but wine rather overcomes the bad affections, and stirs and agitates the generous emotions of the heart.' Among the American savages, when any business of consequence is transacted, they appoint a feast on the occasion, of which almost the whole tribe partakes.

2 What Tacitus calls coagulated milk, Cæsar calls by the name of cheese. Pliny the elder wonders that a race of men who lived so much on milk had not the skill to make cheese.

skill in cookery, or without seasoning to stimulate the palate,[1] they eat to satisfy nature. But they do not drink merely to quench their thirst. Indulge their love of liquor to the excess which they require, and you need not employ the terror of your arms: their own vices will subdue them.

XXIV. Their public spectacles boast of no variety. They have but one sort, and that they repeat at all their meetings. A band of young men make it their pastime to dance intirely naked amidst pointed swords and javelins. By constant exercise this kind of exhibition has become an art, and art has taught them to perform with grace and elegance. Their talents however are not let out for hire.[2] Though some danger

They converted it into a kind of whey and butter, and used it as an unguent. Sidonius Apollinaris, in a little poem on the Germans, tells us that they made use of butter to oil their hair.

1 The refinements of the culinary science were unknown to the Germans. Pomponius Mela says that they fed on the raw flesh of animals, either recently killed, or after it was pounded in the hide by their feet and hands to some degree of softness. The Romans, on the contrary, studied the pleasures of the table, and luxury was in such vogue that, as we are told by Pliny, the price of a triumph was not too much for a good cook. The man who by his exquisite skill could enable his master to eat up his fortune was in the highest request. Statius, in an elegant poem, giving an account of the manner in which he passed a night with a friend, says they had no fashionable dishes, no rarities from distant climates, and no wines of an age to vie with consuls of ancient date. Wretched they who know the difference between the Phasian bird and the crane of Rhodope; who can tell what kind of goose has the largest liver; why the Tuscan boar exceeds the Umbrian; and on which coast may be found the best bed of oysters.

2 Public exhibitions cost the Athenians more than their wars. At Rome the expense was enormous, and the profession of a player was so profitable that, according to Pliny, Roscius gained annually a sum almost incredible. In the luxury of the times that followed immense fortunes were acquired by the public performers.

attends the practice, the pleasure of the spectator is their only recompense. In the character of a German there is nothing so remarkable as his passion for play.[1] Without the excuse of liquor, strange as it may seem, in their cool and sober moments they have

1 The rage for gaming, which has been observed among barbarians in almost every quarter of the globe, may be accounted for without much difficulty. The life of a savage is passed in war, in hunting, fishing, and in scenes of plunder and rapine. When that employment no longer calls for his exertions, he sinks down in listless indolence. The ordinary occurrences of the day have nothing to rouse his faculties. Tired of himself and of languid apathy, he wants some object to excite and agitate his passions. Gaming answers this purpose. Every thing is put to the decision of chance; hope and fear succeed each other; and joy and rage, and pleasure and disappointment, excite the strongest emotions of the soul. The danger of losing his whole stock, and even his liberty, relieves the savage from the oppression under which he labored. The deeper the play, the more his passions are alarmed; and that inward conflict, that agitation of the mind, is the incentive that makes him delight in games of chance. Brotier quotes a remarkable passage from St. Ambrose, who gives a lively picture of a barbarous people engaged at play. The Huns, he says, a fierce and warlike race, are always subject to a set of usurers, who lend them what they want for the purposes of gaming. They live without laws, and yet obey the laws of dice. St. Ambrose adds, that when the unsuccessful gamester has lost his all, he sells his liberty, and even his life, on a single cast, and is accounted infamous if he does not pay his debts of honor. On this principle a person well known to the Roman emperor suffered death at the command of the winner. Lafitau has an intire chapter concerning the love of play among the savages of America. He describes their manner of supplying the want of dice, by forming the bones of animals to a convenient size, with six faces, but two larger than the rest, one of them black, and the other of a pale yellow hue. One half of a village plays against the other, and often village against village. They hazard all they have, and frequently retire stark naked in the deep snow and rigor of the winter. They even stake their liberty, and go willingly into servitude. Lafitau cites Father Labat to prove the same custom among the negroes of Africa; Mœurs des Sauvages, vol. ii. p. 333—359. See also Charle-

recourse to dice,[1] as to a serious and regular business, with the most desperate spirit committing their whole substance to chance, and when they have lost their all, putting their liberty and even their persons on the last hazard of the die! The loser yields himself to slavery. Young, robust, and valiant, he submits to be chained, and even exposed to sale. Such is the effect of a ruinous and inveterate habit. They are victims to folly, and they call themselves men of honor. The winner is always in a hurry to barter away the slaves acquired by success at play: he is ashamed of his victory, and therefore puts away the remembrance of it as soon as possible.

XXV. The slaves in general are not arranged at their several employments in the household affairs, as is the practice at Rome. Each has his separate habi-

voix. Dr. Robertson says, the same causes which so often prompt persons in civilised life to have recourse to this pastime, render it the delight of the savage. Both run with transport to whatever is interesting enough to stir and agitate their minds. Hence the Americans, who at other times are so indifferent, so phlegmatic, so silent, and animated with so few desires, as soon as they engage at play, become rapacious, noisy, and almost frantic with eagerness. Their furs, their domestic utensils, their clothes, their arms, are staked at the gaming table; and when all is lost, high as their sense of independence is, in a wild emotion of despair or hope, they will often risk their personal liberty on a single cast; Hist. of America, vol. ii. p. 202, 203. The love of play and dice is undoubtedly a passion of great antiquity, and will not easily be eradicated. A writer in Churchill's Voyages says he went to St. Cosmo, half a league from Mexico, to see the house and gardens of Don John de Vargas; the first finely finished, and the second full of fountains. This gentleman keeps his coach and six, spends six thousand pieces of eight a year, without any other revenue but what he has from cards and dice. On some nights he wins thirty thousand pieces of eight. Have not such persons been heard of in Europe, and in modern times? St. Ambrose, in the tract quoted above, assigns the reason: 'Dice have their laws, which the courts of justice cannot conquer.'

tation, and his own establishment to manage. The master considers him as an agrarian dependant, who is obliged to furnish a certain quantity of grain, of cattle, or of wearing apparel. The slave obeys, and the state of servitude extends no farther. All domestic affairs are managed by the master's wife and children. To punish a slave with stripes, to load him with chains, or condemn him to hard labor, is unusual. It is true that slaves are sometimes put to death, not under color of justice, or of any authority vested in the master; but in a transport of passion, in a fit of rage, as is often the case in a sudden affray: but it is also true that this species of homicide passes with impunity. The freedmen are not of much higher consideration than the actual slaves: they obtain no rank in the master's family, and, if we except the parts of Germany where monarchy is established,[1] they never figure on the stage of public business. In despotic governments they rise above the men of inge-

1 As often as an opportunity offers, Tacitus has an eye to the manners of his own country. He glances in this place at Pallas, Narcissus, Icelus, and others of that description, who, under Claudius, Nero, and Galba, rose to the first eminence in the state. The tyranny of such men was a galling yoke to every liberal mind. Nerva, Trajan, and the Antonines, never transacted any kind of public business by the intervention of their freedmen. We are told that Adrian, seeing one of his slaves walking with a familiar air, between two senators, ordered a person to go directly and give the impudent fellow a box on the face, with this monition, 'Learn more respect for those to whom you may be transferred as a slave.' Tacitus informs us that Agricola never suffered his slaves or freedmen to play the part of agents in the affairs of his administration. It is observed by Montesquieu, that the freedmen under the emperors paid their court to the weaknesses of their masters, and then taught them to reign by their vices, not their virtues. It is remarkable that the same abuse of power that prevailed at Rome under the worst of the emperors, was also felt in those parts of Germany where monarchy and despotism were established.

nuous birth, and even eclipse the whole body of the nobles. In other states the subordination of the freedmen is a proof of public liberty.

XXVI. The practice of placing money at interest, and reaping the profits of usury, is unknown in Germany; and that happy ignorance is a better prevention of the evil than a code of prohibitory laws. In cultivating the soil, they do not settle on one spot, but shift from place to place. The state or community takes possession of a certain tract proportioned to its number of hands; allotments are afterwards made to individuals according to their rank and dignity. In so extensive a country, where there is no want of land, the partition is easily made. The ground tilled in one year, lies fallow the next, and a sufficient quantity always remains, the labor of the people being by no means adequate to the extent or goodness of the soil. Nor have they the skill to make orchard plantations, to inclose the meadow grounds, or to lay out and water gardens. From the earth they demand nothing but corn. Hence their year is not, as with the Romans, divided into four seasons. They have distinct ideas of winter, spring, and summer, and their language has terms for each; but they neither know the blessings nor the name of autumn.

XXVII. Their funerals have neither pomp nor vain ambition. When the bodies of illustrious men are to be burned, they choose a particular kind of wood for the purpose, and have no other attention. The funeral pile is neither strewed with garments, nor enriched with fragrant spices. The arms of the deceased are committed to the flames, and sometimes his horse. A mound of turf is raised to his memory, and this, in their opinion, is a better sepulchre than those structures of labored grandeur which display the

weakness of human vanity, and are at best a burden to the dead. Tears and lamentations are soon at an end, but their regret does not so easily wear away. To grieve for the departed is comely in the softer sex. The women weep for their friends;[1] the men remember them.

XXVIII. This is the sum of what I have been able to collect touching the origin of the Germans, and the general manners of the people. I now shall enter into a more minute description of the several states, their peculiar rites, and the distinctive character of each; observing at the same time, which were the nations that first passed the Rhine, and transplanted themselves into Gaul. That the Gauls in ancient times were superior to the Germans,[2] we have the authority

1 Sentiments of a similar kind occur in Seneca, and perhaps the distinguishing critic may trace some resemblance in the expression. A year, he says, is allowed to female grief, not with intent that the whole time should be so employed, but that it should not be protracted longer. No time is prescribed to the men, because none is proper. In another place he says, 'Our ancestors did not forbid grief and mourning, but they fixed the bounds: observing a just mean between the tenderness of affection and the rules of reason, they wisely said, 'Feel regret for your friends, but conquer it.'' He talks in another place of birds and other animals that love their young with ardent affection; but their love dies with their offspring. 'This,' he says, 'does not become a man: let him continue to remember, but let him cease to grieve.' The same rule has taken place among the American savages. Lafitau observes that the women vent their grief in songs of bitter lamentation and floods of tears; but the men consider that excess as a weakness beneath their dignity. They sit in pensive silence, and grieve inwardly; sensible of their loss, but not unmanned by tenderness. The author of the European Settlements in America says, the women lament the loss with bitter cries, and the most hideous howlings, intermixed with songs, which celebrate the great actions of the deceased and those of his ancestors. The men mourn in a less extravagant manner.

2 We are now come to what may be called the second part of this Treatise. The author has taken a survey of the genera'

of Julius Cæsar, that illustrious historian of his own affairs. From what is stated by that eminent writer, it is highly probable that colonies from Gaul passed over into Germany; for, in fact, how could a river check the migrations of either nation, when it increased in strength, and multiplied its numbers? So weak an obstacle could not repel them from taking possession of a country, not as yet marked out by power, and of course open to the first occupant. We find, accordingly, that the whole region between the Hercynian Forest, the Maine and the Rhine, was occupied by the Helvetians, and the tract beyond it by the Boians; both originally Gallic nations. The name of Boiemum, which remains to this day, shows the ancient state of

manners, and he now proceeds to give a distinct account of the several states that occupied the various divisions of the country. It has been observed (§ 1, note 1,) that the Upper and Lower Germany, which lay on the side of Gaul, is not comprised in this inquiry. It is Germany beyond the Rhine that the author intends to describe. He begins his chart near the head of the Rhine, and follows down the current of that river to its mouth, where it discharges itself into the German Ocean. From that place he proceeds eastward along the coast of the Baltic to the Vistula, or the Weissel. Tacitus accedes to the opinion of Julius Cæsar, who says, that formerly the Gauls exceeded the Germans in military fame, often made war on them, and, abounding in people, sent several colonies over the Rhine. Accordingly the Volcæ took possession of the fertile plains in the neighborhood of the Hercynian Forest, known to Greek writers by the name of Orcinia. They were distinguished by their bravery, and no less remarkable than the Germans for their poverty, their abstinence, and laborious way of life. It is worthy of notice that Tacitus calls Cæsar the most respectable of authors, and yet, in some instances, differs from him. It is therefore reasonable to conclude, that whenever a variance arises between them, Tacitus did not wilfully seek occasion to contradict a writer of great authority. Many years had passed since Cæsar threw his bridge over the Rhine; the Romans had penetrated farther into the heart of the country; new channels of information were opened, and time had probably wrought many changes.

the country, though it has since received a new race of inhabitants. Whether the Aravisci ans, who settled in Pannonia, were originally a colony from the Osi, a people of Germany; or, on the other hand, whether the Osi overflowed into Germany from the Aravisci ans, cannot now be ascertained. Thus much is certain, the laws, the manners, and language of both nations are still the same. But which of them first passed the Danube? The same good and evil were to be found on both sides of the river; equal poverty and equal independence. To be thought of German origin is the ambition of the Treverians and the Nervians, both conceiving that the reproach of Gallic softness and effeminacy, which still infect their national manners, may be lost in the splendor of a warlike descent. The Vangiones, the Tribocians, and the Nemetes, who stretch along the banks of the Rhine, are, beyond all doubt, of German extraction. The Ubians, for their services, were made a Roman colony, and with their own consent became known by the name of Agrippinians, in honor of their founder; and yet they still look back with pride to their German origin. They issued formerly from that country, and having given proof of their fidelity, obtained an allotment of territory on the banks of the Rhine, not so much with a view to their security, as to make them a guard to defend the Roman frontier.

XXIX. Of all those various nations the Batavians are the most brave and warlike. Incorporated formerly with the Cattians, but driven out by intestine divisions, they took possession of an island formed by the river Rhine, where, without any extent of land on the continent, they established a canton in alliance with the Romans. The honor of that ancient friend-

ship they still enjoy, with the addition of peculiar privileges. They are neither insulted with taxes, nor harassed by revenue officers. Free from burdens, imposts, and tributes, they are reserved for the day of battle; a nursery of soldiers. The Mattiaci are in like manner attached to the interest of the Romans. In fact, the limits of the empire have been enlarged, and the terror of our arms has spread beyond the Rhine and the former boundaries. Hence the Mattiaci, still enjoying their own side of the river, are Germans by their situation, yet in sentiment and principle the friends of Rome; submitting, like the Batavians, to the authority of the empire; but never having been transplanted, they still retain, from their soil and climate, all the fierceness of their native character. The people between the Rhine and the Danube, who occupy a certain tract, subject to an impost of one tenth, and therefore called the Decumate Lands, are not to be reckoned among the German nations. The Gauls, from their natural levity prone to change, and rendered desperate by their poverty, were the first adventurers into that vacant region. The Roman frontier, in process of time, being advanced, and garrisons stationed at proper posts, that whole country became part of a province, and the inhabitants of course were reduced to subjection.

XXX. Beyond the Mattiaci lies the territory of the Cattians, beginning at the Hercynian Forest, but not like other parts of Germany, a wide and dreary level of fens and marshes. A continued range of hills extends over a prodigious tract, till growing thinner by degrees, they sink at last into an open country. The Hercynian Forest attends its favorite Cattians to their utmost boundary, and there leaves them as it were with regret. The people are robust and hardy; their

limbs well braced;[1] their countenance fierce, and their minds endowed with vigor beyond the rest of their countrymen. Considered as Germans, their understanding is quick and penetrating. They elect officers fit to command, and obey them implicitly; they keep their ranks, and know how to seize their opportunity; they restrain their natural impetuosity, and wait for the attack; they arrange with judgment the labors of the day, and throw up intrenchments for the night: trusting little to fortune, they depend altogether on their valor; and what is rare in the history of barbarians, and never attained without regular discipline, they place their confidence, not in the strength of their armies, but intirely in their general.[2] The infantry is

1 Brotier quotes a passage from Vegetius, in which that author gives a lively description of the form and structure of body proper for a soldier. 'Let the youth intended for a martial life have a quick piercing eye, a neck firm and erect, an open chest, broad and muscular shoulders, strong fingers, a length of arm, the belly not too prominent, legs well-shaped, without superfluous flesh either on the calf or the foot, well braced with hard and close compacted sinews;' Vegetius, i. 6.

2 This was an improvement in military discipline beyond the rest of the Germans. In the Roman armies the general was the main strength; and accordingly Livy says it was evident that the republic succeeded more by her general officers than by the armies of the commonwealth. The value of an army is in proportion to the skill of the general. Quintilian agrees with the two historians: he says, 'If we make a fair estimate, it is by military discipline that the Roman name has florished to this day with undiminished lustre. We do not abound in numbers more than other nations; nor are our bodies more robust than the Cimbrians. We are not richer than many powerful monarchies; our contempt of death does not exceed that of the barbarians, who have no allurement to make them fond of life. What gives us the advantage over other nations is the military system established by the institutions of our ancestors; our attention to discipline; our love of labor, and our constant preparation for war, assiduously kept alive by unremitting exercise. We conquered more by our manners than by force of arms.

their main strength. Each soldier carries besides his arms his provision and a parcel of military tools. You may see other armies rushing to a battle; the Cattians march to a war. To skirmish in detached parties, or to sally out on a sudden emergence, is not their practice. A victory hastily gained, or a quick retreat, may suit the genius of the cavalry; but all that rapidity, in the opinion of the Cattians, denotes want of resolution; perseverance is the true mark of courage.

XXXI. A custom, known indeed in other parts of Germany, but adopted only by a few individuals of a bold and ardent spirit, is with the Cattians a feature of the national character. From the age of manhood they encourage the growth of their hair and beard;[1] nor will

1 Vows of this kind occur in the history of various nations. In the days of chivalry the same custom prevailed, and manifestly owed its origin to the practice of the Germans, who overran all Europe. He who undertook a bold enterprise, or thirsted for revenge, made a vow never to sleep in a bed, or take off his clothes day or night till he had executed his grand design. On this principle Civilis, the Batavian chief, curtails his hair and beard as soon as he had performed his promise. See Tacitus, History, iv. 61. Lipsius, in his note on that passage, mentions from the History of the Langobards 6000 Saxons who survived the slaughter of their countrymen, and bound themselves by a solemn vow, neither to shave their beards nor cut their hair till they had revenged themselves on the Suevian nation. Brotier relates the same fact, from Warnefrid's History of the Lombards, iii. 7. This practice of encouraging the growth of the hair was known to Silius Italicus; and accordingly that poet mentions, among the slain in one of his battles, a Gaul who had bound himself by a similar vow never to be shorn till he returned victorious from the field of battle. A modern instance of this custom occurs in Strada's History of the Wars between Spain and the United Provinces. After relating at some length the charge against Egmont and Horn, with their sentence and execution, the historian adds, that William Lume, one of the counts of Marc, bound himself by a barbarian vow (as Civilis the Batavian chief had formerly done in his war with the Romans) not to divest himself of his hair till he obtained revenge for the deaths of the two slaughtered heroes. Grotius

any one, till he has slain an enemy, divest himself of that excrescence, which by a solemn vow he has devoted to heroic virtue. Over the blood and spoils of the vanquished the face of the warrior is, for the first time, displayed. The Cattian then exults: he has now answered the true end of his being, and has proved himself worthy of his parents and his country. The sluggard continues unshorn, with the uncouth horrors of his visage growing wilder to the close of his days. The men of superior courage and uncommon ferocity wear also an iron ring, in that country a badge of infamy, and with that, as with a chain, they appear self-condemned to slavery, till by the slaughter of an enemy they have redeemed their freedom. With this extraordinary habit the Cattians are in general much delighted. They grow grey under a vow of heroism, and by their voluntary distinctions render themselves conspicuous to their friends and enemies. In every engagement the first attack is made by them: they claim the front of the line as their right, presenting to the enemy an appearance wild and terrible. Even in time of peace they retain the same ferocious aspect;

relates the same event with the brevity of his master Tacitus. Egmont and Horn, he says, two men no less distinguished by their martial exploits than by their illustrious birth, were brought forth at Brussels as soon as mass was ended, and by order of the duke of Alva executed on a public scaffold. Their heads, affixed to two high poles, exhibited a public spectacle, which the Dutch beheld with horror. A band of soldiers under arms overawed the common people, and controlled their looks, their tears, and their complaints; but compassion sunk the deeper, and revenge took possession of every brave and warlike mind. An incredible multitude gathered round the tombs of the two victims, printing kisses on the place, and washing it with their tears. Numbers vowed to let their hair grow into length, and, according to the ancient custom, never to shorten it till they revenged that noble blood.

never softened with an air of humanity. They have no house to dwell in, no land to cultivate, no domestic care to employ them. Wherever chance conducts them, they are sure of being maintained. Lavish of their neighbors' substance, and prodigal of their own, they persist in this course, till towards the decline of life their drooping spirit is no longer equal to the exertions of a fierce and rigid virtue.

XXXII. The Usipians and Tencterians border on the Cattians. Their territory lies on the banks of the Rhine, where that river, still flowing in one regular channel, forms a sufficient boundary. In addition to their military character, the Tencterians are famous for the discipline of their cavalry. The horse is no way inferior to the infantry of the Cattians. The wisdom of their ancestors formed the military system, and their descendants hold it in veneration. Horsemanship is the pride of the whole country, the pastime of their children, the emulation of their youth, and the habit of old age. With their goods and valuable effects their horses pass as part of the succession, not however by the general rule of inheritance, to the eldest son, but in a peculiar line to that son who stands distinguished by his valor and his exploits in war.

XXXIII. In the neighborhood of the last-mentioned states formerly occurred the Bructerians, since that time dispossessed of their territory, and as fame reports, now no longer a people. The Chamavians and Angrivarians,[1] it is said, with the consent of the ad-

1 The Chamavians occupied a territory near the banks of the Amisia (the Ems), supposed to be Lingen and Osnaburg. The Angrivarians bordered on the Visurgis (the Weser), where at present are Minden and Schawenburg. They were also called Angrarii; a word which, Gronovius observes, according to the German etymology, signifies aggressors. Brotier says they were afterwards a part of the Saxon nation;

jacent tribes, invaded the country, and pursued the ancient settlers with exterminating fury. The intolerable pride of the Bructerians drew on them this dreadful catastrophe. The love of plunder was no doubt a powerful motive; and perhaps the event was providentially ordained in favor of the Roman people. Certain it is, the gods have of late indulged us with the view of a fierce engagement and a scene of carnage, in which above sixty thousand of the enemy fell a sacrifice, not to the arms of Rome, but more magnificent still—to the rage of their own internal discord, all cut off as it were in a theatre of war, to furnish a spectacle to the Roman army! May this continue to be the fate of foreign nations! If not the friends of Rome, let them be enemies to themselves! For in the

and, for proof of this, he refers to the code of Saxon laws. The same writer adds, that the battle which, in conjunction with the Angrivarians, they fought against the Bructerians, was decided on a plain near the canal of Drusus, and the account of that prodigious slaughter arrived at Rome in the first year of the emperor Trajan. Tacitus on this occasion seems to exult in the destruction of the human species. 'Above sixty thousand of the Germans,' he says, 'lay dead on the field of battle; a glorious spectacle for the legions who beheld that scene of blood!' The ambition of the Romans aiming always at universal dominion, it was part of their policy to give the name of barbarians to the nations that did not tamely submit to their victorious arms. The combats of their gladiators inured them to blood and carnage from their very infancy; and by consequence they considered the race of man as so many victims who were to bleed for the ambition of a people who aspired to be the governors of the world. To conquer the proud was a state maxim, and moral virtue gave way to fierce ambition. There is a passage in Livy not unlike what is said by Tacitus, but not delivered with the same harshness of expression. 'A contention,' he says, 'arose between the Volsci and the Æqui; each claiming a right to name a commander-in-chief for their confederate army. A violent sedition followed, and the consequence was a bloody engagement, in which the good fortune of the Roman people destroyed two armies of the enemy.'

present tide of our affairs, what can fortune have in store so devoutly to be wished for as civil dissension among our enemies?

XXXIV. At the back of the states which I have now described lie the Dulgibinians and the Chasuarians, with other nations of inferior note. In front occurs the country of the Frisians, divided into two communities, called, on account of their degrees of strength, the Greater and the Lesser Frisia. Both extend along the margin of the Rhine as far as the ocean, inclosing within their limits lakes of vast extent,[1] where the fleets of Rome have spread their sails. Through that outlet we have attempted the Northern Ocean, where, if we may believe the account of navigators, the pillars of Hercules are seen still standing on the coast; whether it be, that Hercules did in fact visit those parts, or that whatever is great and splendid in all quarters of the globe is, by common consent, ascribed to that ancient hero. Drusus Germanicus was an adventurer in those seas. He did not want a spirit of enterprise; but the navigation was found impracticable in that tempestuous ocean, which seemed to forbid any farther discovery of its own element, or the labors of Hercules. Since that time no expedition

1 One of the inundations which changed the lake into a gulf of the sea happened so late as the year 1530, and swallowed up seventy-two villages. Another happened in the year 1569, and overwhelmed the coast of Holland, and laid all Friesland under water. In that flood no less than 20,000 persons lost their lives. Where the pillars of Hercules stood cannot now be known with certainty. The extreme point of land, where nothing but the open sea lay beyond it, was in ancient times said to be the spot on which the pillars of Hercules were erected. Some of the commentators contend that the spot intended by Tacitus was on the coast of the Frisians; others will have it to be the point of the Cimbrian Chersonesus, now Jutland.

has been undertaken: men conceived that to respect the mysteries of the gods, and believe without inquiry, would be the best proof of veneration.[1]

XXXV. We have hitherto traced the western side of Germany. From the point where we stop it stretches away with a prodigious sweep towards the north. In this vast region the first territory that occurs is that of the Chaucians, beginning on the confines of the Frisians, and though at the extremity bounded by the sea-shore, yet running at the back of all the nations already described, till, with an immense compass, it reaches the borders of the Cattians. Of this immeasurable tract it is not sufficient to say that the Chaucians possess it: they even people it. Of all the German nations, they are, beyond all question, the most respectable. Their grandeur rests on the surest foundation, the love of justice; wanting no extension of territory, free from avarice and ambition, remote and happy, they provoke no wars, and never seek to enrich themselves by rapine and depredation. Their importance among the nations round them is undoubtedly great; but the best evidence of it is, that they have gained nothing by injustice. Loving moderation, yet uniting to it a warlike spirit, they are ever ready in a just cause to unsheath the sword. Their armies are soon in the field. In men and horses their resources are great, and even in profound tranquillity their fame is never tarnished.

XXXVI. Bordering on the side of the Chaucians, and also of the Cattians, lies the country of the Che-

1 Tacitus perhaps alluded to the precept of the philosopher, who said, 'Worship God, believe in him, but do not presume to investigate his nature.' 'The ancients,' says La Bletterie, 'thought it presumptuous to inquire too far into the mysteries of nature; and the moderns do not spare the mysteries of religion.'

ruscans; a people by a long disuse of arms enervated and sunk in sloth. Unmolested by their neighbors, they enjoyed the sweets of peace, forgetting that amidst powerful and ambitious neighbors the repose which you enjoy serves only to lull you into a calm, always pleasing, but deceitful in the end. When the sword is drawn, and the power of the strongest is to decide, you talk in vain of equity and moderation: those virtues always belong to the conqueror. Thus it has happened to the Cheruscans: they were formerly just and upright: at present they are called fools and cowards. Victory has transferred every virtue to the Cattians, and oppression takes the name of wisdom. The downfall of the Cheruscans drew after it that of the Fosi, a contiguous nation, in their day of prosperity never equal to their neighbors, but fellow-sufferers in their ruin.

XXXVII. In the same northern part of Germany we find the Cimbrians on the margin of the ocean; a people at present of small consideration, though their glory can never die. Monuments of their former strength and importance are still to be seen on either shore. Their camps and lines of circumvallation are not yet erased. From the extent of ground which they occupied you may even now form an estimate of the force and resources of the state; and the account of their grand army, which consisted of such prodigious numbers, seems to be verified. It was in the year of Rome six hundred and forty, in the consulship of Cæcilius Metellus and Papirius Carbo, that the arms of the Cimbrians first alarmed the world. If from that period we reckon to the second consulship of the emperor Trajan, we shall find a space of near two hundred and ten years; so long has Germany stood at bay with Rome! In the course of so obstinate a strug-

gle, both sides have felt alternately the severest blows of fortune and the worst calamities of war. Not the Samnite, nor the republic of Carthage, nor Spain, nor Gaul, nor even the Parthian, has given such frequent lessons to the Roman people. The power of the Arsacidæ was not so formidable as German liberty. If we except the slaughter of Crassus and his army, what has the east to boast of? Their own commander, Pacorus, was cut off, and the whole nation was humbled by the victory of Ventidius. The Germans can recount their triumphs over Carbo, Cassius, Scaurus Aurelius, Servilius Cæpio, and Cneius Manlius, all defeated or taken prisoners. With them the republic lost five consular armies; and since that time, in the reign of Augustus, Varus perished with his three legions. Caius Marius, it is true, defeated the Germans in Italy; Julius Cæsar made them retreat from Gaul; and Drusus, Tiberius, and Germanicus, overpowered them in their own country: but how much blood did those victories cost us! The mighty projects of Caligula ended in a ridiculous farce. From that period an interval of peace succeeded, till roused at length by the dissensions of Rome, and the civil wars that followed, they stormed our legions in their winter-quarters, and even planned the conquest of Gaul. Indeed we forced them to repass the Rhine; but from that time what has been our advantage? We have triumphed, and Germany is still unconquered.

XXXVIII. The Suevians are the next that claim attention. Possessing the largest portion of Germany, they do not, like the Cattians and Tencterians, form one state or community, but have among themselves several subdivisions, or inferior tribes, known by distinct appellations, yet all comprehended under the general name of Suevians. It is the peculiar custom

of this people to braid the hair, and tie it up in a knot.[1] Between them and the rest of the Germans this is the mark of distinction. In their own country it serves to discriminate the freeborn from the slave. If the same mode is seen in other states, introduced by ties of consanguinity, or, as often happens, by the propensity of men to imitate foreign manners, the instances are rare, and confined intirely to the season of youth. With the Suevians the custom is continued through life: men far advanced in years are seen with their hoary locks interwoven and fastened behind, or sometimes gathered into a shaggy knot on the crown of the head. The chiefs are more nicely adjusted: they attend to ornament, but it is a manly attention, not the spirit of intrigue or the affectation of appearing amiable in the eyes of women. When going to engage the enemy they fancy that from the high structure of their hair they appear taller and gain an air of ferocity. Their dress is a preparation for battle.

XXXIX. The Semnones are ambitious to be thought the most ancient and respectable of the Suevian nation. Their claim they think confirmed by the mysteries of religion. On a stated day a procession is made into a wood consecrated in ancient times, and rendered awful by auguries delivered down from age to age. The several tribes of the same descent appear by their deputies. The rites begin with the slaughter of a man who is offered as a victim, and thus

1 It should seem from what is here said, that the rest of the Germans let their hair flow loosely about their head and shoulders. Seneca mentions the ruddy hair of the Germans gathered into a knot; but he does not call it a general custom: he only says it was not deemed unmanly. Martial, in his first book on the public spectacles exhibited at Rome, talks of the Sicambri with their hair collected into a knot.

In a passage already cited from Silius Italicus, that poet mentions the ruddy hair tied up into a knot.

their barbarous worship is celebrated by an act of horror. The grove is beheld with superstitious terror. No man enters that holy sanctuary without being bound with a chain, thereby denoting his humble sense of his own condition, and the superior attributes of the deity that fills the place. Should he happen to fall, he does not presume to rise, but in that grovelling state makes his way out of the wood. The doctrine intended by this bigotry is, that from this spot the whole nation derives its origin, and that here is the sacred mansion of the all-ruling mind, the supreme God of the universe,[1] who holds every thing else in a chain of dependence on his will and pleasure. To these tenets much credit arises from the weight and influence of the Semnones, a populous nation, distributed into a hundred cantons, and by the vast extent of their territory intitled to consider themselves as the head of the Suevian nation.

XL. The Langobards exhibit a contrast to the peo-

1 The belief of a supreme God, the governor of the universe, has been from the earliest time common to all nations, however rude and barbarous. It is well known to have been the persuasion of the Scythians, from whom the Germans derived their origin; and it is also known that the Scythians offered human sacrifices. Accordingly we find the Semnones addicted to the same barbarous rites. The old treatise of Icelandic mythology, intitled the Edda, shows that the Scandinavians believed in a supreme deity, 'the author of every thing that exists; the eternal, the ancient, the living and awful Being; the searcher into concealed things, the Being that never changeth.' See Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. i. p. 78. That the Americans believed in a God and a future state, appears in Charlevoix and other travellers. This concurring opinion of all mankind is observed by Cicero, who says, 'there never was a people so rude, so savage, and so sunk in ignorance, as not to be impressed with the idea of a supreme all-ruling mind. The conceptions of men are, indeed, gross and extravagant; but still all acknowlege a superior Being, and a Divinity that stirs within them.'

ple last described. Their dignity is derived from the paucity of their numbers. Surrounded as they are by great and powerful nations, they live independent, owing their security not to mean compliances, but to that warlike spirit with which they encounter danger. To these succeed in regular order the Reudignians, the Aviones, Angles, and Varinians: the Eudocians, Nuithones, and Suardonians, all defended by rivers, or embosomed in forests. In these several tribes there is nothing that merits attention, except that they all agree to worship the goddess Earth, or, as they call her, Herth, whom they consider as the common mother of all. This divinity, according to their notion, interposes in human affairs, and at times visits the several nations of the globe. A sacred grove on an island in the Northern Ocean is dedicated to her. There stands her sacred chariot, covered with a vestment, to be touched by the priest only. When she takes her seat in this holy vehicle he becomes immediately conscious of her presence, and in his fit of enthusiasm pursues her progress. The chariot is drawn by cows yoked together. A general festival takes place, and public rejoicings are heard wherever the goddess directs her way. No war is thought of; arms are laid aside, and the sword is sheathed. The sweets of peace are known, and then only relished. At length the same priest declares the goddess satisfied with her visitation, and reconducts her to her sanctuary. The chariot with the sacred mantle, and if we may believe report, the goddess herself, are purified in a sacred lake. In this ablution certain slaves officiate, and instantly perish in the water. Hence the terrors of superstition are more widely diffused; a religious horror seizes every mind, and all are content in pious ignorance to venerate that awful mystery, which no man can see and

live. This part of the Suevian nation stretches away to the most remote and unknown recesses of Germany.

XLI. On the banks of the Danube (for we shall now pursue that river in the same manner as we have traced the course of the Rhine), the first and nearest state is that of the Hermundurians,[1] a people in al-

1 We are now entering on what may be considered as the third part of this Treatise. In the first the author has given a striking picture of the general manners of the whole nation, considered as a people living under the influence of the same rough northern climate. From the beginning of section xviii. he has traced the several states from the head of the Rhine, in the country of the Grisons, along the western side of Germany to where it branches off, and forms the isle of Batavia. From that place Tacitus has traced the several nations to the Elbe, and along the coast of the Baltic to the Vistula, the eastern boundary of Germany. In this third division of the work he pursues the course of the Danube, as long as it divides Germany from the Vindelici, from Noricum, and Pannonia. He then follows the eastern side of the country, where a chain of mountains, or as he expresses it, mutual fear, draws the line of separation from Dacia and Sarmatia. In this geographical chart, the first nation that occurs is that of the Hermundurians, who occupied a country of prodigious extent, at first between the Elbe, the river Sala, and Boiemum (now Bohemia), which became the territory of the Marcomanni, when that people expelled the Boians, and fixed their habitation in the conquered country. In the time of Tacitus the Hermundurians possessed the southern part of Germany, and being faithful to the Romans, were highly favored. In the reign of Marcus Aurelius they entered into a league with their countrymen, and met with a total defeat. The colony in the province of Rhætia (the country of the Grisons), where they enjoyed a free intercourse, was most probably Augusta Vindelicorum (now Augsburg). Vindelica was a part of Rhætia. 'The liberty of passing and repassing within the limits of the empire, without a guard to watch their motions, which was granted to the Hermundurians, was a great mark of confidence. The like indulgence was not extended to other nations, as may be seen in the complaint of the Germans to the Ubians, then inhabitants of the Agrippinian colony: 'The earth,' they say, 'the light of heaven, rivers and cities are barred against us; and, to the disgrace of men born to the use of arms, we are obliged to approach

liance with Rome, acting always with fidelity, and for that reason allowed to trade not only on the frontier, but even within the limits of the empire. They are seen at large in the heart of our splendid colony in the province of Rhætia, without so much as a guard to watch their motions. To the rest of the Germans we display camps and legions, but to the Hermundurians we grant the exclusive privilege of seeing our houses and our elegant villas. They behold the splendor of the Romans, but without avarice or a wish to enjoy it. In the territories of these people the Elbe takes its rise, a celebrated river, and formerly well known to the Romans. At present we only hear of its name.

XLII. Contiguous to the last-mentioned people lies the country of the Nariscans, and next in order the Marcomannians and the Quadians. Of these the Marcomannians are the most eminent for their strength and military glory. The very territory now in their possession is the reward of valor, acquired by the expulsion of the Boians. Nor have the Nariscans or Quadians degenerated from their ancestors. As far as Germany is washed by the Danube these three nations extend along the banks, and form the frontier of the country. The Marcomannians and the Quadians, within our own memory, obeyed a race of kings, born among themselves, the illustrious issue of Marobodüus and of Tudrus. Foreign princes at present sway the sceptre; but the strength of their monarchy depends on the countenance and protection of Rome. To our arms they are not often indebted: we choose rather to supply them with money.

XLIII. At the back of the Marcomannians and Quadians lie several nations of considerable force, such as the Marsignians, the Gothinians, the Osians,

the walls of your city defenceless, naked, in the custody of a guard, and even for this a price is exacted.

and the Burians. In dress and language the two last resemble the Suevians. The Gothinians, by their use of the Gallic tongue, and the Osians by the dialect of Pannonia, are evidently not of German original. A farther proof arises from their submitting to the disgrace of paying tribute, imposed on them as aliens and intruders, partly by the Sarmatians, and partly by the Quadians. The Gothinians have still more reason to blush; they submit[1] to the drudgery of digging iron in the mines. But a small part of the open and level country is occupied by these several nations: they dwell chiefly in forests, or on the summit of that continued ridge of mountains by which Suevia is divided and separated from other tribes that lie still more remote. Of these the Lygians are the most powerful, stretching to a great extent, and giving their name to a number of subordinate communities. It will suffice to mention the most considerable; namely, the Arians, the Helvecones, the Manimians, the Elysians, and Naharvalians. The last show a grove famous for the antiquity of its religious rites. The priest appears in a female dress. The gods whom they worship are, in the language of the country, known by the name of Alcis, by Roman interpreters said to be Castor and Pollux. There are indeed no idols in their country; no symbolic representation; no traces of foreign superstition. And yet their two deities are adored in the character of young

1 Ptolemy mentions iron mines in or near the country of the Quadians. The Gothinians labored in those mines, and had therefore, says Tacitus, more reason to be ashamed of their submission. This is well explained by Ernest, the German editor: they had iron, and did not make use of it to assert their liberty. The answer of Solon to Crœsus, king of Lydia, is well known: 'The people,' he said, 'who have most iron will be masters of all your gold.' The Gothinians did not understand that plain and obvious truth.

men and brothers. The Arians are not only superior to the other tribes above-mentioned, but are also more fierce and savage. Not content with their natural ferocity, they study to make themselves still more grim and horrible by every addition that art can devise. Their shields are black; their bodies painted of a deep color;[1] and the darkest night is their time for rushing to battle. The sudden surprise and funeral gloom of such a band of sable warriors are sure to strike a panic through the adverse army, who fly the field, as if a legion of demons had broke loose to attack them: so true it is that in every engagement the eye is first conquered. Beyond the Lygians the next state is that of the Gothones, who live under regal government, and are by consequence ruled with a degree of power more rigorous than other parts of Germany, yet not unlimited, nor intirely hostile to civil liberty. In the neighborhood of these people we find, on the sea-coast, the Rugians and Lemovians, both subject to royal authority. When their round shields and short swords are mentioned, there are no other particulars worthy of notice.

XLIV. The people that next occur are the Suiones, who may be said to inhabit the ocean itself. In addition to the strength of their armies, they have a powerful naval force. The form of their ships is peculiar. Every vessel has a prow at each end, and by that con-

1 The custom of painting the body has been in general use among all savage nations, for ornament as well as terror in the day of battle. Cæsar says the Britons in general paint themselves with woad, which gives a blue cast to the skin, and makes them look dreadful in battle. The elder Pliny mentions the same custom among the Dacians and Sarmatians. It is almost superfluous to say that the Britons, who retired to the hills of Caledonia, were called Picts, from the custom of painting their bodies and their shields. For an account of the same practice among the tribes of North America, see Creuxius.

trivance is always ready to make head either way. Sails are not in use, nor is there a range of oars at the sides. The mariners, as often happens in the navigation of rivers, take different stations, and shift from one place to another, as the exigence may require. Riches are by this people held in great esteem; and the public mind, debased by that passion, yields to the government of one, with unconditional, with passive obedience. Despotism is here fully established. The people are not allowed to carry arms in common, like the rest of the German nations. An officer is appointed to keep in a magazine all the military weapons, and for this purpose a slave is always chosen. For this policy the ostensible reason is, that the ocean is their natural fence against foreign invasions, and in time of peace the giddy multitude, with arms ready at hand, soon proceed from luxury to tumult and commotion. But the truth is, the jealousy of a despotic prince does not think it safe to commit the care of his arsenal to the nobles or the men of ingenuous birth. Even a manumitted slave is not fit to be trusted.

XLV. At the farther extremity beyond the Suiones there is another sea,[1] whose sluggish waters seem to be in a state of stagnation. By this lazy element the globe is said to be encircled, and the supposition receives some color of probability from an extraordinary phenomenon well known in those regions. The rays of the setting sun[2] continue till the return of day to

1 The Frozen Ocean, which begins in latitude 81, can scarcely be deemed navigable. That this sea was meant by Tacitus, is by no means certain. It is more probable that he had in contemplation the northern extremity of the Baltic Sea, with the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, which are frozen every winter, and consequently impracticable to mariners.

2 It is well known that in the northern climates the sun, in some latitudes, is above the horizon during the four-and-

brighten the hemisphere with so clear a light, that the stars are imperceptible. To this it is added by vulgar credulity, that when the sun begins to rise the sound of the emerging luminary is distinctly heard, and the very form of the horses, the blaze of glory round the head of the god, is palpable to the sight. The boundaries of nature, it is generally believed, terminate here.

On the coast to the right of the Suevian ocean the Æstians have fixed their habitation. In their dress and manners they resemble the Suevians, but their language has more affinity to the dialect of Britain. They worship the mother of the gods. The figure of a wild boar is the symbol of their superstition; and he who has that emblem about him thinks himself secure even in the thickest ranks of the enemy, without any need of arms, or any other mode of defence. The use of iron is unknown, and their general weapon is a club. In the cultivation of corn, and other fruits of the earth, they labor with more patience than is consistent with the natural laziness of the Germans. Their industry is exerted in another instance: they explore the sea for amber, in their language called glese, and are the only people who gather that curious substance. It is generally found among the shallows; sometimes on the shore. Concerning the nature or the causes of this concretion, the barbarians, with their usual want of curiosity, make no inquiry. Amongst other superfluities discharged by the sea, this

twenty hours; in others still more to the north, an intire month, and at the pole full six months. Astronomy was not well understood in the days of Tacitus: hence the idea of the sun emerging out of the sea, and the horses of the god being visible. Tacitus has given a poetical description, like that in Juvenal (sat. xiv. 280), which mentions the sun hissing in the Herculean gulf.

substance lay long neglected, till Roman luxury gave it a name, and brought it into request. To the savages it is of no use. They gather it in rude heaps, and offer it to sale without form or polish, wondering at the price they receive for it. There is reason to think that amber is a distillation from certain trees,[1] since in the transparent medium we see a variety of insects, and even animals of the wing, which being caught in

1 Naturalists are much divided as to the origin of amber, and to what class of bodies it belongs; some referring it to the vegetable, others to the mineral, and some even to the animal kingdom. Its natural history, and its chemical analysis, afford something in favor of each opinion. Some have imagined it a concretion of the tears of birds, or the urine of certain beasts; and others, a congelation formed in the Baltic Sea, or in fountains, where it is found swimming like pitch. On the other hand it is supposed by many to be a bitumen trickling into the sea from subterraneous sources, and when concreted, thrown ashore by the waves. This last opinion seems now to be discarded. Many contend that it is produced in Prussia by mixing with the vitriolic salts abounding in that country, and its fluidity being fixed, it congeals into what we call amber. The chemists are as much divided as the naturalists; some of them refer it to the class of sulphurs or bitumens, while others contend that it is of the vegetable kind, from its resolving into the same principles with vegetables; viz. water, spirit, salt, and oil. See Chambers' Dictionary. To decide between so many contending parties is not the business of these annotations; but that amber is not a mineral or subterraneous substance, may be inferred from the spiders, ants, and bees, and other insects, which are almost universally found in the transparent body. Pope, in his satirical style, has said,

Pretty in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, and straws, and dirt, and grubs, and worms;
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

If the authority of another poet may be admitted, Martial has removed the wonder. He tells us, in three beautiful epigrams, that amber is a distillation from the branches of the poplar; that in its fluid state it catches various insects, and afterwards, hardening into a solid ubstance, incloses them in a tomb that enhances their value.

the viscous fluid, are afterwards, when it grows hard, incorporated with it. It is probable therefore that as the east has its luxuriant plantations, where balm and frankincense perspire through the pores of trees, so the continents and islands of the west have their prolific groves, whose juices, fermented by the heat of the sun, dissolve into a liquid matter which falls into the sea, and being there condensed, is afterwards discharged by the winds and waves on the opposite shore. If you make an experiment of amber by the application of fire, it kindles like a torch, emitting a fragrant flame, and in a little time taking the tenacious nature of pitch or rosin. Beyond the Suiones we next find the nation of Sitones, differing in nothing from the former, except the tameness with which they suffer a woman to reign over them. Of this people it is not enough to say that they have degenerated from civil liberty: they are sunk below slavery itself. At this place ends the territory of the Suevians.

XLVI. Whether the Peucinians, the Venedians, and Fennians are to be accounted Germans, or classed with the people of Sarmatia, is a point not easy to be determined; though the Peucinians, called by some the Bastarnians, bear a strong resemblance to the Germans. They use the same language: their dress and habitations are the same, and they are equally inured to sloth and filth. Of late, however, in consequence of frequent intermarriages between their leading chieftains and the families of Sarmatia, they have been tainted with the manners of that country. The Venedians are a counterpart of the Sarmatians: like them they lead a wandering life, and support themselves by plunder amidst the woods and mountains that separate the Peucinians and the Fennians. They are notwithstanding to be ascribed to Germany, in-

asmuch as they have settled habitations, know the use of shields, and travel always on foot, remarkable for their swiftness. The Sarmatians, on the contrary, live altogether on horseback or in waggons. Nothing can equal the ferocity of the Fennians, nor is there any thing so disgusting as their filth and poverty. Without arms, without horses, and without a fixed place of abode, they lead a vagrant life; their food the common herbage; the skins of beasts their only clothing, and the bare earth their resting-place. For their chief support they depend on their arrows, to which, for want of iron, they prefix a pointed bone. The women follow the chase in company with the men, and claim their share of the prey. To protect their infants from the fury of wild beasts and the inclemency of the weather, they make a kind of cradle amidst the branches of trees interwoven together, and they know no other expedient. The youth of the country have the same habitation, and amidst the trees old age is rocked to rest. Savage as this way of life may seem, they prefer it to the drudgery of the field, the labor of building, and the painful vicissitudes of hope and fear, which always attend the defence and the acquisition of property. Secure against the passions of men, and fearing nothing from the anger of the gods, they have attained that uncommon state of felicity, in which there is no craving left to form a single wish.'[1]

1 Having nothing, they were secure against the violence of men; and they had no reason to dread the vengeance of Heaven. Seneca has a similar sentiment. He says in commendation of poverty, 'What can be happier than that state which promises perpetual liberty, without an idea of danger from man, without any thing to fear from the wrath of the gods?' Delivered by their extreme poverty from all apprehensions, this rude and simple people had no desires beyond their wretched condition: like Abdalominus the gardener, in Quintius Curtius, they had nothing, and they wanted nothing.

The Hellusians and Oxionians, who are the last people men-

The rest of what I have been able to collect is too much involved in fable, of a color with the accounts of

tioned by Tacitus, are supposed by learned antiquarians to have been inhabitants of Lapland. Nothing more is known of them than that fame reported them to be an ambiguous mixture of the human countenance and the limbs of wild beasts. What gave birth to those ancient fables was, probably, the dress of the natives, who, in those regions of frost and snow, were covered with the hides of animals, like the Samojedes, and other savage nations near the Frozen Ocean. But to amuse his readers with a fabulous narrative was not the design of such an author as Tacitus. He was not writing a romance. He meant to give, on the fullest information, an authentic account of a people, whose fierce and unconquerable love of liberty was, as he says himself, more dangerous to the Roman empire than all the pomp and pride of oriental monarchs. He has accordingly left, in his Treatise of the Germans, a faithful picture of society in its wild uncultivated state. His work, compendious as it is, may be fairly called the most precious monument of antiquity.

Some critics have imagined that the great author wrote from invention, intending, by a fictitious draught of savage manners, to give a political satire on the manners of the Romans, like the Gulliver of Swift. But in answer to those who, in this instance as well as many others, have suspected the fidelity of the historian, it may be asked, how it has happened that the manners here delineated are a counterpart of the savage customs of Canada, and other parts of America? The same causes have produced the same effects in both parts of the world. It has been the scope of the foregoing notes to point out the similitude as often as it occurred. The likeness is so striking, that it serves to confirm the account given by Tacitus, and to prove, beyond a doubt, that he drew his coloring from nature, not from the storehouse of a lively imagination. The force of this argument was felt by Dr. Robertson; and he has accordingly formed a comparison between the ancient Germans and the savage tribes of America, which the reader will find, Hist. of Charles V., vol. i. p. 250.

It may be asked, in the second place, how it has happened that the manners of the ancient Germans can be traced with so much certainty in all the countries of Europe? The answer is obvious. The descendants of those people, when they made their irruption into France, Spain, and Italy, carried with them the manners of their country, and founded laws, which sprung from the same source. The codes still extant, such as the Salic, the Ripuarian, the Burgundian, the Lombard, and many others, evidently bespeak their German origin.

the Hellusians and the Oxionians, of whom we are told, that they have the human face, with the limbs and bodies of wild beasts. But reports of this kind, unsupported by proof, I shall leave to the pen of others.

The Anglo-Saxon government in this country plainly shows from what spoil it sprung. The michel-gemote, or great meeting; the wittena-gemote, or meeting of the wise men; the shires, the hundreds, the composition for homicide, and, above all, the limited authority of the king, as Tacitus expresses it, 'nec regibus infinita aut libera potestas,' are manifest proofs of the obligation the people of England are under to their German ancestors for that free constitution, which for so many centuries has stood the shock of civil wars, and though often tottering on the brink of destruction, still rears its head, the pride of every honest Briton, and the wonder of foreign nations.

Sir William Blackstone, who knew how to be profound with ease and elegance, has truly said, 'If we would investigate the elements of the English laws, the originals should be traced to their fountains; to the customs of the Britons and Germans, as recorded by Cæsar and Tacitus; to the codes of the northern nations, and more especially to those of the Saxon princes; but above all, to that inexhaustible reservoir of antiquities, the Feodal Law, or, as Spelman has intitled it, the Law of nations in our Western Orb.' The same observation has been made by Vertot with regard to the constitution of the French monarchy, which stood for a length of time on the foundation of civil liberty, till the three estates, or general council of the realm, were merged in the supreme court of justice, improperly called a parliament. Vertot has given a compendious view of Tacitus, and by a curious parallel between the manners of the Franks and those of the ancient Germans, has clearly shown the origin of the French constitution. See three dissertations in the Memoirs Acad. Belles Lettres. Those pieces are a just commentary on Tacitus; and if we add the laws and institutions of other parts of Europe, we shall be of opinion with Montesquieu, that 'in Cæsar and Tacitus we read the code of barbarian laws, and in the code we read Cæsar and Tacitus.'

THE LIFE

OF

CNÆUS JULIUS AGRICOLA.

LIFE OF CNÆUS JULIUS AGRICOLA.[1]

SECT. I. To transmit to posterity the lives and characters of illustrious men was an office frequently per-

1 This work is supposed by the commentators to have been written before the Treatise on the Manners of the Germans, in the third consulship of the emperor Nerva, and the second of Verginius Rufus, in the year of Rome 850, and of the Christian era 97. Brotier accedes to this opinion; but the reason which he assigns does not seem to be satisfactory. He observes that Tacitus, in the third section, mentions the emperor Nerva; but as he does not call him Divus Nerva, the deified Nerva, the learned commentator infers that Nerva was still living. This reasoning might have some weight, if we did not read in section xliv. that it was the ardent wish of Agricola that he might live to behold Trajan in the imperial seat. If Nerva was then alive, the wish to see another in his room would have been an awkward compliment to the reigning prince. It is perhaps for this reason that Lipsius thinks this very elegant Tract was written at the same time with the Manners of the Germans, in the beginning of the emperor Trajan. The question is not very material, since conjecture alone must decide it. The piece itself is admitted to be a masterpiece of its kind. Tacitus was son-in-law to Agricola; and while filial piety breathes through his work, he never departs from the integrity of his own character. He has left an historical monument highly interesting to every Briton who wishes to know the manners of his ancestors, and the spirit of liberty that from the earliest time distinguished the natives of Britain. 'Agricola,' as Hume observes, 'was the general who finally established the dominion of the Romans in this island. He governed it in the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. He carried his victorious arms northward; defeated the Britons in every encounter, pierced into the forests and the mountains of Caledonia, reduced every state

formed in ancient times. Even in the present age, incurious as it is about its own concerns,[1] the same good custom has prevailed, whenever a great and splendid virtue has been able to surmount those two pernicious vices, which not only infest small communities, but are likewise the bane of large and flourishing cities; I mean the vices of insensibility to merit, on the one hand, and envy on the other. With regard to the usage of antiquity, it is farther observ-

to subjection in the southern parts of the island, and chased before him all the men of fiercer and more intractable spirits, who deemed war and death itself less intolerable than servitude under the victor. He defeated them in a decisive action, which they fought under Galgacus; and having fixed a chain of garrisons between the friths of Clyde and Forth, he cut off the ruder and more barren parts of the island, and secured the Roman province from the incursions of the barbarous inhabitants. During these military enterprises he neglected not the arts of peace. He introduced laws and civility among the Britons; taught them to desire and raise all the conveniences of life; reconciled them to the Roman language and manners; instructed them in letters and science; and employed every expedient to render those chains which he had forged both easy and agreeable to them.' In this passage Mr. Hume has given a summary of the life of Agricola. It is extended by Tacitus in a style more open than the didactic form of the Essay on the German Manners required, but still with precision, both in sentiment and diction, peculiar to the author. In rich but subdued colors he gives a striking picture of Agricola, leaving to posterity a portion of history, which it would be in vain to seek in the dry gazette style of Suetonius, or in the page of any writer of that period.

1 Injustice to living merit proceeds from a variety of causes; from inattention, ignorance, or envy. We praise the past, and neglect the present, says Tacitus. Velleius Paterculus makes the same remark, and adds the reason. We envy the living, and venerate departed merit; by the former we think ourselves overwhelmed; we edify by the latter. Before either Tacitus or Paterculus, Horace had expressed the same sentiment:

> Though living virtue we despise;
> When dead, we praise it to the skies.

able, that in those early seasons of virtue men were led by the impulse of a generous spirit to a course of action worthy of being recorded; and, in like manner, the writer of genius undertook to perpetuate the memory of honorable deeds, without any motives of flattery, and without views of private ambition, influenced only by the conscious pleasure of doing justice to departed merit. Many have been their own historians, persuaded that in speaking of themselves they should display an honest confidence in their morals, not a spirit of arrogance or vainglory. Rutilius and Scaurus left an account of their own lives, and the integrity of the narrative has never been called in question; so true it is, that the age which is most fertile in bright examples is the best qualified to make a fair estimate of them. For the present undertaking, which professes to review the life of a great man now no more, I judged it necessary to premise an apology, led as I am, by the nature of my subject, to encounter an evil period, in which every virtue struggled with adversity and oppression.

II. We have it on record, that Arulenus Rusticus, for the panegyric of Pætus Thrasea, and Herennius Senecio, for that of Helvidius Priscus, were both capitally convicted. Nor was it enough that those excellent authors fell a sacrifice to the tyrant's power; persecution raged against their books, and by an order to the triumvirs, in the forums, and in the place of popular convention, the monuments of genius perished in the flames. The policy of the times, no doubt, intended that in the same fire the voice of the Roman people should be stifled, the freedom of the senate destroyed, and the sentiments of the human heart[1] sup-

1 The custom of destroying books is of ancient date, and was chiefly exercised under despotic governments. Before

pressed for ever. To complete the work, all sound philosophy was proscribed, every liberal art was driven

the invention of printing there was no way of multiplying copies but by the industry of transcribers, and at that time the vengeance of men in power might succeed. At present the common hangman may burn one or more copies of a work deservedly condemned to the flames; but the friends of sedition will take care to be provided with a number, and even the curious will give them a place in their cabinets. Fannia, the widow of Helvidius, carried the memoirs of her husband into exile; and yet those monuments of genius, as Tacitus calls them, have not come down to posterity. It must be admitted that where the people live under a constitution so well mixed and balanced that liberty and property are fully secured, those who are intrusted with the administration are bound by their duty to the public to put the laws in force, in order to crush the seeds of treason and rebellion. This principle prevailed in the best days of the Roman republic; and accordingly we read in Livy that, in the second Punic war, when innovations in the religious rites of the Romans were introduced by tumultuous assemblies in the city of Rome, the ediles and triumviri were sharply accused by the senate, for not preventing such abuses and disorderly meetings. The same writer adds, 'that the mischief being found too strong for the ordinary magistrates, the pretor of the city, to whom the business was committed by the fathers, issued his edict, whereby all persons who had in their possession any books that contained either predictions, forms of prayer, or religious ceremonies, were enjoined to deliver up the same before the next ensuing calends of April.' Under the emperors, when public liberty was extinguished, every thing was turned into the crime of violated majesty. Cremutius Cordus had praised Brutus in his Annals, and called Cassius 'the last true Roman.' For this he was obliged to finish his days by a total abstinence from food, and his work was ordered to be burnt by the ediles. 'But they remained,' says Tacitus, 'in private hands, and were circulated notwithstanding the prohibition.' The historian adds, 'that nothing so clearly shows the stupidity of the men, who fancy that, by an act of arbitrary power, they can prevent the knowlege of aftertimes. Genius gains strength and authority from persecution; and the foreign despots, who have had recourse to the same violent measures, have only succeeded to aggravate their own disgrace, and raise the glory of the writer.' We read in Seneca that this way of punishing individuals, when nothing in their writings affected the public,

into banishment, and nothing fair and honorable was suffered to remain. Of our passive temper we gave ample proof; and as former times had tasted of liberty even to a degree of licentiousness, so we exhausted the bitter cup of slavery to the very dregs. Restrained by the terrors of a merciless inquisition from the commerce of hearing and speaking, and by consequence

was introduced by Augustus in the case of Labienus, a man of genius and an eminent orator. His fame was great, and the applause of the public was rather extorted than voluntarily given. No man objected to his character, who did not pay a tribute to his talents. Against this man a new punishment was invented: by the contrivance of his enemies all his books were burned by the public executioner. Seneca concludes his account of this proceeding with a fine reflection. 'The policy,' he says, 'of punishing men for their literary merit was altogether new. Happily for the good of mankind, this species of tyranny was not devised before the days of Cicero. What would have been the consequence if the triumvirate had been able to proscribe the genius of that consummate orator? The gods, in their just dispensations, took care that this method of crushing the powers of the mind, by illegal oppression, should begin at the point of time when all genius ceased to exist.' Lord Bacon has a beautiful thought on this subject. 'The punishing of wits enhances their authority; and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the face of those who seek to tread it out.' The reflection is certainly just; but let it not encourage the schismatics, the seditious incendiaries, and the clubs instituted for the purposes of anarchy and wild commotion. It is truth, and truth only, that 'flies up in the face' of its oppressors. When the sons of faction tell us that men in civil society are born equal; that in this country we have no constitution; that the succession to the crown cannot be limited by king, lords, and commons; and that the whole body of the people, who on every demise of the crown have unequivocally declared their concurrence, have no power to consent to such a law; when the abettors of innovation advance these and other propositions equally wild and frantic, let them remember that all good men throughout the nation have trod their doctrines under foot, and that disappointment and contempt must be their portion.

Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.

deprived of all exchange of sentiment, we should have resigned our memory with our other faculties, if to forget had been as easy as to submit in silence.[1]

III. At length, indeed, we begin to revive from our lethargy; but we revive by slow degrees; though the emperor Nerva, in the beginning of this glorious era, found means to reconcile two things, till then deemed incompatible; namely, civil liberty and the prerogative of the prince; though his successor Trajan continues to heal our wounds, and by a just and wise administration to diffuse the blessings of peace and good order through every part of the empire; and though it is apparent that hopes of the constitution are now conceived by all orders of men, and not only conceived, but rising every hour into confidence and public security. And yet such is the infirmity of the human mind, that even in this juncture the remedy operates more slowly than the disease. For as the body natural is tardy in its growth, and rapid in decay, so the powers of genius are more easily extinguished than promoted to their full maturity. There is a charm in

1 Pliny describes the senate in a state of stupefaction, forgetting almost every thing, the liberal arts, and the rules and privileges of their own order. In such times what useful knowlege could be acquired? The senate was convened to do nothing, or to be plunged in guilt and cruelty. They were either a laughing-stock, or the instruments of the vilest tyranny. The fathers were involved in the calamities of the times; the citizens of Rome groaned under oppression during a number of years; and, in that dreadful period, their faculties were debased and the vigor of their minds utterly extinguished. But amidst all this tame resignation, a sense of injuries, however suppressed, was rankling in every breast. Men could not forget the massacre of so many citizens of consular rank, and the banishment of the most illustrious women in Rome. See section 45, and note 1. They groaned under the yoke of bondage, and yet felt in secret that liberty was the natural element of a Roman.

indolence that works by imperceptible degrees; and that listless inactivity, which at first is irksome, grows delightful in the end.

Need I mention that in the course of fifteen years, a large portion of human life, many fell by unavoidable accidents, and the most illustrious men in Rome were cut off by the insatiate cruelty of the prince? A few of us, it is true, have survived the slaughter of our fellow-citizens: I had almost said we have survived ourselves: for in that chasm which slavery made in our existence we cannot be said to have lived, but rather to have crawled in silence, the young towards the decrepitude of age, and the old to dishonorable graves. And yet I shall not regret the time I have spent in reviewing those days of despotism; on the contrary, it is my intention, even in such weak coloring as mine, to give a memorial of our slavery, that it may stand in contrast to the felicity of the present period.

In the mean time the following tract is dedicated to the memory of Agricola, my father-in-law. The design, as it springs from filial piety, may merit a degree of approbation; it will at least be received with candor.

IV. Cnæus Julius Agricola was born at the ancient and respectable colony of Forojulium. His grandfather, by the maternal as well as the paternal line, served the office of imperial procurator; a trust of importance, which always confers the equestrian dignity. His father, Julius Græcinus,[1] was a member of

1 Seneca has given an admirable character of Agricola's father. 'If,' says he, 'we need the example of a great and exalted mind, let us imitate Julius Græcinus, that excellent man, whom Caius Cæsar (Caligula) put to death for no other reason than because he had more virtue than a tyrant could endure.' He wrote books of husbandry, and his delight is

the senate, distinguished by his eloquence and philosophy. His merit gave umbrage to Caligula. Being commanded by that emperor to undertake the prosecution of Marcus Silanus, he refused to comply, and was put to death. Julia Procilla, Agricola's mother, was respected for the purity of her manners. Under her care, and as it were in her bosom, the tender mind of the son was trained to science and every liberal accomplishment. His own ingenuous disposition guarded him against the seductions of pleasure. To that happy temperament was added the advantage of pursuing his studies at Marseilles, that seat of learning, where the refinements of Greece were happily blended with the sober manners of provincial economy.

He has often declared in my hearing, that in the first career of youth he felt himself addicted to philosophical speculations with more ardor than consisted with the duties of a Roman and a senator; but his taste was soon reformed by the admonitions of his mother. In fact, it cannot be matter of wonder that a sublime and warm imagination, struck with the forms of moral beauty and the love of science, should aspire to reach the glory of the philosophic character. As he grew up to manhood, his riper judgment weaned him from vain pursuits, and during the rest of his life he preserved, what is difficult to attain, that temperate judgment which knows where to fix the bounds even of wisdom itself.

V. His first rudiments of military knowlege were acquired in Britain, under the conduct of Suetonius Paulinus, that experienced officer; active, vigilant, yet mild in command. Agricola was soon distinguished by his general, and selected to live with him at head-

agriculture is supposed to have given the name of Agricola to his son.

quarters. Honored in this manner, he did not, as is usual with young men, mix riot and dissipation with actual service; nor did he avail himself of his rank of military tribune to obtain leave of absence, in order to pass his time in idle pleasures and ignorance of his duty. To know the province, and make himself known to the army; to learn from men of experience, and emulate the best examples; to seek no enterprise with a forward spirit, and to decline none with timid caution, were the rules he laid down to himself; prudent with valor, and brave without ostentation.

A more active campaign had never been known, nor was Britain at any time so fiercely disputed.[1] Our veteran forces were put to the sword; our colonies smoked on the ground; and the legions were intercepted on their march. The struggle was then for life; we fought afterwards for fame and victory. In a juncture so big with danger, though the conduct of the war was in other hands, and the glory of recovering the province was justly ascribed to the commander-

1 While Suetonius was employed in the reduction of the isle of Mona, now Anglesey, the chief seat of the druids, and consequently the centre of superstition, the Britons, taking advantage of his absence, rose in arms; and headed by Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, attacked the Roman stations, and laid a scene of blood and carnage in every quarter. No less than 70,000 were put to the sword without distinction. Suetonius with his small army marched back through the heart of the country to the protection of London, then a florishing city; but he found on his arrival that the place was not tenable. He abandoned it to the merciless fury of the enemy, and it was accordingly reduced to ashes. But this cruelty was revenged by Suetonius in a great and decisive battle, in which 80,000 Britons are said to have perished. Boadicea put an end to her life by poison. In this important scene of military operations, a mind like that of Agricola, young, intent, and ardent, could not fail to prepare himself for that renown which he was destined to acquire by the complete conquest of the island.

in-chief, yet so fair an opportunity did not fail to improve a young officer, and plant in his mind the early seeds of military ambition. The love of fame took possession of him, that principle of noble minds, but out of season in an evil period, when virtue suffered by sinister constructions, and from an illustrious name the danger was as great as from the most pernicious character.

VI. He returned from Britain to enter on the gradations of the civil magistracy, and married Domitia Decidiana, a lady of high rank and splendid descent. By that alliance he gained an accession of strength and credit that served to forward him in the road of public honors. The conjugal state proved a source of domestic happiness. They lived in perfect harmony, endeared by the tenderest affection, and each ascribing to the other the felicity which they enjoyed. But the merit of Decidiana could not be too much acknowleged. The praise of a valuable wife should always rise in proportion to the weight of censure that falls on such as violate the nuptial union.

Agricola obtained the office of questor; and the province of Asia, of which Salvius Titianus was proconsul, fell to his lot. Neither the place nor the governor could warp his integrity. The wealth of the inhabitants invited the hand of rapacity; and Titianus, by the bias of his nature prone to acts of avarice, was ready, on terms of mutual connivance, to co-operate in any scheme of guilt and plunder: but Agricola maintained his honor and his principles. During his stay in Asia his family was increased by the birth of a daughter, who proved soon after, when he lost his infant son, a source of consolation. The intermediate space between the expiration of his questorship and his advancement to the post of tribune of the people

he had the prudence to pass in calm tranquillity. Even during the year of his tribuneship he acted with the same reserve, aware of those disastrous times, when, under the tyranny of Nero's reign, the want of exertion was the truest wisdom. He discharged the office of pretor with the same moderation and silent dignity, having no occasion, as his good fortune would have it, to sit in judicature. That branch of the magistrate's business did not fall to his share. The pageantry of public spectacles, which belonged to his department, he conducted with economy and magnificence, short of profusion, yet with due regard to popularity. In the following reign, being appointed by Galba one of the commissioners to inspect the state of oblations to the several temples, he managed the inquiry with so much skill and well-tempered judgment, that no species of sacrilegious rapine, except the plunder committed by Nero, was suffered to pass without redress.

VII. In the course of the following year a dreadful misfortune happened in his family, and proved to him a severe stroke of affliction. A descent from Otho's fleet, which roved about in quest of depredations, was made on the coast of Liguria. The freebooters plundered the city of Intemelium, and in their fury murdered Agricola's mother, then residing on her own estate. They laid waste her lands, and went off with a considerable booty. Agricola set out immediately to pay the last tribute of filial piety, and being informed on his way that Vespasian aspired to the imperial dignity, he declared at once in favor of that party.

In the beginning of the new reign the government of Rome, and the whole administration, centred in Mucianus, Domitian being at that time too young for business, and from the elevation of his father claiming no other privilege than that of being debauched and pro-

fligate without control. Agricola was despatched to raise new levies. He executed that commission with so much zeal and credit to himself, that Mucianus advanced him to the command of the twentieth legion, then quartered in Britain, and for some time unwilling to swear fidelity to Vespasian. The officer who had the command of that corps was suspected of seditious practices, and the men had carried their insolence to such a pitch, that they were even formidable to the consular generals. Their commander was of pretorian rank; but either on account of his own disaffection, or the turbulent spirit of the soldiers, his authority was too feeble. Agricola succeeded to the command of the legion, and to the task of punishing the guilty. He acquitted himself with consummate address and singular moderation, wishing that the men should have the merit of voluntary compliance, and not seem to have yielded with sullen submission to the authority of their general.

VIII. The government of Britain was at that time committed to Vettius Bolanus, a man of milder disposition than consisted with the genius of those ferocious islanders. Agricola, that he might not seem to eclipse his superior officer, restrained his martial ardor, submitting with deference to his commander-in-chief, and in every part of his conduct uniting to his love of glory a due regard for the service. Bolanus was soon recalled, and Petilius Cerealis, an officer of consular rank, succeeded to the command. The field of warlike enterprise was laid open to Agricola. Under the new commander he was at first no more than a common sharer in the dangers of the campaign; but in a short time his talents had their free career. The general, to make his experiment, sent him at the head of detached par-
[illegible], and afterwards, encouraged by the event, em-

ployed him in more important operations. Agricola never betrayed a symptom of vainglory. From the issue of his expeditions, however successful, he assumed no merit. It was the general that planned the measure, and he himself was no more than the hand that executed. By this conduct, vigorous in action, but modest in the report of his exploits, he gained a brilliant reputation, secure from the envy that attends it.

IX. On his return to Rome Vespasian advanced him to the patrician rank, and soon after to the government of the province of Aquitania; an appointment of the first importance, leading directly to the honors of the consulship, to which he then aspired with the concurrence of the prince. The military mind, trained up in the school of war, is generally supposed to want the power of nice discrimination. The jurisdiction of the camp is little solicitous about forms and subtle reasoning; military law is blunt and summary, and where the sword resolves all difficulties, the refined discussions of the forum are never practised. Agricola, however, indebted to nature for a certain rectitude of understanding, was not out of his sphere even among men versed in questions of jurisprudence. His hours of business and relaxation had their stated periods. In the council of the province, or on the tribunal of justice, he discharged the duties of his station with awful gravity, intent to inquire, often severe, but more inclined to soften the rigor of the law. The functions of the magistrate being despatched, he divested himself of his public character: the man in authority was no longer seen. In his actions no tincture of arrogance, no spleen, no avarice, was ever seen. Uncommon as it may appear, the sweetness of his manners took nothing from his authority; nor was

the impression made by his amiable qualities lessened by the inflexibility of the judge.

To say of a character truly great, that integrity and a spirit above corruption made a part of it, were mere tautology, as injurious to his virtues as it is unnecessary. Even the love of fame, that fine incentive of generous minds, could neither betray him into an ostentatious display of virtue, nor induce him to practise those specious arts that court applause, and often supply the place of merit. The little ambition of rising above his colleagues was foreign to his heart. He avoided all contention with the procurators of the prince. In struggles of that nature he knew that victory may be obtained without glory, and a defeat is certain disgrace. In less than three years he was recalled from his province, to take on him the consular dignity. The voice of fame marked him out at the same time for the government of Britain: the report was current, but neither contrived nor cultivated by himself. He was mentioned because he was worthy. Common fame does not always err: it often takes the lead, and determines the choice. During his consulship, though I was then very young, he agreed to a marriage between me and his daughter, who certainly might have looked for a prouder connexion. The nuptial ceremony was not performed till the term of his consulship expired. In a short time after he was appointed governor of Britain, with the additional honor of a seat in the pontifical college.

X. If I here presume to offer a description of Britain and the manners of the people, it is not my intention to dispute with the number of authors who have gone before me, either the fame of genius, or diligence in the research. The fact is, Britain was subdued under the conduct of Agricola, and that cir-

cumstance may justify the present attempt. Antecedent writers adorned conjecture with all the graces of language: what I have to offer will have nothing but the plain truth to recommend it.

Britain, of all the islands known to the Romans, is the largest. On the east it extends towards Germany; on the west towards Spain; and on the south it lies opposite to the coast of Gaul. The northern extremity is lashed by the billows of a prodigious sea, and no land is known beyond it. The form of the island has been compared by two eloquent writers (Livy among the ancients, and Fabius Rusticus among the moderns) to an oblong shield, or a two-edged axe. The comparison, if we except Caledonia, may be allowed to be just, and hence the shape of a part has been by vulgar error ascribed to the whole. Caledonia stretches a vast length of way towards the north. The promontories that jut out into the sea render the form of the country broken and irregular; but it sharpens to a point at the extremity, and terminates in the shape of a wedge.

By Agricola's order the Roman fleet sailed round the northern point, and made the first certain discovery that Britain is an island. The cluster of isles called the Orcades, till then wholly unknown, was in this expedition added to the Roman empire. Thule, which had lain concealed in the gloom of winter and a depth of eternal snows, was also seen by our navigators. The sea in those parts is said to be a sluggish mass of stagnated water, hardly yielding to the stroke of the oar, and never agitated by winds and tempests. The natural cause may be, that high lands and mountains, which occasion commotions in the air, are deficient in those regions; not to mention that such a prodigious body of water, in a vast and boundless

ocean, is heaved and impelled with difficulty. But a philosophical account of the ocean and its periodical motions is not the design of this essay: the subject has employed the pen of others. To what they have said I shall only add, that there is not in any other part of the world an expanse of water that rages with such uncontrolled dominion, now receiving the discharge of various rivers, and at times driving their currents back to their source. Nor is it on the coast only that the flux and reflux of the tide are perceived: the swell of the sea forces its way into the recesses of the land, forming bays and islands in the heart of country, and foaming amidst hills and mountains in its natural channel.

XI. Whether the first inhabitants of Britain natives of the island, or adventitious settlers, question lost in the mists of antiquity. The like other barbarous nations, have no monuments their history. They differ in the make and their bodies, and hence various inferences con their origin. The ruddy hair and lusty limbs Caledonians indicate a German extraction. Silures were at first a colony of Iberians is con not without probability, from the olive tincture skin, the natural curl of the hair, and the situ the country, so convenient to the coast of Spa the side opposite to Gaul the inhabitants r their neighbors on the continent; but whether resemblance is the effect of one common origi the climate in contiguous nations operating make and temperament of the human body, is not easy to be decided. All circumstances con it is rather probable that a colony from Gaul to session of a country so inviting by its proximity will find in both nations the same religious r

the same superstition.[1] The two languages differ but little. In provoking danger they discover the same ferocity, and in the encounter the same timidity. The Britons, however, not yet enfeebled by a long peace, are possessed of superior courage.[2] The Gauls, we learn from history, were formerly a warlike people; but sloth, the consequence of inactive times, has debased their genius, and virtue died with expiring liberty. Among such of the Britons as have been for some time subdued the same degeneracy is observable.

1 The druids, according to Cæsar's account, believed in the transmigration of souls, and that doctrine they thought had a happy tendency to inspire men with courage and a contempt of death. They taught their pupils a system of astronomy; they described the various revolutions of the planets, the dimensions of the globe, the operations of nature; they talked with reverence of the immortal gods, and initiated their youth in all their mysteries. Human sacrifices, as observed in a former note, were part of their superstition. Living bodies were inclosed in large osier cages, and consumed in the flames. That the same rites and ceremonies were established in Britain there can be no doubt, since we are told by Cæsar that the religious system of Gaul was transplanted from Britain; and, even in his time, those who wished to be perfectly skilled in the druidical doctrines passed over into this island for instruction. The late Mr. Hume has observed, 'that no idolatrous worship ever attained such an ascendant over mankind as that of the ancient Gauls and Britons; and the Romans, after their conquest, finding it impossible to reconcile those nations to the laws and institutions of their masters, were at last obliged to abolish the druidical system by penal statutes: a violence which had never, in any other instance, been practised by those tolerating conquerors;' Hume's Hist. vol. i. p. 5. See Tacitus, Annals, xiv. 30.

2 Solinus, speaking of the warlike Britons, says, when a woman is delivered of a male child she places the infant's first food on the point of her husband's sword, and inserts it in the little one's mouth; and, offering up her supplications to the gods of the country, devoutly prays that he may die in war amidst hostile swords and javelins.

The free and unconquered part of the nation retains at this hour the ferocity of the ancient Gauls.

XII. The strength of their armies consists in infantry, though some of their warriors take the field in chariots.[1] The person of highest distinction guides the reins, while his martial followers, mounted in the same vehicle, annoy the enemy. The Britons were formerly governed by a race of kings; at present they are divided into factions under various chieftains;

1 This manner of fighting in chariots calls to mind the practice of heroic times described in the battles of the Iliad. But the heroes of the poet differed in their notion of the point of honor, from the British chiefs. With the Greeks and Trojans, the driver of the carriage was the second in rank; the warrior of high renown was the person who fought. Hector had his 'squire to guide the reins, while he displayed his towering plume, and braved every danger. Achilles had his Automedon.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound;
Then bright in heav'nly arms, above his 'squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire.
Pope's Iliad, xix. 426.

Virgil, in a beautiful picture representing the wars of Troy, in the first book of the Æneid, describes the Trojans flying before Achilles, who pursues with ardor in his warlike car. In the fifth book of the Iliad, Æneas invites Pandarus to join him in the fight:

Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.
Pope's Iliad, v. 284.

Among the Britons it was otherwise: the chief warrior drove the chariot, by Cæsar called *esseda*, and by Tacitus *covinus*. The British chiefs, as it seems, thought it more honorable to drive the car into the thickest ranks of the enemy, and distinguished themselves by braving every danger. It appears likewise that a number of combatants mounted together in the same vehicle, which was not the case in Homer's battles.

and this disunion, which prevents their acting in concert for a public interest, is a circumstance highly favorable to the Roman arms against a warlike people, independent, fierce, and obstinate. A confederation of two or more states to repel the common danger is seldom known: they fight in parties, and the nation is subdued.

The climate is unfavorable: always damp with rains and overcast with clouds. Intense cold is never felt. The days are longer than in our southern regions; the nights remarkably bright, and, towards the extremity of the island, so very short,[1] that between the last

1 Tacitus in this place may be said to be out of his depth. His notions here, as well as in the passage concerning the Suiones in the Manners of the Germans, section 45, hold more of the poet than the philosopher. Astronomy and geography were sciences not sufficiently cultivated in his time. Pliny endeavors more rationally to account for the phenomenon, from the position of the sun at the summer solstice. 'In Italy,' he says, 'the length of the day is fifteen hours, and in Britain seventeen; the nights in that island being so bright that, when the sun at the solstice approaches so near the earth as to become vertical, the northern regions have by consequence a day of six months, and in the winter a night of the same length.' But long sea voyages were rarely undertaken in Pliny's time, and it is therefore no wonder that he wanted due information. He mentions one bold navigator, Pytheas of Marseilles, and on his authority says, that at Thule, which lies six days' sail from the northern part of Britain, the day and night were each of them six months long. 'The same,' he adds, 'was said of the isle of Mona, which was distant from Camelodunum (Colchester) about two hundred miles.' If the Thule of Pytheas was Greenland or Zembla, what is said of the length of days and nights in those islands may be admitted; but the same could not be the case in Britain, or any British island. The Orkneys lie in latitude 60, or thereabouts; and in the summer, their day is not much more than eighteen hours long. But neither Pliny nor Tacitus had a just idea of the figure of the earth, and the vicissitudes of seasons occasioned by the annual motion round the sun. The discovery was reserved for the genius of Sir Isaac Newton. Without being a voyager or traveller, that sublime philosopher founded his calculations on mathematical and scientific

gleam of day and the returning dawn the interval is scarce perceptible. In a serene sky, when no clouds

principles. As Fontenelle observes, he ascertained the true figure of the earth, without stirring out of his elbow-chair. The experiments of Maupertuis and his associates, who in the years 1735 and 1736 measured a degree in Lapland, served to confirm Newton's doctrine; and from that time the length of days and nights in all parts of the globe has been scientifically known. Mathematicians have informed us, that the degrees of longitude are not, like those of latitude, always equal, but diminish in proportion as the meridians contract in their approach to the pole, as may be seen in the common tables, showing the number of miles contained in a degree of longitude in each parallel of latitude from the equator to the pole. In consequence of this knowlege, and the position of the earth in every part of its orbit, astronomers have laid down their tables of the various climates between the equator and the extremity of the north. They have enumerated thirty climates; in the first twenty-four, which terminate between the latitudes 66 and 67, the days increase by half hours; and in the remaining six, by months. At Spitzbergen, or East Greenland, the day lasts five months, and six at the pole. Pomponius Mela talks of Thule, but he did not know where to place this island, so as to account for the length of days, which he has described. He says that Thule lies opposite to the coast of Belgæ, and there the nights are dark in winter, but at the summer solstice there is no light at all. But that length of days could only happen in the more northern latitudes. When Tacitus says that the nights at the extremity of Britain are so luminous, that the interval between the close and the return of day can scarce be distinguished, this may perhaps be admitted; since Lord Mulgrave, in an accurate account of his Voyage to the Northern Seas, performed in the year 1773, says that on the 12th of June (latitude 65: 28) it was then light enough all night to read on deck. On the 29th of the same month (latitude 77: 59) the adjacent coast, covered with snow and ice, would have suggested the idea of perpetual winter, had not the mildness of the weather, bright sunshine, and constant daylight, given a cheerfulness and novelty to the whole of that striking and romantic scene. In the month of August (latitude 80, or thereabouts) his lordship observed that during the whole time of his being in those latitudes, he never found, though Martin has said otherwise, that the sun at midnight in appearance resembled the moon. His lordship adds, that he saw no difference in clear weather between the sun at midnight and any other

intervene to obstruct the sight, the sun, we are told, appears all night long, neither setting in the west nor rising in the east, but always moving above the horizon. The cause of this phenomenon may be, that the surface of the earth, towards the northern extremities, being flat and level, the shade never rises to any considerable height, and the sky still retaining the rays of the sun,[1] the heavenly bodies continue visible.

The soil does not afford either the vine, the olive, or the fruits of warmer climates; but it is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in great plenty. Vegetation is quick in shooting up, and slow in coming to maturity. Both effects are reducible to the same cause, the constant moisture of the atmosphere and the dampness of the soil. Britain contains, to reward the conqueror, mines of gold and silver,[2] and other metals. The sea

time, but what arose from a different degree of altitude; the brightness of the light appearing there, as well as elsewhere, to depend on the obliquity of his rays.

1 When Tacitus endeavors to assign a reason for the short interval between day and night, and says, 'that the extreme and flat parts of the earth, casting a low shadow, do not elevate the darkness, and night falls beneath the sky and the stars,' it is impossible to strike out any thing like sense from a passage so very embarrassed and obscure. The reader is left to regret that a writer, of such acute discernment on all political and moral subjects, should be obliged, without any principles of astronomy and geography, a science in that age little understood, to offer a vain hypothesis for reason and sound philosophy. Tacitus, it should seem, thought that the earth was one extensive continued surface, and that night was occasioned by the sun's retiring behind high lands and mountains. The form of the globe, its rotation on its own axis, and the various positions in its annual orbit, are mathematical discoveries, which were not known to the Romans.

2 Mines of gold and silver, sufficient to reward the conqueror, were found in Mexico and Peru; but this island never produced a quantity to pay the invader for the destruction of the human species. Cicero says in one of his letters, 'It is well known that not a single grain of silver

produces pearls,[1] but of a dark and livid color. This defect is ascribed by some to want of skill in this kind

could be found in the island.' This however is contradicted by modern authorities. Camden mentions gold and silver mines in Cumberland, a mine of silver in Flintshire, and of gold in Scotland. See Camden's Britannia, p. 692. 741. The same author, talking of the copper mines in Cumberland, says that veins of gold and silver were found intermixed with the common ore, and, in the reign of Elizabeth, gave birth to a suit at law between the earl of Northumberland and another claimant. Dr. Borlase, in his History of Cornwall, p. 214, relates, 'that so late as the year 1753, several pieces of gold were found in what the miners call stream tin; and silver is now got in considerable quantity from several of our lead mines.' A curious paper concerning the gold mines of Scotland is given by Mr. Pennant in Append. No. X. to his second part of a Tour in Scotland in 1772. But still there never was gold and silver enough to be the price of victory. The other metals, such as iron, lead, tin, and copper, are found in abundance at this day.

1 Suetonius imputes Cæsar's invasion of Britain to his desire of enriching himself with the pearl found on different parts of the coast. Pliny says it is certain that pearls of an inferior size, and rather discolored, are produced in Britain; since the deified Julius wished it to be understood that the breastplate which he dedicated to Venus, in the temple of the goddess, was composed of British pearl. The pearls most in request with the ancients were those collected in the Red Sea, the gulf of Persia, and the Indian Ocean; the next in value were the British, tinged on the surface with a color resembling gold, but in general of a dark hue, and less transparent than the Indian. Camden talks of pearl found in Caernarvon, in Cumberland, and the British Sea. Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland, 1769, mentions a considerable pearl fishery out of the fresh water muscle in the vicinity of Perth; from whence 10,000*l.* worth was sent to London from 1761 to 1769. But when that ingenious traveller visited Scotland the fishery was almost exhausted. There is a passage in Pliny that shows the esteem in which the oriental pearl was held at Rome. 'Pearls,' he says, 'are imported in such quantities from the Arabian Sea, that Rome was annually drained of an immoderate sum by the inhabitants of the east and the peninsula of India. So much do our finery and our women cost us annually!' This proves what Tacitus says: 'When so much encouragement was given, the avarice of British mer-

of fishery: the people employed in gathering content themselves in gleaning what happens to be thrown on shore, whereas in the Red Sea the shell-fish are found clinging to the rocks, and taken alive. For my part, I am inclined to think that the British pearl is of an inferior quality. I cannot impute to avarice a neglect of its interest.

XIII. The Britons are willing to supply our armies with new levies: they pay their tribute without a murmur; and they perform all the services of government with alacrity, provided they have no reason to complain of oppression. When injured, their resentment is quick, sudden, and impatient: they are conquered, not broken-hearted; reduced to obedience, not subdued to slavery. Even Julius Cæsar, the first of the Romans who set his foot in Britain at the head of an army, can only be said by a prosperous battle to have struck the natives with terror, and to have made himself master of the sea-shore. The discoverer, not the conqueror of the island, he did no more than show to posterity. Rome could not boast of a conquest. The civil wars broke out soon after, and in that scene of distraction, when the swords of the leading men were drawn against their country, it was natural to lose sight of Britain. During the peace that followed the same neglect continued. Augustus called it the wisdom of his counsels, and Tiberius made it a rule of state policy.

That Caligula meditated an invasion of Britain[1] is a

chants would not be deficient.' Their pearl therefore was of an inferior sort.

1 Caligula's threatened invasion of Britain ended in an idle and vain parade. History has no scene of folly to compare with it. The German expedition presented a farce to the world, in which the emperor exposed himself to derision. His mock triumph over the Britons was a sequel to the for-

fact well known; but the expedition, like his mighty preparations against Germany, was rendered abortive by the capricious temper of the man, resolving always without consideration, and repenting without experiment. The grand enterprise was reserved for the emperor Claudius, who transported into Britain an army composed of regular legions, besides a large body of auxiliaries. With the officers appointed to conduct the war, he joined Vespasian, who there laid the foundation of that success which afterwards attended him. Several states were conquered, kings were led in captivity, and the Fates beheld Vespasian giving an earnest of his future glory.

XIV. The first officer of consular rank that commanded in Britain was Aulus Plautius. To him succeeded Ostorius Scapula; both eminent for their military character. Under their auspices the southern part of Britain took the form of a province, and received a colony of veterans. Certain districts were assigned to Cogidunus, a king who reigned over part

mer frolic, but still more absurd and ridiculous. Having written to the senate, to reprimand them for enjoying the pleasures of the circus, while their emperor was exposing himself to the greatest dangers, he drew up his army on the coast of Gesoriacum (now Boulogne); and having with great parade disposed his *ballistæ* and other warlike engines, he ordered his soldiers to gather the sea shells, and fill their helmets and the skirts of their clothes. 'These,' he said, 'were the spoils of the ocean, fit to be deposited in the capitol.' In memory of this signal victory, he erected a tower, to serve as a light-house for mariners; and by letters to Rome ordered preparations to be made for his triumphal entry, with special directions that it should exceed in magnificence every thing of the kind. The fathers refused to comply, and for their disobedience all were devoted to destruction; but before his bloody purpose could be executed a conspiracy was formed early in the following year, and Caligula was put to death, A. U. C. 794. A. D. 41. See Suetonius, life of Caligula, § 46, 47.

of the country. He lived within our own memory, preserving always his faith unviolated, and exhibiting a striking proof of that refined policy, with which it has ever been the practice of Rome to make even kings accomplices in the servitude of mankind.

The next governor was Didius Gallus. He preserved the acquisitions made by his predecessors, without aiming at an extension of territory, and without any advantage except a few forts, which he built on the remote borders of the province, in hopes of gaining some pretension to the fame of having enlarged the frontier. Veranius succeeded to the command, but died within the year. Suetonius Paulinus was the next in succession. That officer pushed on the war in one continued series of prosperity for two years together. In that time he subdued several states, and secured his conquest by a chain of posts and garrisons. Confiding in the strength which he had thus established, he formed the plan of reducing the isle of Mona,[1] the grand resource from which the malecontents drew their supplies. But having in that expedi-

1 It is unnecessary to repeat that Mona is the isle of Anglesey. The channel that separates it from Caernarvon is so narrow that Edward I. attempted to throw a bridge over it. It was the asylum of the druids, and the capital of their religious rites. Suetonius attacked this place, destroyed their altars, and their sacred groves, where they sacrificed human victims. It may be necessary to observe that the Mona of Cæsar and Tacitus ought not to be confounded. That of Cæsar is the Isle of Man, v. 13. Pliny calls it Monapia, iv. 16. Tacitus always means the Isle of Anglesey. Hume observes that Suetonius, having destroyed the druids, with their consecrated groves, and triumphed over the religion of the Britons, thought his future progress would be easy in reducing the people to subjection. But Paulinus could not stay to make himself master of the island. He was recalled by the revolt under the conduct of Boadicea. The final reduction of the isle was reserved for Agricola.

tion turned his back on the conquered provinces, he gave an opportunity for a general revolt.

XV. The Britons, relieved from their fears by the absence of the commander-in-chief, began to descant on the horrors of slavery. They stated their grievances; and, to inflame resentment, painted every thing in the most glaring colors. 'What was now the consequence of their passive spirit? The hand of oppression falls on the tame and abject with greater weight. Each state was formerly subject to a single king,[1] but now two masters rule with an iron rod. The general gluts himself with the blood of the vanquished, and the imperial procurator devours our property. Those haughty tyrants may act in concert, or they may be at variance; but in either case the lot of the Britons is the same. The centurions of the general, and the followers of the tax-gatherer, add pride and insolence to injustice and rapacity. Nothing is safe from avarice, nothing by lust unviolated. In the field of battle, the booty is for the brave and warlike: at present cowards and abject wretches seize the possessions of the natives; to them the Britons tamely yield up their children; for them they make new levies; and, in short, the good of his country is the only cause in which a

1 Instead of their own kings, whose power does not appear to have been sufficiently limited, the Britons now groaned under the oppression of two masters; namely, the governor of the province, and the emperor's procurator. Dio Cassius states those two causes of the insurrection, and adds, as a farther incentive, the avarice of Seneca. 'That philosopher,' he says, 'was a well-practised money-lender, and, being perfectly versed in all the arts of usury, laid out a large sum at exorbitant interest among the natives of Britain. As fast as his money became due, he harassed the province with such unrelenting cruelty, that the distressed inhabitants were fired with indignation.' Such is the account of an historian; but an historian with reason suspected of harboring secret malignity to the most illustrious characters in Rome.

Briton has forgot to die. Compute the number of men born in freedom who inhabit the island, and the Roman invaders are but a handful. It was thus the Germans argued, and they shook off the yoke. No ocean rolled between them and the invader; they were separated by a river only. The Britons have every motive to excite their valor. They have their country to defend, and they have their liberty to assert; they have wives and children to urge them on; and they have parents, who sue to them for protection. On the part of the Romans, if we except luxury and avarice, what incentives are there to draw them to the field? Let British valor emulate the virtue of ancient times, and the invaders, like their own deified Cæsar, will abandon the island. The loss of a single battle, and even a second, cannot decide the fate of a whole people. Many advantages list on the side of misery. To attack with fury, and persevere with constancy, belongs to men who groan under oppression. The gods at length behold the Britons with an eye of compassion: they have removed the Roman general from his station; they detain him and his army in another island. The oppressed have gained an advantage too often difficult to obtain: they can now deliberate: they are met in council. In designs like these the whole danger lies in being detected: act like men, and success will be the issue of the war.'

XVI. Inflamed by these and such like topics, the spirit of revolt was diffused through the country. With one consent they took up arms, under the conduct of Boadicea,[1] a queen descended from a race of

1 Boadicea was the daughter of Prasutagus, king of the Icenians: she succeeded to her father's dominions, and being ignominiously treated by the Romans, headed the revolt, and in the field of action distinguished herself by her-

royal ancestors. In Britain there is no rule of distinction to exclude the female line from the throne, or the command of armies. The insurgents rushed to the attack with headlong fury: they found the Romans dispersed in their garrisons: they put all to the sword: they stormed the forts: they attacked the capital of the colony, which they considered as the seat of oppression, and with fire and sword laid it level with the ground. Whatever revenge could prompt, or victory inspire, was executed with unrelenting cruelty: and if Suetonius, on the first intelligence, had not hastened back by rapid marches, Britain had been lost. By the event of a single battle the province was recovered, though the embers of rebellion were not quite extinguished. Numbers of the malecontents, conscious of their share in the revolt, and dreading the vengeance of Suetonius, still continued under arms.

The truth is, notwithstanding the excellent qualities that distinguished the Roman general, it was the blemish of his character, that he proceeded always against the vanquished, even after they surrendered, with excessive rigor. Justice, under his administration, had frequently the air of revenge for a personal injury. In his public proceedings he mingled too much of his own passions, and was therefore recalled, to make way for Petronius Turpilianus; a man of less asperity, new to the Britons, and, having no resentments, likely to be satisfied on moderate terms. He restored the

martial spirit; Annals, xiv. The reader, on this occasion, will not forget the late Mr. Glover's excellent tragedy, intitled Boadicea; a piece written in the true style of dramatic poetry; without the luscious sweetness of Rowe; yet elegant, strong, and vigorous. If the last act had been constructed with art, so as to raise expectation, and produce an unforeseen catastrophe, the play would still retain its place in the theatre, inferior to Shakspeare only.

tranquillity of the island; and without attempting any thing farther, resigned the province to Trebellius Maximus, an officer of no experience, by nature indolent and inactive, but possessed of certain popular arts that reconciled the minds of men to his administration. The barbarians at this time had acquired a taste for elegant and alluring vices. The civil wars, which soon afterwards convulsed the empire, were a fair apology for the pacific temper of the general. His army, however, was not free from intestine discord. The soldiers, formerly inured to discipline, grew wanton in idleness, and broke out into open sedition. To avoid the fury of his men Trebellius was obliged to save himself by flight. Having lain for some time in a place of concealment, he returned with an awkward air to take on him the command. His dignity was impaired and his spirit humbled. From that time his authority was feeble and precarious. It seemed to be a compromise between the parties: the general remained unmolested, the soldiers uncontrolled, and on these terms the mutiny ended without bloodshed. Vettius Bolanus was the next commander; but the distractions of the civil war still continuing, he did not think it advisable to introduce a plan of regular discipline. The same inactive disposition on the part of the general, and the same mutinous spirit among the soldiers, still prevailed. The only difference was, that the character of Bolanus was without a blemish. If he did not establish his authority, he lived on good terms with all; beloved, though not respected.

XVII. When Britain, with the rest of the Roman world, fell to the lot of Vespasian, the ablest officers were sent to reduce the island; powerful armies were set in motion, and the spirit of the natives began to droop. In order to spread a general terror Petilius

Cerealis fell with sudden fury on the Brigantes, in point of numbers the most considerable state in the whole province. Various battles were fought, with alternate success, and great effusion of blood. At length the greatest part of that extensive country was either subdued or involved in all the calamities of war. The fame of Cerealis grew to a size that might discourage the ablest successor; and yet under that disadvantage Julius Frontinus undertook the command. His talents did not suffer by the comparison. He was a man truly great, and sure to signalise himself whenever a fair opportunity called forth his abilities. He reduced to subjection the powerful and warlike state of the Silures;[1] and though in that expedition he had to cope not only with a fierce and obstinate enemy, but with the difficulties of a country almost impracticable, it was his glory that he surmounted every obstacle.

XVIII. Such was the state of Britain, and such the events of war, when Agricola arrived about the middle of summer to take on him the command. He found an army lulled in indolence and security, as if the campaign was at an end, while the enemy was on the watch to seize the first opportunity. The Ordovicians,

1 The subjugation of the Silures, a fierce and obstinate enemy, gave the Romans quiet possession of the south of Britain. It will not be improper in this place to state in one view, and in regular succession, the several generals who commanded in Britain, from the first enterprise of Claudius, to the arrival of Agricola, who had the glory of subduing this island: 1. Aulus Plautius, sent by Claudius, A. U. C. 796; 2. Ostorius Scapula, sent by Claudius, 803; 3. Aulus Didius, by Claudius, 804; 4. Quintius Veranius, by Claudius, 805; 5. Suetonius Paulinus, by Nero, 814; 6. Petronius Turpilianus, by Nero, 815; 7. Trebellius Maximus, by Nero, 816; 8. Vettius Bolanus, by Vitellius, 822; 9. Petilius Cerealis, by Vespasian, 824; 10. Julius Frontinus, by Vespasian, 826; 11. Cnæus Julius Agricola, by Vespasian, 831.

not long before his arrival, had fallen on a party of horse that happened to be quartered in their district, and put them almost all to the sword. By this blow the courage of the Britons was once more revived: the bold and resolute declared for open war, while others, less sanguine, were against unsheathing the sword till the character and genius of the new governor should be better known.

Many things conspired to embarrass Agricola: the summer was far advanced; the troops were stationed at different quarters, expecting a cessation of arms during the remainder of the year: and to act on the defensive, content with strengthening the weakest stations, was in the opinion of the best officers the most prudent measure. These were circumstances unfavorable to a spirit of enterprise; but the general resolved to put his army in motion, and face the danger without delay. For this purpose he drew together various detachments from the legions, and with the addition of a body of auxiliaries, marched against the enemy. The Ordovicians continuing to decline an engagement on the open plain, he determined to seek them on their heights; and, to animate his men by his own example, he advanced at the head of the line. A battle ensued, and the issue was the destruction of the Ordovician state. Knowing of what moment it is to follow the first impressions of fame, and little doubting but that every thing would fall before an army flushed with victory, Agricola formed a plan for the reduction of the isle of Mona, from which Paulinus had been recalled by the general insurrection of the province, as already mentioned.

For the execution of an enterprise so sudden and important no measures had been concerted, and by consequence no vessels were ready to transport the troops.

The genius and resolution of the general supplied all deficiencies. He draughted from the auxiliaries a chosen band, well acquainted with the fordable places, and inured to the national practice of swimming across lakes and rivers with such dexterity, that they could manage their arms and guide their horses at the same time. This select corps, free from the incumbrance of their baggage, dashed into the water, and made their way with vigor towards the island. This mode of attack astonished the enemy, who expected nothing less than a fleet of transports, and a regular embarkation. Struck with consternation, they thought nothing impregnable to men who waged so unusual a war. In despair they sued for peace, and surrendered the island. The event added new lustre to the name of Agricola, who had thus set out with a spirit of enterprise, and crowded so much glory into that part of the year which is usually trifled away in vain parade and the homage of flatteries. The moderation with which he enjoyed his victory was remarkable. He had reduced the vanquished to obedience; and the act, he said, did not deserve the name of victory, nor even of an expedition. In his dispatches to Rome he assumed no merit; nor were his letters, according to custom, decorated with sprigs of laurel: but this self-denial served only to enhance his fame. From the modesty of a commander who could undervalue such important services men inferred that projects of vast extent were even then in his contemplation.

XIX. Agricola was well acquainted with the manners and national character of the Britons: he knew by the experience of past events that conquest, while it loads the vanquished with injury and oppression, can never be secure and permanent. He determined therefore to suppress the seeds of future hostility. He

began a reform in his own household; a necessary work, but attended often with no less difficulty than the administration of a province. He removed his slaves and freedmen from every department of public business. Promotions in the army no longer went by favor or the partiality of the centurions: merit decided; and the man of worth, Agricola knew, would be the most faithful soldier. To know every thing, and yet overlook a great deal; to forgive slight offences, and treat matters of importance with due severity, was the rule of his conduct; never vindictive, and in many instances disarmed by penitence. The prevention of crimes was what he wished; and to that end, in the disposal of offices, he made choice of men whose conduct promised to supersede the necessity of punishment.

The exigences of the army called for large contributions of corn and other supplies, and yet he lightened the burden by just and equal assessments; providing at the same time against the extortion of the tax-gatherer, more odious and intolerable than even the tax itself. It had been the settled practice of the collectors to engross all the corn, and then, adding mockery to injustice, to make the injured Briton wait at the door of the public granary, humbly supplicating that he might be permitted to repurchase his own grain, which he was afterwards obliged to sell at an inferior price. A farther grievance was, that instead of delivering the requisite quantity of corn at the nearest and most convenient magazines, the Britons were forced to make tedious journeys through difficult cross-country roads, in order to supply camps and stations at a remote distance; and thus the business, which might have been conducted with convenience to all, was converted into a job to gratify the avarice of a few.

XX. In the first year of Agricola's administration these abuses were all suppressed. The consequence was, that peace, which through the neglect or connivance of former governors was no less terrible than war itself, began to diffuse its blessings, and to be relished by all. As soon as the summer opened he assembled his army, and marched in quest of the enemy. Ever present at the head of the lines, he encouraged the strenuous by commendation: he rebuked the sluggard who fell from his rank: he went in person to mark out the station for encampments:[1] he sounded the estuaries, and explored the woods and forests.[2] The Britons, in the mean time, were by sud-

1 Many vestiges of Roman camps are still to be seen in various parts of England. Two, which were probably raised by Agricola, will be mentioned in the next note.

2 Agricola, as appears from all circumstances, marched his army from Anglesey, which had surrendered to his army, through North Wales, on his way to Caledonia. Tacitus does not directly say what road he pursued. This however is made sufficiently clear by Gordon in his Itinerarium Septentrionale, or his Journey through most parts of Scotland. He shows, in the first place, that the march in the second summer was as far as the firth of Edinburgh, as it corresponds with his penetrating as far as the Tay in the third campaign. This is rendered still more evident by the estuaries, or wide mouths of rivers, at the flood resembling arms of the sea, which Agricola passed after sounding the fordable places. Those firths, Gordon observes, must be the Dee near Chester, the arm of the sea near Liverpool, Ribble, and the Solway Firth, there being no other firths between Anglesey and Scotland. Gordon produces another reason to prove that the march was on the western side of England, namely, the encampments, the vestiges of which are still to be seen in the county of Annandale and the neighboring counties; the first at a place called Burnswork Hill, near the road from Carlisle to Moffat; the second about a quarter of a mile from the kirk of Middleby, on the duke of Queensberry's estate. These two camps are accurately described by Gordon; and from all these vestiges of Roman works he infers that Agricola's march was through the valley of Dumfries, every other road being impracticable for an army. The reader is referred to

den incursions kept in a constant alarm. Having spread a general terror through the country, he then suspended his operations; that, in the interval of repose, the barbarians might taste the sweets of peace. In consequence of these measures several states, which till then had breathed a spirit of independence, were induced to lay aside their hostile intentions, and to give hostages for their pacific behavior. Along the frontier of the several districts which had submitted a chain of posts was established, with so much care and judgment, that no part of the country, even where the Roman arms had never penetrated, could think itself secure from the vigor of the conqueror.

XXI. To introduce a system of new and wise regulations was the business of the following winter. A fierce and savage people, running wild in woods, would be ever addicted to a life of warfare. To wean them from those habits Agricola held forth the baits of pleasure; encouraging the natives, as well by public assistance as by warm exhortations, to build temples,[1]

Gordon's elaborate argument, which he will find in the Itinerary, chap. ii. That learned antiquarian has the merit of explaining what the laconic manner of Tacitus has left in some obscurity. His judicious observations will show that the march of the Roman army was through Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, into Annandale in Scotland, and thence as far as Edinburgh; and that the whole country, as far as the isthmus between the firths of Forth and Clyde, was awed and held in check during the following winter, by the victorious arms of a general, who made such a rapid progress, and disposed his forts and garrisons with so much judgment, that the enemy found them impregnable. Gordon assures us, that on the neck of land which separates the Forth and the Clyde, there are more remains of Roman works than in any other part of Scotland.

1 Gordon, in his Itinerary, has described the remaining vestiges of a number of forts on the isthmus between the Forth and the Clyde, and also of a town called Comelon, which he says is evidently a Roman work: the ruins of

courts of justice, and commodious dwelling-houses. He bestowed encomiums on such as cheerfully obeyed: the slow and uncomplying were branded with reproach: and thus a spirit of emulation diffused itself, operating like a sense of duty. To establish a plan of education, and give the sons of the leading chiefs a tincture of letters, was part of his policy. By way of encouragement, he praised their talents, and already saw them, by the force of their natural genius, rising superior to the attainments of the Gauls. The consequence was, that they, who had always disdained the Roman language, began to cultivate its beauties. The Roman apparel was seen without prejudice, and the toga

ancient houses are still to be seen. His third chapter is an elaborate dissertation on a Roman temple, now called Arthur's Oon, or Oven, near the Forth; which, he contends, was built by Agricola, during the winter after his second campaign in Scotland. Hector Boethius is of opinion that this round edifice was built by Vespasian, when he served in Britain; and that Aulus Plautius died in the town of Comelon in Scotland, which he calls Camelodunum. Buchanan explodes this opinion, and, on the best conjecture he could form, concludes that Arthur's Oon was a structure dedicated to the god Terminus. But the conjectures of antiquarians, often ingenious, are too often uncertain. It must however be said, amidst the clash of opinions, that Gordon seems to have probability on his side, especially as we find in Tacitus that Agricola, to allure the people from their barbarous manners, taught them to build houses, where they might begin to taste the pleasures of civilisation. The state of man in savage life, and the policy of softening the uncultivated mind by the introduction of liberal arts, is finely touched by Cicero in his oration for Sextius; and Plutarch says, that the glory of Alexander did not consist in a number of camels loaded with gold: he either persuaded or compelled the savage tribes of Asia to unite in society, and live under the protection of laws; that was his true glory; and those who escaped his conquering sword were not so happy as the vanquished. There was nothing to reclaim the former from barbarity; and the latter, even against their will, were tamed and polished.

became a fashionable part of dress. By degrees the charms of vice gained admission to their hearts: baths and porticos, and elegant banquets, grew into vogue; and the new manners, which in fact served only to sweeten slavery, were by the unsuspecting Britons called the arts of polished humanity.

XXII. In the course of the third year the progress of the Roman arms discovered new nations, whose territories were laid waste as far as the estuary called the Firth of Tay. The legions had to struggle with all the difficulties of a tempestuous season; and yet the barbarians, struck with a general panic, never dared to hazard an engagement. The country, as far as the Romans advanced, was secured by forts and garrisons. Men of skill and military science observed that no officer knew better than Agricola how to seize, on a sudden view, the most advantageous situation; and accordingly not one of the stations fortified by his direction was taken by storm; not one was reduced to capitulate; not one was surrendered or abandoned to the enemy. At every post, to enable the garrison to stand a siege, a year's provision was provided; and each place having strength sufficient, frequent sallies were made: the besiegers were repulsed, and the Romans passed the winter secure from danger. The consequence of these precautions was, that the enemy, who had been accustomed to retrieve in the winter what they lost in the antecedent summer, saw no difference of seasons: they were defeated every where, and reduced to the last despair. Avarice of fame was no part of Agricola's character; nor was he ever known to arrogate to himself the praises due to other officers. From the commander of a legion to the lowest centurion, all found in their general a willing witness

of their conduct. In his manner of expressing his disapprobation he was thought to mix a degree of asperity. The truth is, his antipathy to bad men was equalled by nothing but his politeness to the deserving. His anger soon passed away, and left no trace behind. From his silence you had nothing to fear. Scorning to disguise his sentiments, he acted always with a generous warmth, at the hazard of making enemies. To harbor secret resentment was not in his nature.

XXIII. The business of the fourth campaign was to secure the country, which had been overrun, not conquered, in the preceding summer; and if the spirit of the troops and the glory of the Roman name had been capable of suffering any limits, there was in Britain itself a convenient spot, where the boundary of the empire might have been fixed. The place for that purpose was, where the waters of the Glota and Bodotria, driven up the country by the influx of two opposite seas, are hindered from joining by a narrow neck of land, which was then guarded by a chain of forts. On the south side of the isthmus the whole country was bridled by the Romans, and evacuated by the enemy, who was driven as it were into another island.

XXIV. In the fifth summer Agricola made an expedition by the sea. He embarked in the first Roman vessel that ever crossed the estuary, and having penetrated into regions till then unknown, he defeated the inhabitants in several engagements, and lined the coast which lies opposite to Ireland with a body of troops; not so much from an apprehension of danger as with a view to future projects. He saw that Ireland, lying between Britain and Spain, and at the same time convenient to the ports of Gaul, might prove a valuable

acquisition, capable of giving an easy communication, and of course strength and union, to provinces disjoined by nature.

Ireland is less than Britain, but exceeds in magnitude all the islands of the Mediterranean. The soil, the climate, the manners and genius of the inhabitants, differ little from those of Britain. By the means of merchants resorting thither for the sake of commerce, the harbor and approaches to the coast are well known. One of their petty kings[1] who had been forced to fly from the fury of a domestic faction was received by the Roman general, and, under a show of friendship, detained to be of use on some future occasions. I have often heard Agricola declare that a single legion, with a moderate band of auxiliaries, would be sufficient to complete the conquest of Ireland. Such an event, he

1 The terms in which La Bletterie expresses himself in his notes on this section, one might imagine were dictated in the heat of the late contest between Ireland and Great Britain. The French author says, 'Ireland has more harbors and more convenient ports than any other country in Europe. England has but a small number. Ireland, if she could shake off the British yoke, and form an independent state, would ruin the British commerce: but, to her misfortune, England is too well convinced of this truth.' The ruin of Britain would undoubtedly be agreeable to a French patriot; but the man who in his heart is a friend to both countries may be allowed to express his wish that, on proper terms, both islands may be always united in interest. The combined valor of the two kingdoms will be at all times an over-match for the maritime powers of Europe. Some of the historians of Ireland seem to be much offended with Tacitus, on account of the opinion here advanced; namely, that one legion, with a body of auxiliaries, would be sufficient for the conquest of Ireland; and perhaps they are right. Courage has been in every age the distinguishing quality of that country. The Roman general would have found a people no less fierce and independent than the Caledonians; and it is probable that among the chieftains there would have been many a Galgacus to stand forth in the cause of liberty.

said, would contribute greatly to bridle the stubborn spirit of the Britons; who, in that case, would see with dismay the Roman arms triumphant, and every spark of liberty extinguished round their coast.

XXV. In the campaign, which began in the sixth summer, having reason to apprehend a general confederacy of the nations beyond the Firth of Bodotria, and fearing in a country not yet explored the danger of a surprise, Agricola ordered his ships to sail across the gulf, and gain some knowlege of those new regions. The fleet, now acting for the first time in concert with the land forces, proceeded in sight of the army, forming a magnificent spectacle, and adding terror to the war. It frequently happened that in the same camp were seen the infantry and cavalry intermixed with the marines, all indulging their joy, full of their adventures, and magnifying the history of their exploits; the soldier describing, in the usual style of military ostentation, the forests which he had passed, the mountains which he climbed, and the barbarians whom he put to the rout; while the sailor, no less important, had his storms and tempests, the wonders of the deep, and the spirit with which he conquered winds and waves.

At the sight of the Roman fleet the Britons, according to intelligence gained from the prisoners, were struck with consternation; convinced that every resource was cut off, since the sea, which had always been their shelter, was now laid open to the invader. In this distress the Caledonians resolved to try the issue of a battle. Warlike preparations were instantly begun with a degree of exertion, great in reality, but, as is always the case in matters obscure and distant, magnified by the voice of fame. Without waiting for the commencement of hostilities, they stormed the

Roman forts and castles; and by provoking danger, made such an impression, that several officers in Agricola's army, disguising their fear under the specious appearance of prudent counsels, recommended a sudden retreat, to avoid the disgrace of being driven back to the other side of the firth. Meanwhile Agricola received intelligence that the enemy meditated an attack in various quarters at once; and thereon, lest superior numbers, in a country where he was a stranger to the defiles and passes, should be able to surround him, he divided his army, and marched forward in three columns.

XXVI. The Caledonians, informed of this arrangement, changed their plan, and in the dead of night fell with their united force on the ninth legion, then the weakest of the Roman army. They surprised the advanced guard; and having, in the confusion of sleep and terror, put the sentinels to the sword, they forced their way through the intrenchments. The conflict was in the very camp, when Agricola, who had been informed that the barbarians were on their march, and instantly pursued their steps, came up to the relief of the legion. He ordered the swiftest of the horse and light infantry to advance with expedition and charge the enemy in the rear, while his whole army set up a general shout. At break of day the Roman banners glittered in view of the barbarians, who found themselves hemmed in by two armies, and began to relax their vigor. The spirit of the legion revived. The men perceived that the moment of distress was over, and the struggle was now for glory. Acting no longer on the defensive, they rushed on to the attack. In the very gates of the camp a fierce and obstinate engagement followed. The besieged legion, and the forces that came to their relief, fought with a spirit of emu-

lation: the latter contended for the honor of succoring the distressed, and the former to prove that they stood in no need of assistance. The Caledonians were put to the rout; and if the woods and marshes had not favored their escape, that single action had put an end to the war.

XXVII. By this victory, so complete and glorious, the Roman army was inspired with confidence to such a degree, that they now pronounced themselves invincible. Nothing could stand before them: they desired to be led into the recesses of the country, and, by following their blow, to penetrate to the extremity of the island. Even the prudent of the day before changed their tone with the event, and talked of nothing but victory and conquest. Such is the tax which the commanders of armies must always pay: the merit of success is claimed by all; calamity is imputed to the general only.

The Caledonians, notwithstanding their defeat, abated nothing from their ferocity. Their want of success, they said, was not to be ascribed to superior courage; it was the chance of war, or perhaps the skill of the Roman general. In this persuasion they resolved to keep the field. They enlisted the young men of their nation; they sent their wives and children to a place of safety; they held public conventions of the several states, and with solemn rites and sacrifices formed a league in the cause of liberty. The campaign ended in this manner; and the two armies, inflamed with mutual animosity, retired into winter quarters.

XXVIII. In the course of the same summer a cohort of the Usipians which had been raised in Germany, and thence transported to serve in Britain, performed an exploit so daring and extraordinary, that in this place it may be allowed to merit attention. Hav-

ing murdered the centurion who was left in command, and also the soldiers, who, for the purpose of introducing military discipline, had been incorporated with the several companies, they seized three light galleys, and forcing the masters on board, determined to sail from the island. One of the pilots made his escape; and suspicion falling on the other two, they were both killed on the spot. Before their design transpired the deserters put to sea, to the astonishment of all who beheld the vessels under way.

They had not sailed far when they became the sport of winds and waves. They made frequent descents on the coast in quest of plunder, and had various conflicts with the natives, victorious in some places, and in others beat back to their ships. Reduced at length to the extremity of famine, they fed on their companions, at first devouring the weakest, and afterwards deciding among themselves by lot. In this distress they sailed round the extremity of the island, and through want of skill in navigation were wrecked on the continent, where they were treated as pirates, first by the Suevians, and afterwards by the Frisians. Being sold to slavery, and in the way of commerce turned over to different masters, some of them reached the Roman settlements on the banks of the Rhine, and there grew famous for their sufferings, and the bold singularity of their voyage. In the beginning of the following summer Agricola met with a stroke of affliction by the loss of a son about a year old. He did not on this occasion affect, like many others, the character of a man superior to the feelings of nature; nor yet did he suffer his grief to sink him down into unbecoming weakness. He felt the impression, but regret was lost in the avocations of war.

XXIX. In the opening of the campaign, he de-

spatched his fleet with orders to annoy the coast by frequent descents in different places, and spread a general alarm. He put himself in the mean time at the head of his army equipped for expedition, and taking with him a select band of the bravest Britons, of known and approved fidelity, he advanced as far as the Grampian Hills,[1] where the enemy was already posted in

1 To ascertain the spot where the Mons Grampius or Grampian Hill stands, Gordon observes in his Itinerary, has employed the antiquaries both of England and Scotland. Camden, and most of the English, in their commentaries on this passage, fix it at a place called Grantsnaib; but where that is, Gordon says he could not discover. The Scotch antiquaries, he observes, are much divided; some contending for the shire of Angus, others for the Blair of Athol in Perthshire, or Ardoch in Strathallan. After examining those different propositions, Gordon gives his opinion that the Mons Grampius, mentioned by Tacitus, is in Strathearn, half a mile south of the kirk of Comerie. His reasons, as well as they can be condensed in this note, are as follow:—In the first place, there is in Scotland a most remarkable ridge of mountains, called the Grampian Hills, which divide the Highlands from the Lowlands, reaching from Dumbarton on the Firth of Clyde as far as Aberdeen on the German Ocean. The Mons Grampius in question is undoubtedly one of those Grampian hills; and that it was near the kirk of Comerie, Gordon thinks evident from the following facts: Near Comerie he found a large extended plain, about a mile in breadth, and several miles in length; and on one part of the plain a noble square Roman encampment, divided into two partitions, each surrounded with two *aggeres*, or ramparts, and between them a large *fossa*, or ditch, with four distinct entrances into the camp, analogous to those described by Josephus, when the Romans laid siege to Jerusalem. Gordon adds, that he calculated the number of men contained in the southmost camp, according to the allowance of ground made by Polybius for each foot soldier, and was agreeably surprised to find it contained the precise number which Tacitus says Agricola had under his command at the battle of Mons Grampius, viz. 8000 auxiliaries; and in the other square, exactly 3000 horse. The plain is directly at the foot of the Grampian Hills; and there are the *colles*, or rising grounds, on which the Caledonians were placed before the battle. Nor is it difficult, on viewing this ground, to guess at the place where the *cavi-*

force. Undismayed by their former defeat, the barbarians expected no other issue than a total overthrow, or a brave revenge. Experience had taught them that the common cause required a vigorous exertion of their united strength. For this purpose, by treaties of alliance, and by deputations to the several cantons, they had drawn together the strength of their nation. Upwards of thirty thousand men appeared in arms, and their force was increasing every day. The

narii, or charioteers, wheeled about. Gordon adds one argument more, which he thinks decisive: the moor on which the camp stands is called to this day Galdachan, or Galgachan Ross-moor; not that Galgacus constructed the camp, but here he engaged Agricola's army; for which reason his name is left on the place. It must not be dissembled, that Mr. Pennant, a very ingenious and entertaining traveller, has lately visited the same ground, and has given his reasons for dissenting from Mr. Gordon. What that gentleman advances must always merit attention. The camp, he says, which Gordon has described lies between the river Earn and the little stream called the Ruchel, on a plain too contracted for such a number of combatants as Tacitus says there was, to form and act in, or for their charioteers or cavalry to scour the field. He admits that there are several small hills near the greater, where the Britons might have ranged themselves before the battle. But the distance from the sea is, with Mr. Pennant, an insuperable argument against this being the spot; as we are expressly informed that Agricola sent his fleet before, in order to distract and divide the enemy; and that he himself marched with his army, till he arrived at the Grampian mountain, where he found the Caledonians drawn up in force. Mr. Pennant says, from the whole account given by Tacitus, it should be supposed that the action was fought in an open country, at the foot of certain hills, not in a little plain amidst defiles, as the vallies about Comerie consist of. It is not the design of this note to decide between those two opposite opinions; but, on due consideration, it may be found that Mr. Pennant's arguments are far from being conclusive. The place, however, for a fair investigation will be, when Tacitus draws up both armies in order of battle. We shall then be able to form a more exact idea of the spot; and perhaps we shall have reason to accede to Gordon's opinion.

youth of the country poured in from all quarters, and even the men in years, whose vigor was still unbroken, repaired to the army, proud of their past exploits, and the ensigns of honor which they had gained by their martial spirit. Among the chieftains distinguished by their birth and valor, the most renowned was Galgacus. The multitude gathered round him, eager for action, and burning with uncommon ardor. He harangued them to the following effect:

XXX. 'When I consider the motives that have roused us to this war; when I reflect on the necessity that now demands our firmest vigor, I expect every thing great and noble from that union of sentiment that pervades us all. From this day I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men who never crouched in bondage. Beyond this spot there is no land where liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave, and, in our condition, cowardice itself would throw away the scabbard. In the battles, which have been hitherto fought with alternate vicissitudes of fortune, our countrymen might well repose some hopes in us; they might consider us as their last resource: they knew us to be the noblest sons of Britain, placed in the last recesses of the land, in the very sanctuary of liberty. We have not so much as seen the melancholy region, where slavery has debased mankind. We have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolluted by the sight of ignoble bondage.

'The extremity of the earth is ours: defended by our situation, we have to this day preserved our honor and the rights of men. But we are no longer safe in our obscurity: our retreat is laid open; the enemy

rushes on, and as things unknown are ever magnified, he thinks a mighty conquest lies before him. But this is the end of the habitable world, and rocks and brawling waves fill all the space behind. The Romans are in the heart of our country: no submission can satisfy their pride; no concessions can appease their fury. While the land has any thing left, it is the theatre of war; when it can yield no more, they explore the seas for hidden treasure. Are the nations rich, Roman avarice is their enemy. Are they poor, Roman ambition lords it over them. The east and the west have been rifled, and the spoiler is still insatiate. The Romans, by a strange singularity of nature, are the only people who invade, with equal ardor, the wealth and the poverty of nations. To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language, are the arts of civil policy. When they have made the world a solitude, they call it peace.

XXXI. 'Our children and relatives are dear to us all. It is an affection planted in our breast by the hand of nature. And yet those tender pledges are ravished from us to serve in distant lands. Are our wives, our sisters, and our daughters safe from brutal lust and open violation? The insidious conqueror, under the mask of hospitality and friendship, brands them with dishonor. Our money is conveyed into their treasury, and our corn into their granaries. Our limbs and bodies are worn out in clearing woods and draining marshes: and what have been our wages? Stripes and insult. The lot of the meanest slave, born in servitude, is preferable to ours: he is sold but once, and his master maintains him; but Britain every day invites new tyrants, and every day pampers their pride. In a private family the slave who is last bought in provokes the mirth and ridicule of the whole domestic crew; and in this general servitude, to whi-

Rome has reduced the world, the case is the same: we are treated at first as objects of derision, and then marked out for destruction.

'What better lot can we expect? We have no arable lands to cultivate for a master; no mines to dig for his avarice; no harbors to improve for his commerce. To what end should the conqueror spare us? Our virtue and undaunted spirit are crimes in the eyes of the conqueror, and will render us more obnoxious. Our remote situation, hitherto the retreat of freedom, and on that account the more suspected, will only serve to inflame the jealousy of our enemies. We must expect no mercy. Let us therefore dare like men. We all are summoned by the great call of nature; not only those who know the value of liberty, but even such as think life on any terms the dearest blessing. The Trinobantes, who had only a woman to lead them on, were able to carry fire and sword through a whole colony. They stormed the camps of the enemy, and if success had not intoxicated them, they had been, beyond all doubt, the deliverers of their country. And shall not we, unconquered and undebased by slavery, a nation ever free, and struggling now, not to recover, but to ensure our liberties, shall we not go forth the champions of our country? Shall we not, by one generous effort, show the Romans that we are the men whom Caledonia has reserved to be assertors of the public weal?

XXXII. 'We know the manners of the Romans; and are we to imagine that their valor in the field is equal to their arrogance in time of peace? By our dissensions their glory rises; the vices of their enemies are the negative virtues of the Roman army; if that may be called an army which is no better than a motley crew of various nations, held together by success, and ready to crumble away in the first reverse of

fortune. That this will be their fate, no one can doubt, unless we suppose that the Gaul, the German, and, with shame I add, the Britons, a mercenary band, who hire their blood in a foreign service, will adhere from principle to a new master, whom they have lately served and long detested. They are now enlisted by awe and terror: break their fetters, and the man who forgets to fear will seek revenge.

'All that can inspire the human heart, every motive that can excite us to deeds of valor, is on our side. The Romans have no wives in the field to animate their drooping spirit; no parents to reproach their want of courage. They are not enlisted in the cause of their country: their country, if any they have, lies at a distance. They are a band of mercenaries, a wretched handful of devoted men, who tremble and look aghast as they roll their eyes around, and see on every side objects unknown before. The sky over their heads, the sea, the woods, all things conspire to fill them with doubt and terror. They come like victims, delivered into our hands by the gods, to fall this day a sacrifice to freedom.

'In the ensuing battle be not deceived by false appearances; the glitter of gold and silver may dazzle the eye; but to us it is harmless, to the Romans no protection. In their own ranks we shall find a number of generous warriors ready to assist our cause. The Britons know that for our common liberties we draw the avenging sword. The Gauls will remember that they once were a free people; and the Germans, as the Usipians lately did, will desert their colors. The Romans have left nothing in their rear to oppose us in the pursuit: their forts are ungarrisoned; the veterans in their colonies droop with age; in their municipal towns, nothing but anarchy, despotic governme-

and disaffected subjects. In me behold your general; behold an army of freeborn men. Your enemy is before you, and, in his train, heavy tributes, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are these calamities to be entailed on us? Or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle, and let that determine. Let us seek the enemy, and as we rush on him remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors; and let each man think that on his sword depends the fate of all posterity.'

XXXIII. This speech was received, according to the custom of barbarians, with war songs, with savage howlings, and a wild uproar of military applause. Their battalions began to form the line of battle; the brave and warlike rushed forward to the front, and the field glittered with the blaze of arms. The Romans on their side burned with equal ardor. Agricola saw the impatient spirit of his men, but did not think proper to begin the engagement, till he confirmed their courage by the following speech: 'It is now, my fellow-soldiers, the eighth year of our service in Britain. During that time the genius and good auspices of the Roman empire, with your assistance and unwearied labor, have made the island our own. In all our expeditions, in every battle, the enemy has felt your valor, and by your toil and perseverance the very nature of the country has been conquered. I have been proud of my soldiers, and you have had no reason to blush for your general. We have carried the terror of our arms beyond the limits of any other soldiers, or any former general: we have penetrated to the extremity of the land. This was formerly the boast of vainglory, the mere report of fame; it is now historical truth. We have gained possession sword in

hand: we are encamped on the utmost limits of the island. Britain is discovered, and by the discovery conquered.

'In our long and laborious marches, when you were obliged to traverse moors, and fens, and rivers, and to climb steep and craggy mountains, it was still the cry of the bravest among you, 'When shall we be led to battle? When shall we see the enemy?' Behold them now before you. They are hunted out of their dens and caverns: your wish is granted, and the field of glory lies open to your swords. One victory more makes this new world our own; but remember that a defeat involves us all in the last distress. If we consider the progress of our arms, to look back is glorious; the tract of country that lies behind us, the forests which you have explored, and the estuaries which you have passed, are monuments of eternal fame. But our fame can only last while we press forward on the enemy. If we give ground, if we think of a retreat, we have the same difficulties to surmount again. The success which is now our pride, will in that case be our worst misfortune. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the course of the country; the enemy knows the defiles and marshes, and will be supplied with provisions in abundance. We have not those advantages, but we have hands that can grasp the sword, and we have valor, that gives us every thing. With me it has long been a settled principle that the back of a general or his army is never safe. Which of you would not rather die with honor than live in infamy? But life and honor are this day inseparable; they are fixed to one spot. Should fortune declare against us, we die on the utmost limits of the world; and to die where nature ends, cannot be deemed inglorious.

XXXIV. 'If our present struggle were with nations

wholly unknown; if we had to do with an enemy new to our swords, I should call to mind the example of other armies. At present what can I propose so bright and animating as your own exploits? I appeal to your own eyes: behold the men drawn up against you: are they not the same, who last year, under covert of the night, assaulted the ninth legion, and on the first shout of our army fled before you? A band of dastards! who have subsisted hitherto, because of all the Britons they are the most expeditious runaways.

'In woods and forests the fierce and noble animals attack the huntsmen, and rush on certain destruction; but the timorous herd is soon dispersed, scared by the sound and clamor of the chase. In like manner the brave and warlike Britons have long since perished by the sword. The refuse of the nation still remains. They have not stayed to make head against you: they are hunted down; they are caught in the toils. Benumbed with fear, they stand motionless on yonder spot, which you will render for ever memorable by a glorious victory. Here you may end your labors, and close a scene of fifty years by one great, one glorious day. Let your country see, and let the commonwealth bear witness, if the conquest of Britain has been a lingering work, if the seeds of rebellion have not been crushed, that we at least have done our duty.'

XXXV. During this harangue, whilst Agricola was still addressing the men, a more than common ardor glowed on every countenance. As soon as the general ended, the field rung with shouts of applause. Impatient for the onset, the soldiers grasped their arms. Agricola restrained their violence, till he formed his order of battle. The auxiliary infantry,[1]

1 We are now on the point of a great and decisive action. The motives that incite both armies have been displayed with energy. On one side, the liberty of a people is depending;

in number about eight thousand, occupied the centre. The wings consisted of three thousand horse. The

on the other, the fate of the Roman army. The order in which the combatants were drawn up is now presented to us, but with the usual brevity of Tacitus. All this preparation keeps the reader in suspense, and fills the mind with expectation. As Britons, we feel for our ancestors, and as scholars, we are dazzled by the glory of the Roman name. We have now before us the preparation for the 'swelling scene.' The main body of the Caledonians took post on the acclivity of the Grampian mount; their advanced lines stood at the foot of the hill, and the ranks rose one above another, in regular order, to the summit. The charioteers and horsemen advanced on the open plain, and rushed to and fro with wild velocity. On the side of the Romans, the order of battle was as follows:—Eight thousand auxiliaries formed the centre; the cavalry, amounting to three thousand, took post in the wings: the legions were stationed in the rear, near the intrenchments, to act as occasion required, as a body of reserve; and that the enemy might not be able to make an impression on the flank, the front lines of the army were extended to a considerable length. Brotier, in his note on this passage, adds, that the spot where the battle was fought was in Strathearn, near the kirk of Comerie: for this he relies on the authority of Gordon. The camp, described in two divisions, one for the auxiliaries, and the other for the cavalry (see section xxix. note 1), appears to him to be a circumstance of great weight, as indeed it must to every one who considers that the Romans seldom or never came to action till they had in some convenient place formed a camp and thrown up their intrenchments, to secure their retreat. There were besides, as appears in Gordon's Itinerary, other camps in the adjacent country, from which Agricola drew together the main strength of the army. Mr. Pennant observes that, according to Tacitus, the Caledonians were above 30,000 strong, and could not act with effect in close and narrow defiles. But, as it should seem, the spot was chosen by Galgacus, with a view to draw the Romans into a contracted plain, and then pour down on them from the high grounds and the Grampian hill. On the other hand, Agricola, who is celebrated for skill in choosing his ground, might also prefer a place where 30,000 men could not at once attack an inferior army. In this it appears that he succeeded. We are told that the enormous swords of the Caledonians were unfit for an engagement in a confined space; and afterwards, when the charioteers rushed into the heat of the action, they were soon

legions were stationed in the rear at the head of the intrenchments, as a body of reserve to support the ranks, if necessary, but otherwise to remain inactive, that a victory, obtained without the effusion of Roman blood, might be of higher value.

The Caledonians kept possession of the rising grounds, extending their ranks as wide as possible, to present a formidable show of battle. Their first line was ranged on the plain, the rest in a gradual ascent on the acclivity of the hill. The intermediate space between both armies was filled with the charioteers[1]

entangled among the inequalities of the ground. The objection, therefore, to the narrowness of the field of battle, on which Mr. Pennant lays so much stress, seems to lose its force, when we find that the battle was actually fought in a place of no great extent, surrounded by a number of hills, besides the Grampian mountain, where the main body of the Caledonians lay in wait for an opportunity to rush down on the Romans. As to the distance from the sea, which Mr. Pennant calls an insuperable argument, as Agricola sent forward his fleet to distract the enemy, it is by no means a decisive circumstance. In Agricola's sixth campaign Tacitus tells us that the fleet and land forces proceeded in sight of each other. In the present expedition, that is not said to have been the case. The Roman general might order his fleet to sail across the firths both of the Tay and the Forth, while he himself at the head of his army marched in quest of the enemy, then actually assembled at the Grampian hill. In case of a defeat, the ships were perhaps in the firth of Tay to receive the flying army. On the whole it appears, from all the circumstances of the battle, that the Caledonians, far from wishing to act in a wide extended plain, chose a spot where they were posted to advantage, on the hills. When at last they quitted their fastnesses, it is evident that they could not exert themselves with effect amidst the narrow defiles. On the whole, the controversy will not easily be decided: antiquaries are seldom willing to agree, and the Grampian hill is likely to continue a subject of contention. The reader who promises himself either pleasure or instruction from the inquiry, will do well to peruse the arguments of Gordon and Mr. Pennant, as stated by themselves. He will then be able to draw his own conclusion.

1 From this passage it is evident, that while the Caledonians kept their post on the Grampian hill, and the adjacent

and cavalry of the Britons, rushing to and fro in wild career, and traversing the plain with noise and tumult. The enemy being greatly superior in number, there was reason to apprehend that the Romans might be attacked both in front and flank at the same time. To prevent that mischief, Agricola ordered his ranks to form a wider range. Some of the officers saw that the lines were weakened into length, and therefore advised that the legions should be brought forward into the field of action. But the general was not of a temper to be easily dissuaded from his purpose. Flushed with hope, and firm in the hour of danger, he immediately dismounted, and dismissing his horse, took his stand at the head of the colors.

XXXVI. The battle began, and at first was maintained at a distance. The Britons neither wanted skill nor resolution. With their long swords, and targets[1] of small dimension, they had the address to elude the missive weapons of the Romans, and at the same time to discharge a thick volley of their own. To bring the conflict to a speedy decision, Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the enemy sword in hand. To this mode of attack those troops had been long accustomed, but to the Britons it was every way disadvantageous. Their small targets afforded no protection, and, their unwieldy swords, not sharpened to a point, could do but

heights, the plain was wide enough for the chariots and cavalry; but, in the heat of the engagement, they were drawn into narrow passes, where they could no longer act with vigor.

1 These targets were made of osiers, or boards, covered over with leather. The Caledonians who fought on this occasion left the fashion of their armor, as well as an example of courage, to late posterity. The broad sword and target are well known to have been, in modern times, the peculiar arms of the Highlanders.

little execution in a close engagement. The Batavians rushed to the attack with impetuous fury: they redoubled their blows, and with the bosses of their shields bruised the enemy in the face; and having overpowered all resistance on the plain, began to force their way up the ascent of the hill in regular order of battle. Incited by their example, the other cohorts advanced with a spirit of emulation, and cut their way with terrible slaughter. Eager in pursuit of victory, they pressed forward with determined fury, leaving behind them numbers wounded, but not slain, and others not so much as hurt.

The Roman cavalry in the mean time was forced to give ground. The Caledonians, in their armed chariots, rushed at full speed into the thick of the battle where the infantry were engaged. Their first impression struck a general terror, but their career was soon checked by the inequalities of the ground, and the close-embodied ranks of the Romans. Nothing could less resemble an engagement of the cavalry. Pent up in narrow places, the barbarians crowded on each other, and were driven or dragged along by their own horses. A scene of confusion followed. Chariots without a guide, and horses without a rider, broke from the ranks in wild disorder, and flying every way, as fear and consternation urged, they overwhelmed their own files, and trampled down all who came in their way.

XXXVII. Meanwhile the Britons, who had hitherto kept their post on the hills, looking down with contempt on the scanty numbers of the Roman army, began to quit their station. Descending slowly, they hoped by wheeling round the field of battle to attack the victors in the rear. To counteract their design, Agricola ordered four squadrons of horse, which he

had kept as a body of reserve, to advance to the charge. The Britons poured down with impetuosity, and retired with equal precipitation. At the same time the cavalry, by the directions of the general, wheeled round from the wings, and fell with great slaughter on the rear of the enemy, who now perceived that their own stratagem was turned against themselves.

The field presented a dreadful spectacle of carnage and destruction. The Britons fled; the Romans pursued; they wounded, gashed, and mangled the runaways; they seized their prisoners, and, to be ready for others, butchered them on the spot. Despair and horror appeared in various shapes: in one part of the field the Caledonians, sword in hand, fled in crowds from a handful of Romans; in other places, without a weapon left, they faced every danger, and rushed on certain death. Swords and bucklers, mangled limbs and dead bodies, covered the plain. The field was red with blood. The vanquished Britons had their moments of returning courage, and gave proofs of virtue and of brave despair. They fled to the woods, and rallying their scattered numbers, surrounded such of the Romans as pursued with too much eagerness.

Agricola was every where present. He saw the danger, and, if he had not in the instant taken due precaution, the victorious army would have had reason to repent of too much confidence in success. The light-armed cohorts had orders to invest the woods. Where the thickets were too close for the horse to enter, the men dismounted to explore the passes; and where the woods gave an opening, the rest of the cavalry rushed in, and scoured the country. The Britons, seeing that the pursuit was conducted in compact and regular order, dispersed a second time, not in collected bodies, bu

in consternation, flying in different ways to remote lurking-places, solicitous only for their personal safety, and no longer willing to wait for their fellow-soldiers. Night coming on, the Romans, weary of slaughter, desisted from the pursuit. Ten thousand of the Caledonians fell in this engagement: on the part of the Romans, the number of slain did not exceed three hundred and forty, among whom was Aulus Atticus, the prefect of a cohort. His own youthful ardor, and the spirit of a high-mettled horse, carried him with too much impetuosity into the thickest of the enemy's ranks.

XXXVIII. The Roman army, elated with success, and enriched with plunder, passed the night in exultation. The Britons, on the other hand, wandered about, uncertain which way to turn, helpless and disconsolate. The mingled cries of men and women filled the air with lamentations. Some assisted to carry off the wounded; others called for the assistance of such as escaped unhurt; numbers abandoned their habitations, or in their frensy set them on fire. They fled to obscure retreats, and in the moment of choice deserted them; they held consultations, and having inflamed their hopes, changed their minds in despair; they beheld the pledges of tender affection, and burst into tears; they viewed them again, and grew fierce with resentment. It is a fact well authenticated, that some laid violent hands on their wives and children,[1] determined with savage compassion to end their misery.

1 This picture of rage and despair, of tenderness, fury, and the tumult of contending passions, has all the fine touches of a master who had studied human nature. It often happens that in the last extremity of despair the mind is fired with sudden courage. Rather than fall with tame resignation, it rouses all its force, and, by one vigorous effort, endeavors to signalise itself even in ruin. The Cimbrian women, when

The following day displayed to view the nature and importance of the victory. A deep and melancholy silence all around; the hills deserted; houses at a distance involved in smoke and fire, and not a mortal discovered by the scouts: the whole a vast and dreary solitude. Agricola was at length informed by those who were sent out to explore the country that no trace of the enemy was any where to be seen, and no attempt made in any quarter to muster their forces. On this intelligence, as the summer was far advanced, and to continue the war, or extend its operations in that season of the year was impracticable, he resolved to close the campaign, and march his army into the country of the Horestians. That people submitted to the conqueror, and delivered hostages for their fidelity. Orders were now issued to the commander of the fleet to make a coasting voyage round the island. For this expedition a sufficient equipment was made, and the terror of the Roman name had already gone before them. Agricola in the mean time led his army into winter quarters, proceeding at the head of the cavalry and infantry by slow marches, with intent that, by seeming to linger in the enemy's country, he might impress with terror a people who had but lately submitted to his arms. The fleet after a prosperous voyage arrived at the Trutulensian harbor, and sailing thence along the eastern coast, returned with glory to its former station.

XXXIX. The account of these transactions, sent to Rome by Agricola, was plain and simple, without any decoration of language to heighten the narrative. Domitian received it in the true spirit of his character,

they saw their husbands defeated by Marius, acted with the most savage ferocity, and in their fury destroyed their own children.

with a smile on his countenance, and malignity at his heart. The mock parade of his own German triumph, in which the slaves, whom he had purchased, walked with dishevelled hair, in the dress and manner of captives taken in war, came fresh into his mind. He felt the reproach and ridicule which that frolic occasioned, and the transition to a real victory was painful, attended with a total overthrow of the enemy, and the applause of all ranks of men. He now began to fear that the name of a private citizen might overshadow the imperial title. That reflection planted thorns in his breast. The eloquence of the forum was in vain suppressed; in vain the talents of men and every liberal art were put under an absolute prohibition, if a subject was to rob the prince of all military glory. Superior excellence in every other kind might be endured; but renown in arms belonged to the emperor, as a branch of his prerogative.

By these and such like reflections that restless spirit was distracted. He retired to brood in private over his discontent. His solitude was known to be dangerous. To be alone and innocent was no part of his character. Weary of his retreat[1] and his own wounded

1 Pliny, in the Panegyric on Trajan, has given a striking picture of Domitian in his dark retreat. That savage beast was shut up as it were in a den, where he quaffed the blood of his relations; and when he came forth, it was to riot in the destruction of the best and most illustrious citizens. Dismay and terror obstructed his door; and they who were excluded were as much in danger as those that gained admittance. The tyrant was horrible to the sight, and his approach was dreadful; pride in his aspect; anger in his eye; a feminine whiteness over his whole body; and in his countenance an air of arrogance, flushed with the deepest red. No man dared to approach him; none could speak to him; he remained in darkness brooding mischief, and never came forth from his solitude but to make a worse solitude by the destruction of eminent men. In the beginning of his reign his love of soli-

spirit, he at last resolved to nourish resentment in sullen silence, till the tide of popularity which attended the general should ebb away, and the affection of the army had time to cool. Agricola was still in Britain, and had the command of the army and the province.

XL. Domitian in the mean time caused a decree to pass the senate, by which triumphal ornaments,[1] the honor of a statue crowned with laurel, and all other marks of distinction, usually substituted in the place

tude was rather more innocent; but still it was a prelude to future cruelty. He passed an hour every day in private, wholly employed in catching flies, and fixing them on the sharp point of a bodkin. Hence, when somebody inquired, 'whether any one was with the emperor,' Vibius Crispus aptly and pleasantly answered, 'Not so much as a fly.'

1 A real triumph, after the downfal of the republic, was reserved for the emperor only. The title of *imperator* was assumed by the prince. At first it meant no more than *general-in-chief*; but, as all power was centred in him, the word in process of time, implied what is now understood by the appellation of *emperor*. Augustus Cæsar was not in haste to arrogate to himself the sole right of enjoying the honor of a triumph: with the address of an able politician, he resolved to make it of little value, and for that purpose he granted a triumph to no less than thirty different persons. At length, in the year of Rome 740, that military reward was abolished altogether. Augustus was indebted for the opportunity to the art of Agrippa, who, by a complete victory over the people of Bosphorus, had reinstated Polemon on his throne, and refused the triumph which was decreed by the senate. This was a stroke of courtly compliance with the wishes of his master. 'From that time,' Dio says, 'the commanders of armies followed the example of Agrippa; and no Roman, however eminent for his military talents, enjoyed any higher distinction than that of triumphal ornaments, which were, the general's splendid garment, a statue in the forum crowned with laurels, and other insignia formerly allowed in a real triumph. The commanders of armies, after gaining a victory, ceased to address their letters to the senate. Like Agrippa, they were willing to pay their court to Augustus. They renounced their claim, and in this manner the pomp of a triumph became annexed to the imperial prerogative.

of a real triumph, were granted to Agricola. The language of compliment was freely lavished on this occasion. The emperor had also the art to circulate a report, that the province of Syria, at that time vacant by the death of Atilius Rufus, an officer of consular rank, was intended for Agricola, in order to do him honor by an appointment always given to men of the highest eminence. It is added as a fact, at that time currently believed, that a commission was actually made out, and sent by a favorite freedman who was much in the emperor's confidence, to be delivered to Agricola, in case the messenger found him still possessed of his authority in Britain. But the freedman, we are told, met him on his passage in the narrow straits, and without so much as an interview, returned to Rome. For the truth of this anecdote I do not pretend to vouch: it was imagined perhaps as a stroke of character that marked the genius of Domitian. However that may be, Agricola resigned the command, and delivered to his successor a quiet and well-ordered government.

Lest his arrival at Rome should draw together too great a concourse, he concealed his approach from his friends, and entered the city privately in the dead of night. With the same secrecy, and in the night also, he went, as commanded, to present himself to the emperor. Domitian received him with a cold salute, and, without uttering a word, left the conqueror of Britain, to mix with the servile creatures of the court.

The fame of a great military character is always sure to give umbrage to the lazy and inactive. But to soften prejudices, Agricola resolved to shade the lustre of his name in the mild retreat of humble virtues. With this view he resigned himself to the calm enjoyments of a

domestic life. Plain in his apparel,[1] easy of access, and never attended by more than one or two friends, he was remarkable for nothing but the simplicity of his appearance; insomuch, that they who knew no criterion of merit but external show and grandeur, as often as they saw Agricola, were still to seek for the great and illustrious character. His modesty was art, which a few only could understand.

XLI. After his recall from Britain, he was frequently accused before Domitian, and as often acquitted, unheard, and without his knowlege. The ground of those clandestine proceedings was neither a crime against the state, nor even an injury done to any individual. His danger rose from a different source; from the heart of a prince who felt an inward antipathy to every virtue; from the real glory of the man, and from the praises bestowed on him by those worst of enemies, the dealers in panegyric.[2]

1 La Bletterie observes that the modest deportment of Agricola calls to mind the character of Marshal Turenne; 'And this,' he says, 'is not the only prominent feature in which the two heroes resemble each other. In the funeral orations, commemorating the French general, many of those analogies are pointed out.'

2 Among artful and insidious courtiers, those who are lavish of praise are often the most inveterate enemies. Tacitus, in another part of his work, gives the reason; under a bad prince, a great name is as dangerous as a bad one. Praise a man in the presence of a tyrant for his popular virtues, and his ruin is sure to follow. Virgil knew that praise, under a specious disguise, is an envenomed enemy:

> Or if he bless'd my muse with envious praise,
> Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
> Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
> Should poison or bewitch my growing song.—*Dryden.*

The malignity with which this praise is bestowed, in order to render an eminent character obnoxious to the prince who lives in dread of superior virtue, has been the stratagem of ill-designing men in all ages. The emperor Julian, in a letter to his friend, says, that the insidious art of undermining h

The fact was, in the distress of public affairs, which soon after followed, the name of Agricola could not be suffered to remain in obscurity. By the rashness or inactivity of the commanders-in-chief, the armies of the empire were lost in Mœsia, Dacia, Germany, and Pannonia. Every day brought an account of some new misfortune; forts besieged and taken; garrisons stormed, and whole cohorts with their commanding officers made prisoners of war. Amid these disasters the struggle was not to secure the banks of a river, nor to defend the frontier: the very possession of the provinces, and the winter quarters of the legions, were fiercely disputed. In times like those, when calamity followed calamity, and every successive year was marked by the defeat and slaughter of armies, the voice of the people called aloud for Agricola to be employed in the public service. The vigor of his conduct, his firmness in danger, and his known experience, were the general topics, in opposition to the cowardice and insufficiency of other commanders. By remonstrances of the same tendency it is certain that the ears of Domitian were often wounded. Among his freedmen, those who had the interest of their master at heart made a fair representation, while others urged the same arguments, not with honest motives, but with an insidious design to exasperate the mind of a tyrant fatally bent on mischief. In this manner Agricola, by his own talents, and the treacherous arts of pernicious men, was every day in danger of rising to the precipice of glory.

XLII. The year was now at hand in which Agricola

counterfeit praise is chiefly known in the palace of princes, where a politic courtier hates while he commends, and stabs you with his panegyric beyond the malice of your most bitter enemies.

was to have by lot the proconsulship of Asia or of Africa; but the death of Civica, who had been lately murdered in his government, gave at once a warning to Agricola, and a precedent to Domitian. At this point of time the spies of the court thought proper to pay their visits to Agricola. The design of those pretended friends was to discover whether the government of a province would be acceptable. They contented themselves, in their first approaches, with suggesting to him the value of tranquillity in a private station, then obligingly undertook, by their interest at court, to obtain permission for him to decline the office. At length the mask fell off: by adding menaces to their insidious advice, they gained their point, and hurried him away to the presence of the emperor. Domitian knew the part he had to act: with a concerted countenance, and an air of distant pride, he heard Agricola's apology, and complied with his request, conscious of his own treachery, yet receiving thanks for it without a blush.[1] The proconsular salary[2] which had been

1 Under the worst of the emperors men were obliged, by a refinement in tyranny, to receive injuries and to be grateful for them. Tacitus mentions several persons who were injured in their rights, and yet, being inured to slavery, they returned thanks to Vitellius. Otway has made Chamont express himself on this subject with a spirit of indignation.

I have not slavish temperance enough
To wait a great man's heels, and watch his smiles;
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favor.

The abject spirit with which men submitted to the tyranny of Caligula is emphatically described by Seneca. 'That emperor,' he says, 'received thanks from those whose children he put to death, or whose property he confiscated.' The same author relates the answer of an old courtier, when he was asked how he arrived at a thing so uncommon among the attendants of princes as a sound old age? 'It was,' replied the veteran, 'by receiving injuries, and returning thanks.'

In opposition to this servile spirit, Lipsius, in a strain of

usually granted in like cases was withheld on this occasion; perhaps in resentment, because it was not solicited; or the better reason might be, that the prince might not seem to gain by compromise what he had a right to command.

To hate whom we have injured is a propensity of the human mind: in Domitian it was a rooted principle. Prone by nature to sudden acts of rage, if at any time he had the policy to disguise his anger, it was only smothered,[1] to break out with fiercer rage. And yet

rapture, offers up his adoration to Arulenus Rusticus and Herennius Senecio, for the magnanimity with which they braved the tyrant's cruelty.

2 In the time of the old republic, the governors of provinces served their country without any salary annexed to their office. It was seen however by Augustus, that by an unprofitable and gratuitous service, men were exposed to various temptations; and accordingly that emperor, to leave avarice and rapacity without an excuse, established a regular allowance for each different province. The governors appointed by the senate were paid out of the public treasury; and the emperor defrayed the charge of the administration in the imperial provinces out of his own private coffers. If, for sufficient reason, a citizen of eminence chose to decline the fatigue of a proconsular government, it was usual on accepting his resignation to allow him the income of his office. The etymology of the word salary is ingeniously explained by the elder Pliny: 'Human nature,' he says, 'cannot exist without salt, which is so much an element of life, that, passing from bodily sensation, it is now become a metaphorical term for the pleasures of the mind.' Salt is agreeable to the palate, and is therefore transferred to the mental taste. By that name we call whatever is pleasing to our intellectual faculties; whatever is poignant, gay, lively, or agreeable. The word is still more extensive; it is used to signify civil honors; and the pay of officers, and the governors of provinces, is called their salary.

1 Hatred is always a dark, a covered, and a lurking passion; the more concealed the more implacable: so it was with Domitian, and we have seen the same feature of character in Tiberius. In a sudden transport of passion he broke out against Haterius; but harboring deep resentment against Scaurus, he let him pass in sullen silence; Annals, i. 13.

that implacable temper was disarmed by the moderation and wisdom of Agricola, who was not in that class of patriots who conceive that by a contumacious spirit they show their zeal for liberty, and think they gain immortal glory, when by rashness they have provoked their fate. By his example the man of heroic fortitude may be informed, that even in the worst of times, and under the most despotic prince, it is possible to be great and good with moderation. He may farther learn, that a well managed submission, supported by talents and industry, may rise as high in the public esteem as many of those who have courted danger, and without any real advantage to their country, died the victims of pride and vain ambition.

XLIII. The death of Agricola was felt by his family with the deepest sorrow, by his friends with tender concern, and even by foreigners, and such as had no knowlege of his person, with universal regret. During his illness the common people, and that class of men who care little about public events, were constantly at his door, with anxiety making their inquiries. In the forum, and all circular meetings, he was the subject of conversation. When he breathed his last, no man was so hardened as to rejoice at the news. He died lamented, and not soon forgotten. What added to the public affliction, was a report that so valuable a life was ended by a dose of poison. No proof of the fact appearing, I leave the story to shift for itself. Thus much is certain; during his illness, instead of formal messages, according to the usual practice of courts, the freedmen most in favor, and the principal physicians of the emperor, were assiduous in their

And again, he laid up the seeds of resentment, which were to grow to maturity, and shoot forth with large increase at a future day.

visits. Was this the solicitude of friendship, or were these men the spies of state?

On the day that closed his life, while he was yet in the agony of death, the quickest intelligence of every symptom was conveyed to Domitian by messengers in waiting for the purpose. That so much industry was exerted to hasten news which the emperor did not wish to hear, no man believed. As soon as the event was known Domitian put on an air of sorrow, and even affected to be touched with real regret. The object of his hatred was now no more, and joy was a passion which he could more easily disguise than the fears that distracted him. The will of the deceased gave him intire satisfaction: he was named joint heir with Agricola's excellent wife and his most dutiful daughter; and this the tyrant considered as a voluntary mark of the testator's love and esteem. A mind like his, debauched and blinded by continued flattery, could not perceive that by a good father none but an evil prince is ever called to a share in the succession.

XLIV. Agricola was born on the ides of June, in the third consulship of Caligula: he died on the tenth before the calends of September, during the consulship of Collega and Priscus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. As to his person, about which in future times there may be some curiosity, he was of that make and stature which may be said to be graceful, not majestic. His countenance had not that commanding air which strikes with awe: a sweetness of expression was the prevailing character. You would have been easily convinced that he was a good man, and you would have been willing to believe him a great one.

Though he was snatched away in the vigor of life, yet if we consider the space his glory filled in the eyes of mankind, he may be said to have died full of years.

Possessing all the best enjoyments that spring from virtue, and from virtue only; adorned with every dignity, which either the consular rank or triumphal honors could bestow; what farther advantage could he derive from fortune? Immoderate riches he never desired, content with an honorable independence. His wife and daughter left in a state of security, his honors blooming round him, his fame unblemished, his relations flourishing, and every tie of friendship preserved to the last, he may be considered as supremely happy that he did not live to see the tempestuous times that soon after followed. It is indeed true, that to have reached the present auspicious era, and to have seen Trajan in possession of the imperial dignity, would have been the happy consummation of his wishes. To that effect we have often heard him, with a kind of prophetic spirit, express his sentiments; but to counterbalance his untimely end, it is at least some consolation that he escaped that black and horrible period, in which Domitian no longer broke out in sudden fits and starts of cruelty, but throwing off all restraint, proceeded in one continued course of unrelenting fury, as if determined to crush the commonwealth at a blow.[1]

1 Seneca gives the same account of Caligula; a man who meditated the destruction of the whole senate; who wished that the Roman people had but one neck, that he might glut his love of blood at a single stroke. On the subject of Domitian's cruelty, Juvenal breaks out with his usual indignation. He represents the emperor at a cabinet council in his Alban villa, debating with his courtiers how an immense turbot was to be dressed. The poet concludes with wishing that the emperor had passed his days in that despicable manner, not in the slaughter of the best men in Rome.

What folly this! but, oh that all the rest
Of his dire reign had thus been spent in jest;
And all that time such trifles had employ'd,
In which so many nobles he destroy'd!

XLV. Agricola did not live to see the senate-house invested by an armed force; the members of that august assembly surrounded by the pretorian bands; men of consular rank destroyed in one promiscuous carnage, and a number of illustrious women condemned to exile, or obliged to fly their country. Carus Metius, that detested informer, had as yet gained but a single victory. The sanguinary voice of Messalinus was heard in the Albanian citadel only; and even Massa Bebius was at that time laboring under a prosecution. In a short time after, with our own hands we dragged Helvidius to a dungeon: our eyes beheld the distress and melancholy separation of Mauricus and Rusticus: we were stained with the innocent blood of Senecio. Even Nero had the grace to turn away his eyes from the horrors of his reign. He commanded deeds of cruelty, but never was a spectator of the scene. Under Domitian it was our wretched lot to behold the tyrant, and to be seen by him; while he kept a register of our sighs and groans. With that fiery visage, of a dye so red, that the blush of guilt could never color his cheek, he marked the pale languid countenance of the unhappy victims who shuddered at his frown.

With you, Agricola, we may now congratulate: you are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released when it was happiness to die. From those who attended your last moments, it is well known that you met your fate with calm serenity; willing, as far as it depended on the last act of your life, that the prince should appear to

> He safe, they unrevenged, to the disgrace
> Of the surviving, tame, patrician race.
> But when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
> Him, who so many lords had slain, they slew.
>
> *Dryden.*

be innocent. To your daughter and myself you left a load of affliction. We have lost a parent, and in our distress, it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrows that we had it not in our power to watch the bed of sickness, to soothe the languor of declining nature, to gaze on you with earnest affection, to see the expiring glance, and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us; your commands we should have treasured up, and graved them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound for that reason pierces deeper. Divided from you by a long absence, we had lost you[1] four years before. Every tender office, we are well convinced, thou best of parents, was duly performed by a most affectionate wife; but fewer tears bedewed your cold remains, and in the parting moment your eyes looked up for other objects, but they looked in vain, and closed for ever.

1 Tacitus and his wife, at the time of Agricola's death, had been four years absent from Rome; on what account we are nowhere told. Some critics suppose that he was banished by Domitian; but this seems to be without foundation. Lipsius is of opinion that his retreat was voluntary; being a man incapable of beholding, with a passive spirit, the sufferings of his fellow-citizens under a bloody and destructive tyrant. The whole of this passage, in which the author addresses himself to Agricola, is perhaps as beautiful, as pathetic, and as elegant an apostrophe as can be found in Tully, or any of the most admired orators. When the author says, 'In the last glimpse of light, you looked round with an asking eye for something that was absent;' we feel the stroke of tenderness; we are transported in fancy to the bedside, and we love to gaze on the expiring hero. If Warburton, in the conclusion of the Essay on Man, could find the five sources of the sublime, we may with better reason say this apostrophe contains them all. Brotier quotes a passage from the late king of Prussia's funeral oration on Prince Henry of Prussia, in which he finds either a fine imitation of Tacitus, or the sympathy of congenial minds.

XLVI. If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed;[1] if, as the wisest men have thought,

1 Tacitus in this place speaks hypothetically, but with an apparent disposition to embrace the system of the best and wisest men, and, it may be added, the persuasion of mankind in every age and nation. That the soul of man is not extinguished with his animal life, but passes, in that awful moment, into some new region of existence, or transmigrates into some other being, has been at all times the opinion of the most savage tribes; and this universal consent, Cicero observes in the first Tusculan, is the law of nature speaking in the human heart. Men of study and deep speculation adopted what they saw rooted in the mass of the people; and having no better guide than the dim light of nature, they established their schools of philosophy, and taught their different systems. The Socratic and Platonic professors declared for the immortality of the soul, and some of their proofs are short of nothing but revelation. The stoic sect did not embrace the doctrine in its full extent: according to their hypothesis, certain chosen spirits might have their existence prolonged in a future world, but not to eternity. 'They allowed us,' said Cicero, 'the duration of a crow, admitting that the soul may exist hereafter, but not for ever.' It was reserved for Epicurus to deny the attributes of the Supreme Being, and to teach the gloomy doctrine of annihilation. That philosopher however did not long make head against the general sense of mankind. He gained some apostates; but their writings have long since disappeared, and their tenets are now supported by the poetry of Lucretius only. Macrobius, in his remarks on the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero, has mentioned the triumph of a better and more moral doctrine. 'The immateriality,' says he, 'as well as the immortality of the soul, has gained the general assent.' Cicero, in various parts of his works, maintained the same doctrine, and in one admirable sentence seems to have compressed the whole force of the argument. 'That,' he says, 'which feels, which thinks, which deliberates, and wills, is of heavenly origin, and for that reason must be immortal.' But this doctrine, amidst the contentions of dogmatical sects, was far from being established. Wise men embraced it, says Tacitus, and he may be allowed to have embraced the most orthodox opinion. If the immortality of the soul was not a settled article of his creed, at a time when the light of revelation was not yet diffused over the Christian world, it is however probable that he, who possessed a comprehensive and sublime understanding, was not content with the grovel-

the soul is not extinguished with the body, may you enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold your disconsolate family: exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, if our frail condition will permit, to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute your family can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and thus your daughter will prove her filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions, they will have an illustrious character before their eyes, and not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have what is more valuable, the form and features of your mind. I do not mean by this to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter: our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola that gained our love, and raised our admiration, still subsists, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame. Others who figured on the stage of life, and were the worthies of a former day, will sink, for want of a faithful historian, into the common lot of oblivion, in-

ling notion of falling into nothing, but aspired, and wished, and hoped, to enjoy a future state of immortality. He was conscious of the dignity of human nature, and thence proceeded the fine address to the departed spirit of his father-in-law.

glorious and unremembered; whereas Agricola delineated with truth, and fairly consigned to posterity,[1] will survive himself, and triumph over the injuries of time.

1 Pliny, the consul, returned thanks to Tacitus for desiring an account of the elder Pliny's death, that he might transmit it with truth to posterity. His uncle, he says, if celebrated by such a writer, will be immortal; Pliny, vi. epist. 16. That part however of our author's works has not come down to us, and the prophecy has so far failed. The prediction of Tacitus is completely verified: Agricola is rendered immortal; he lives in the historian's page, and will continue to do so as long as men retain a taste for the best and truest model of biography.

A

DIALOGUE CONCERNING ORATORY,

OR THE CAUSES OF

CORRUPT ELOQUENCE.

DIALOGUE CONCERNING ORATORY.[1]

SECT. I. You have often inquired of me, my good friend, Justus Fabius, how and from what causes it

1 The scene of the following dialogue is laid in the sixth year of Vespasian, A. U. C. 828. A. D. 75. The commentators are much divided in their opinions about the real author: his work they all agree is a masterpiece in the kind; written with taste and judgment; entertaining, profound, and elegant. But whether it is to be ascribed to Tacitus, Quintilian, or any other person whom they cannot name, is a question on which they have exhausted a store of learning. They have given us, according to their custom, much controversy and little decision. In this field of conjecture Lipsius led the way. He published, in 1574, the first good edition of Tacitus. He was, beyond all question, a man of genius and great erudition. He, and Casaubon, and Scaliger, were called the triumvirate of literature. Lipsius, however, stands distinguished by his taste and his politeness. Commentators in general seem to think, as Dr. Bentley expressed it, that 'they are riding to posterity on the back of an ancient;' and being well mounted, they imagine that to prance, and show all their paces, and dash through thick and thin, and bespatter all who come in their way, is the true dignity of a critic. Lipsius was not of this class: to great learning he united a fine taste and polished manners. He thought for himself, and he decided with candor; never dogmatical, or presuming to dictate to others. With regard to the present dialogue, had it not come down to us in a mutilated state, he pronounces it in point of style, beauty of invention, and sound judgment, equal to the best models of antiquity. But who was the real author seems to him a problem not easy to be solved. He sees nothing of the manner peculiar to Tacitus: in the place of brevity, he finds diffusive periods, and the rich, the florid, and the amplified sentence, instead of the concise, the close, and nervous. Ar

has proceeded, that while ancient times display a race of great and splendid orators, the present age, dis-

author, he admits, may, by continual practice, acquire a cast of thought and expression not to be found in his early productions; but still he must retain some traces of his original manner. The age of Tacitus does not seem to him to correspond with the time when the speakers in the dialogue met to discuss the question. Tacitus, he says, was promoted by Vespasian; and from that circumstance he infers that he was not so young as the writer of the dialogue represents himself in the first section. He once thought that Quintilian had the best claim, since that writer, in the introduction to the sixth book of his Institutes, says expressly that he published a treatise on the subject; but, on due reflection, Lipsius fairly owns that Quintilian, in the sixth of Vespasian, was far from being a young man. He adds, whether it be ascribed to Tacitus or Quintilian, no inconvenience can arise, since the tract itself is beautiful: but as to himself, his doubts are not removed; he still remains in suspense. Gronovius, Pichena, Ryckius, Rhenanus, and others, have entered warmly into the dispute. An elegant modern writer has hazarded a new conjecture. The last of Sir T. Fitzosborne's Letters is a kind of preface to Mr. Melmoth's translation of the dialogue before us. He says, of all the conversation pieces, whether ancient or modern, either of the moral or polite kind, he knows not one more elegantly written than the little anonymous dialogue concerning the rise and decline of eloquence among the Romans. He calls it anonymous, though he is aware that it has been ascribed not only to Tacitus and Quintilian, but even to Suetonius. The reasons however are so inconclusive, that he is inclined to give it to the younger Pliny. He thinks it perfectly coincides with Pliny's age: it is addressed to one of his particular friends, and is marked with similar expressions and sentiments. But, with all due submission to Mr. Melmoth, his new candidate cannot long hold us in suspense. It appears in the account of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in which Pliny's uncle lost his life, A. U. C. 832. A. D. 79, that Pliny was then eighteen years old; and as the dialogue was in 828, he could then be no more than fourteen; a time of life when he was neither fit to be admitted to a learned debate, nor capable of understanding it. Besides this, two letters to his friend Fabius are still extant; one in the first book, epist. 11; the other, book vii. epist. 2. No mention of the dialogue occurs in either of those letters, nor in any other part of his works; a circumstance which could scarce have happened to a writer so tenderly anxious about his literary character, if

pirited, and without any claim to the praise of eloquence, has scarcely retained the name of an orator.

the work in question had been the production of his pen. Brotier, the last, and it may be said, the best of all the editors of Tacitus, is of opinion that a tract so beautiful and judicious ought not, without better reasons than have been as yet assigned, to be adjudged from Tacitus to any other writer. He relies much on the first edition, which was published at Venice (1468), containing the last six books of the Annals (the first six not being then found), the five books of the History, and the dialogue intitled, 'C. Taciti Equitis Romani Dialogus de Oratoribus claris.' There were also in the Vatican manuscript copies of the dialogue 'De Oratoribus.' In 1515, when the six first Annals were found in Germany, a new edition, under the patronage of Leo X., was published by Beroaldus, carefully collated with the manuscript, which was afterwards placed in the Florentine library. Those early authorities preponderate with Brotier against all modern conjecture; more especially since the age of Tacitus agrees with the time of the dialogue. He was four years older than his friend Pliny, and at eighteen might properly be allowed by his friends to be of their party. In two years afterwards (A. U. C. 830) he married Agricola's daughter, and he expressly says that he was then a very young man. The arguments drawn by the several commentators from the difference of style, Brotier thinks are of no weight. The style of a young author will naturally differ from what he has settled by practice at an advanced period of life. This has been observed in many eminent writers, and in none more than Lipsius himself. His language, in the outset, was easy, flowing, and elegant; but, as he advanced in years, it became stiff, abrupt, and harsh. Tacitus relates a conversation on a literary subject; and in such a piece who can expect to find the style of an historian or an annalist? For these reasons Brotier thinks that this dialogue may, with good reasons, be ascribed to Tacitus. The translator enters no farther into the controversy, than to say, that in a case where certainty cannot be obtained, we must rest satisfied with the best evidence the nature of the thing will admit. The dispute is of no importance; 'for,' as Lipsius says, 'whether we give the dialogue to Quintilian or to Tacitus, no inconvenience can arise. Whoever was the author, it is a performance of uncommon beauty.'

Before we close this introduction it will not be improper to say a word or two about Brotier's Supplement. In the wreck of ancient literature a considerable part of this dia-

By that appellation we now distinguish none but those who florished in a former period. To the eminent of the present day we give the title of speakers, pleaders, advocates, patrons, in short, every thing but orators.

The inquiry is in its nature delicate; tending, if we are not able to contend with antiquity, to impeach our genius, and if we are not willing, to arraign our judgment. An answer to so nice a question is more than I should venture to undertake, were I to rely altogether on myself: but it happens that I am able to state the sentiments of men distinguished by their eloquence, such as it is in modern times; having, in the early part of my life, been present at their conversation on the very subject now before us. What I have to offer will not be the result of my own thinking: it is the work of memory only; a mere recital of what fell from the most celebrated orators of their time: a set of men who thought with subtilty, and expressed themselves with energy and precision: each, in his turn, assigning different but probable causes, at times insisting on the same, and, in the course of the debate, maintaining his own proper character, and the peculiar cast of his mind. What they said on the occasion, I shall relate as nearly as may be, in the style and manner of the several speakers, observing always the regular course and order of the controversy: for a controversy it certainly was, where the speakers of the present age did not want an advocate who supported

logue has perished, and by consequence a chasm is left, much to be lamented by every reader of taste. To avoid the inconvenience of a broken context, Brotier has endeavored to compensate for the loss. What he has added will be found in the progress of the work; and as it is executed by the learned editor with great elegance, and equal probability, it is hoped that the insertion of it will be more agreeable to the reader than a dull pause of melancholy regret.

their cause with zeal, and after treating antiquity with sufficient freedom, and even derision, assigned the palm of eloquence to the practisers of modern times.

II. Curiatius Maternus gave a public reading of his tragedy of Cato. On the following day a report prevailed that the piece had given umbrage to the men in power. The author, it was said, had labored to display his favorite character in the brightest colors; anxious for the fame of his hero, but regardless of himself. This soon became the topic of public conversation. Maternus received a visit from Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, both men of genius, and the first ornaments of the forum. I was at that time a constant attendant on those eminent men. I heard them, not only in their scenes of public business, but feeling an inclination to the same studies, I followed them with all the ardor of youthful emulation. I was admitted to their private parties; I heard their debates, and the amusement of their social hours: I treasured up their wit, and their sentiments on the various topics which they had discussed in conversation. Respected as they were, it must however be acknowleged that they did not escape the malignity of criticism. It was objected to Secundus, that he had no command of words, no flow of language; and to Aper, that he was indebted for his fame, not to art or literature, but to the natural powers of a vigorous understanding. The truth is, the style of the former was remarkable for its purity; concise, yet free and copious; and the latter was sufficiently versed in all branches of general erudition. It might be said of him, that he despised literature, not that he wanted it. He thought perhaps that by scorning the aid of letters,

and by drawing altogether from his own fund, his fame would stand on a more solid foundation.

III. We went together to pay our visit to Maternus. On entering his study, we found him with the tragedy which he had read on the preceding day lying before him. Secundus began: 'And are you then so little affected by the censure of malignant critics, as to persist in cherishing a tragedy which has given so much offence? Perhaps you are revising the piece, and after retrenching certain passages, intend to send your Cato into the world, I will not say improved, but certainly less obnoxious.'—'There lies the poem,' said Maternus; 'you may, if you think proper, peruse it with all its imperfections on its head. If Cato has omitted any thing, Thyestes, at my next reading, shall atone for all deficiencies. I have formed the fable of a tragedy on that subject: the plan is warm in my imagination, and, that I may give my whole time to it, I now am eager to despatch an edition of Cato.' Marcus Aper interposed: 'And are you indeed so enamored of your dramatic muse, as to renounce your oratorical character and the honors of your profession, in order to sacrifice your time, I think it was lately to Medea, and now to Thyestes? Your friends in the mean time expect your patronage; the colonies invoke your aid, and the municipal cities invite you to the bar. And surely the weight of so many causes may be deemed sufficient, without this new solicitude imposed on you by Domitius or Cato. And must you thus waste all your time, amusing yourself for ever with scenes of fictitious distress, and still laboring to add to the fables of Greece the incidents and characters of the Roman story?'

IV. 'The sharpness of that reproof,' replied Maternus, 'would perhaps have disconcerted me, if, by frequent

repetition, it had not lost its sting. To differ on this subject is grown familiar to us both. Poetry it seems is to expect no quarter: you wage an incessant war against the followers of that pleasing art; and I, who am charged with deserting my clients, have yet every day the cause of poetry to defend. But we have now a fair opportunity, and I embrace it with pleasure, since we have a person present of ability to decide between us; a judge who will either lay me under an injunction to write no more verses, or, as I rather hope, encourage me, by his authority, to renounce for ever the dry employment of forensic causes (in which I have had my share of drudgery), that I may for the future be at leisure to cultivate the sublime and sacred eloquence of the tragic muse.'

V. Secundus desired to be heard: 'I am aware,' he said, 'that Aper may refuse me as an umpire. Before he states his objections, let me follow the example of all fair and upright judges, who in particular cases, when they feel a partiality for one of the contending parties, desire to be excused from hearing the cause. The friendship and habitual intercourse which I have ever cultivated with Saleius Bassus, that excellent man, and no less excellent poet, are well known: and let me add, if poetry is to be arraigned, I know no client that can offer such handsome bribes.'

'My business,' replied Aper, 'is not with Saleius Bassus: let him, and all of his description, who, without talents for the bar, devote their time to the muses, pursue their favorite amusement without interruption. But Maternus must not think to escape in the crowd. I single him out from the rest; and since we are now before a competent judge, I call on him to answer how it happens that a man of his talents, formed by nature to reach the heights of manly eloquence, can think of re-

nouncing a profession, which not only serves to multiply friendships, but to support them with reputation; a profession which enables us to conciliate the esteem of foreign nations, and (if we regard our own interest) lays open the road to the first honors of the state; a profession, which, besides the celebrity that it gives within the walls of Rome, spreads an illustrious name throughout the wide extent of the empire.

'If it be wisdom to make the ornament and happiness of life the end and aim of our actions, what can be more advisable than to embrace an art by which we are enabled to protect our friends, to defend the cause of strangers, and succor the distressed? Nor is this all: the eminent orator is a terror to his enemies; envy and malice tremble, while they hate him. Secure in his own strength, he knows how to ward off every danger. His own genius is his protection; a perpetual guard, that watches him; an invincible power, that shields him from his enemies.

'In the calm seasons of life, the true use of oratory consists in the assistance which it affords to our fellow-citizens. We then behold the triumph of eloquence. Have we reason to be alarmed for ourselves; the sword and breastplate are not a better defence in the heat of battle. It is at once a buckler to cover yourself, and a weapon to brandish against your enemy. Armed with this you may appear with courage before the tribunals of justice in the senate, and even in the presence of the prince. We lately saw Eprius Marcellus arraigned before the fathers: in that moment, when the minds of the whole assembly were inflamed against him, what had he to oppose to the vehemence of his enemies, but that nervous eloquence which he possessed in so eminent a degree? Collected in himself, and looking terror to his enemies, he was more than a

match for Helvidius Priscus; a man no doubt of consummate wisdom, but without that flow of eloquence which springs from practice, and that skill in argument which is necessary to manage a public debate. Such is the advantage of oratory: to enlarge on it were superfluous. My friend Maternus will not dispute the point.

VI. 'I proceed to the pleasure arising from the exercise of eloquence; a pleasure which does not consist in the mere sensation of the moment, but is felt through life, repeated every day, and almost every hour. For let me ask, to a man of an ingenuous and liberal mind, who knows the relish of elegant enjoyments, what can yield such true delight as a concourse of the most respectable characters crowding to his levee? How must it enhance his pleasure when he reflects that the visit is not paid to him because he is rich, and wants an heir,[1] or is in possession of a public office, but purely as a compliment to superior talents, a mark of respect to a great and accomplished orator! The rich who have no issue, and the men in high rank and power, are his followers. Though he is still young,

1 To be rich and have no issue gave to the person so circumstanced the highest consequence at Rome. All ranks of men paid their court to him. To discourage a life of celibacy and promote population, Augustus passed a law whereby bachelors were subjected to penalties. Hence the compliment paid by Horace to his patron:

Bring the springing birth to light,
And with ev'ry genial grace
Prolific of an endless race,
Oh! crown our vows, and bless the nuptial rite!
Francis' Horace.

But marriage was not brought into fashion. In proportion to the rapid degeneracy of the manners under the emperors, celibacy grew into respect; insomuch, that we find a man too strong for his prosecutors because he was rich, old, and childless.

and probably destitute of fortune, all concur in paying their court to solicit his patronage for themselves, or to recommend their friends to his protection. In the most splendid fortune, in all the dignity and pride of power, is there any thing that can equal the heartfelt satisfaction of the able advocate, when he sees the most illustrious citizens, men respected for their years, and florishing in the opinion of the public, yet paying their court to a rising genius, and in the midst of wealth and grandeur, fairly owning that they still want something superior to all their possessions?

'What shall be said of the attendants that follow the young orator from the bar, and watch his motions to his own house? With what importance does he appear to the multitude! in the courts of judicature, with what veneration! When he rises to speak the audience is hushed in mute attention; every eye is fixed on him alone; the crowd presses round him; he is master of their passions; they are swayed, impelled, directed, as he thinks proper. These are the fruits of eloquence, well known to all, and palpable to every common observer.

'There are other pleasures more refined and secret, felt only by the initiated. When the orator on some great occasion comes with a well-digested speech, conscious of his matter, and animated by his subject, his breast expands, and heaves with emotions unfelt before. In his joy there is a dignity suited to the weight and energy of the composition which he has prepared. Does he rise to hazard himself[1] in a sudden debate;

1 The faculty of speaking on a sudden question with unpremeditated eloquence, Quintilian says, is the reward of study and diligent application. The speech, composed at leisure, will often want the warmth and energy which accompany the rapid emotions of the mind. The passions when roused and animated, and the images which present them-

he is alarmed for himself, but in that very alarm there is a mingle of pleasure, which predominates, till distress itself becomes delightful. The mind exults in the prompt exertion of its powers, and even glories in its rashness. The productions of genius and those of the field have this resemblance: many things are sown, and brought to maturity with toil and care; yet that which grows from the wild vigor of nature has the most grateful flavor.

VII. 'As to myself, if I may allude to my own feelings, the day on which I put on the manly gown, and even the days that followed, when, as a new man at Rome, born in a city that did not favor my pretensions, I rose in succession to the offices of questor, tribune, and pretor; those days, I say, did not awaken in my breast such exalted rapture, as when, in the course of my profession, I was called forth with such talents as have fallen to my share to defend the accused; to argue a question of law before the centumviri, or in the presence of the prince to plead for his freedmen and the procurators appointed by himself. On those occasions I towered above all places of profit, and all preferment; I looked down on the dignities of tribune, pretor, and consul; I felt within myself what neither the favor of the great, nor the wills and codicils [1] of the rich can give; a vigor of mind, an in-

selves in a glow of enthusiasm, are the inspirers of true eloquence. Composition has not always this happy effect; the process is slow; languor is apt to succeed; the passions subside, and the spirit of the discourse evaporates.

1 The translation says, 'the wills and codicils of the rich;' but it is by no means certain that those words convey the meaning of the text, which simply says, 'nec codicilis datur.' After due inquiry, it appears that *codicillus* was used by the Latin authors for what we now call the letters patent of a prince. Codicils, in the modern sense of the word, implying a supplement to a will, were unknown to the ancient Rom-

ward energy, that springs from no external cause, but is altogether your own.

'Look through the circle of the fine arts, survey the whole compass of the sciences, and tell me in what branch can the professors acquire a name to vie with the celebrity of a great and powerful orator. His fame does not depend on the opinion of thinking men, who attend to business and watch the administration of affairs; he is applauded by the youth of Rome, at least by such of them as are of a well-turned disposition, and hope to rise by honorable means. The eminent orator is the model which every parent recommends to his children. Even the common people stand at gaze as he passes by; they pronounce his name with pleasure, and point at him as the object of their admiration. The provinces resound with his praise. The strangers who arrive from all parts have heard of his genius; they wish to behold the man, and their curiosity is never at rest, till they have seen his person and perused his countenance.

VIII. 'I have already mentioned Eprius Marcellus

law. The Twelve Tables mention testaments only. Codicils, in aid to wills, were first introduced in the time of Augustus; but whatever their operation was, legacies granted by those additional writings were for some time of no validity. To confirm this, we are told that the daughter of Lentulus discharged certain legacies, which, being given by codicil, she was not bound to pay. In time, however, codicils, as an addition made by the testator to his will, grew into use, and the legacies thereby granted were confirmed. This might be the case in the sixth year of Vespasian, when the dialogue passed between the parties; but it is notwithstanding highly probable that the word *codicilli* means, in the passage before us, the letters patent of the prince. It is used in that sense by Suetonius, who relates, that Tiberius, after passing a night and two days in revelling with Pomponius Flaccus and Lucius Piso, granted to the former the province of Syria, and made the latter prefect of the city; declaring them in the patents pleasant companions, and the friends of all hours.

and Crispus Vibius. I cite living examples in preference to the names of a former day. Those two illustrious persons, I will be bold to say, are not less known in the remotest parts of the empire, than they are at Capua, or Vercellæ, where we are told they both were born. And to what is their extensive fame to be attributed? Not surely to their immoderate riches. Three hundred thousand sesterces cannot give the fame of genius. Their eloquence may be said to have built up their fortunes: and indeed such is the power, I might say the inspiration of eloquence, that in every age we have examples of men who by their talents raised themselves to the summit of their ambition.

'But I wave all former instances. The two whom I have mentioned are not recorded in history, nor are we to glean an imperfect knowlege of them from tradition; they are every day before our eyes. They have risen from low beginnings: the more abject their origin, and the more sordid the poverty in which they set out, their success rises in proportion, and affords a striking proof of what I have advanced: since it is apparent that, without birth or fortune, neither of them recommended by his moral character, and one of them deformed in his person, they have, notwithstanding all disadvantages, made themselves, for a series of years, the first men in the state. They began their career in the forum, and as long as they chose to pursue that road of ambition they florished in the highest reputation: they are now at the head of the commonwealth, the ministers who direct and govern; and so high in favor with the prince, that the respect with which he receives them is little short of veneration.

'The truth is, Vespasian, now in the vale of years, but always open to the voice of truth, clearly sees that the rest of his favorites derive all their lustre from the

favors which his munificence has bestowed: but with Marcellus and Crispus the case is different: they carry into the cabinet what no prince can give and no subject can receive. Compared with the advantages which those men possess, what are family pictures, statues, busts, and titles of honor? They are things of a perishable nature, yet not without their value. Marcellus and Vibius know how to estimate them, as they do wealth and honors; and wealth and honors are advantages against which you will easily find men that declaim, but none that in their hearts despise them. Hence it is, that in the houses of all who have distinguished themselves in the career of eloquence, we see titles, statues, and splendid ornaments, the reward of talents, and at all times the decorations of the great and powerful orator.

IX. 'But to come to the point from which we started: poetry, to which my friend Maternus wishes to dedicate all his time, has none of these advantages. It confers no dignity, nor does it serve any useful purpose. It is attended with some pleasure; but it is the pleasure of a moment, springing from vain applause, and bringing with it no solid advantage. What I have said, and am going to add, may probably, my good friend Maternus, be unwelcome to your ear; and yet I must take the liberty to ask you if Agamemnon or Jason speaks in your piece with dignity of language, what useful consequence follows from it? What client has been defended? Who confesses an obligation? In that whole audience, who returns to his own house with a grateful heart? Our friend Saleius Bassus is beyond all question a poet of eminence, or, to use a a warmer expression, he has the god within him: but who attends his levee? who seeks his patronage, or follows in his train? Should he himself, or his inti-

mate friend, or his near relation, happen to be involved in a troublesome litigation, what course do you imagine he would take? He would most probably apply to his friend Secundus; or to you, Maternus; not because you are a poet, nor yet to obtain a copy of verses from you; of those he has a sufficient stock at home, elegant, it must be owned, and exquisite in the kind. But after all his labor and waste of genius, what is his reward?

'When in the course of a year, after toiling day and night, he has brought a single poem to perfection, he is obliged to solicit his friends and exert his interest, in order to bring together an audience,[1] so obliging as

1 Before the invention of printing, copies were not easily multiplied. Authors were eager to enjoy their fame, and the pen of the transcriber was slow and tedious. Public rehearsals were the road to fame. But an audience was to be drawn together by interest, by solicitation, and public advertisements. Pliny, in one of his letters, has given a lively description of the difficulties which the author had to surmount. 'This year,' he says, 'has produced poets in great abundance. Scarce a day has passed in the month of April without the recital of a poem. But the greater part of the audience comes with reluctance; they loiter in the lobbies, and there enter into idle chat, occasionally desiring to know whether the poet is in his pulpit? has he begun? is his preface over? has he almost finished? They condescended at last to enter the room: they looked round with an air of indifference, and soon retired, some by stealth, and others with open contempt. Hence the greater praise is due to those authors who do not suffer their genius to droop, but, on the contrary, amidst the most discouraging circumstances, still persist to cultivate the liberal arts.' Pliny adds, that he himself attended all the public readings, and for that purpose stayed longer in the city than was usual with him. Being at length released, he intended, in his rural retreat, to finish a work of his own, but not to read it in public, lest he should be thought to claim a return of the civility which he had shown to others. He was a hearer, and not a creditor. The favor conferred, if redemanded, ceases to be a favor. Such was the state of literature under the worst of the emperors. The Augustan age was over. In the reigns of Tiberius ——

to hear a recital of the piece. Nor can this be done without expense. A room must be hired, a stage or

Caligula learning drooped, but in some degree revived under the dull and stupid Claudius. Pliny, in the letter above cited, says of that emperor, that one day hearing a noise in his palace, he inquired what was the cause, and being informed that Nonianus was reciting in public, went immediately to the place, and became one of the audience. After that time letters met with no encouragement from the great. Lord Shaftesbury says he cannot but wonder how the Romans, after the extinction of the Cæsarean and Claudian family, and a short interval of princes raised and destroyed with much disorder and public ruin, were able to regain their perishing dominion, and retrieve their sinking state by an after-race of wise and able princes, successively adopted, and taken from a private state to rule the empire of the world. They were men, who not only possessed the military virtues, and supported that sort of discipline in the highest degree; but as they sought the interest of the world, they did what was in their power to restore liberty, and raise again the perishing arts, and the decayed virtue of mankind. But the season was past; barbarity and gothicism were already entered into the arts, ere the savages made an impression on the empire. See Advice to an Author, part ii. § 1. The gothicism, hinted at by Shaftesbury, appears manifestly in the wretched situation to which the best authors were reduced. The poets who could not hope to procure an audience haunted the baths and public walks, in order to fasten on their friends, and, at any rate, obtain a hearing for their works. Juvenal says the plantations and marble columns of Julius Fronto resounded with the vociferation of reciting poets. The same author observes, that the poet who aspired to literary fame might borrow a house for the purpose of a public reading; and the great man who accommodated the writer might arrange his friends and freedmen on the back seats, with direction not to be sparing of their applause; but still a stage or pulpit, with convenient benches, was to be procured, and that expense the patrons of letters would not supply. Statius, in Juvenal's time, was a favorite poet. If he announced a reading, his auditors went in crowds. He delighted all degrees and ranks of men; but, when the hour of applause was over, the author was obliged to sell a tragedy to Paris, the famous actor, in order to procure a dinner. This was the hard lot of poetry, and this the state of public reading, which Aper describes to his friend Maternus.

pulpit must be erected; benches must be arranged, and handbills distributed throughout the city. What if the reading succeeds to the height of his wishes? Pass but a day or two, and the whole harvest of praise and admiration fades away, like a flower that withers in its bloom, and never ripens into fruit. By the event, however flattering, he gains no friend, he obtains no patronage, nor does a single person go away impressed with the idea of an obligation conferred on him. The poet has been heard with applause; he has been received with acclamations; and he has enjoyed a short-lived transport.

'Bassus, it is true, has lately received from Vespasian a present of fifty thousand sesterces. On that occasion we all admired the generosity of the prince. To deserve so distinguished a proof of the sovereign's esteem is no doubt highly honorable; but is it not still more honorable, if your circumstances require it, to serve yourself by your talents? to cultivate your genius for your own advantage? and to owe every thing to your own industry, indebted to the bounty of no man whatever? It must not be forgotten, that the poet who would produce any thing truly excellent in the kind, must bid farewell to the conversation of his friends; he must renounce, not only the pleasures of Rome, but also the duties of social life; he must retire from the world; as the poets say, 'to groves and grottos every muse's son.' In other words, he must condemn himself to a sequestered life in the gloom of solitude.

X. 'The love of fame, it seems, is the passion that inspires the poet's genius: but even in this respect, is he so amply paid as to rival in any degree the professors of the persuasive arts? As to the indifferent

poet, men leave him to his own [1] mediocrity: the real genius moves in a narrow circle. Let there be a reading of a poem by the ablest master of his art; will the fame of his performance reach all quarters, I will not say of the empire, but of Rome only? Among the strangers who arrive from Spain, from Asia, or from Gaul, who inquires [2] after Saleius Bassus? Should it happen that there is one who thinks of him; his curiosity is soon satisfied; he passes on, content with a transient view, as if he had seen a picture or a statue.

'In what I have advanced, let me not be misunderstood: I do not mean to deter such as are not blessed with the gift of oratory from the practice of their favorite art, if it serves to fill up their time, and gain a degree of reputation. I am an admirer of eloquence;[3]

1 Horace has the same observation:

> But God and man, and letter'd post denies
> That poets ever are of middling size.
> *Francis' Horace.*

2 Notwithstanding all that is said in this dialogue of Saleius Bassus, it does not appear, in the judgment of Quintilian, that he was a poet whose fame could extend itself to the distant provinces. Perfection in the kind is necessary. Livy the historian was at the head of his profession. In consequence of his vast reputation, we know from Pliny the consul that a native of the city of Cadiz was so struck with the character of that great writer, that he made a journey to Rome with no other intent than to see that celebrated genius; and having gratified his curiosity, without staying to view the wonders of that magnificent city, returned home perfectly satisfied.

3 In Homer and Virgil, as well as in the dramatic poets of the first order, we frequently have passages of real eloquence, with the difference which Quintilian mentions: the poet, he says, is a slave to the measure of his verse; and not being able at all times to make use of the true and proper word, he is obliged to quit the natural and easy way of expression, and avail himself of new modes and turns of phraseology, such as tropes and metaphors, with the liberty of transposing words,

I hold it venerable, and even sacred, in all its shapes, and every mode of composition. The pathetic of tragedy, of which you, Maternus, are so great a master; the majesty of the epic, the gaiety of the lyric muse; the wanton elegy, the keen iambic, and the pointed epigram; all have their charms; and Eloquence, whatever may be the subject which she chooses to adorn, is with me the sublimest faculty, the queen of all the arts and sciences. But this, Maternus, is no apology for you, whose conduct is so extraordinary, that though formed by nature to reach the summit of perfection, you choose to wander into devious paths, and rest contented with an humble station in the vale beneath.

'Were you a native of Greece, where to exhibit in the public games[1] is an honorable employment; and

and lengthening or shortening syllables as he sees occasion. The speaker in the dialogue is aware of this distinction, and subject to it; the various branches of poetry are with him so many different modes of eloquence.

1 It is a fact well known, that in Greece the most illustrious of both sexes thought it honorable to exercise themselves in the exhibitions of the theatre, and even to appear in the athletic games. Plutarch, it is true, will have it, that all scenic arts were prohibited at Sparta by the laws of Lycurgus; and yet Cornelius Nepos assures us, that no Lacedemonian matron, however high her quality, was ashamed to act for hire on the public stage. He adds, that throughout Greece it was deemed the highest honor to obtain the prize in the Olympic games; and no man blushed to be a performer in plays and pantomimes, and give himself a spectacle to the people. It appears, however, from a story told by Ælian (and cited by Shaftesbury, Advice to an Author, part ii. § 3), that the Greek women were by law excluded from the Olympic games. Whoever was found to transgress, or even to cross the river Alpheus, during the celebration of that great spectacle, was liable to be thrown from a rock. The consequence was, that not one female was detected, except Callipatria, or, as others called her, Pherenice. This woman, disguised in the habit of a teacher of gymnastic exercises, introduced her son, Pisidorus, to contend for the victor's

if the gods had bestowed on you the force and sinew of the athletic Nicostratus;[1] do you imagine that I could look tamely on, and see that amazing vigor waste itself away in nothing better than the frivolous art of darting the javelin, or throwing the coit? To drop the allusion, I summon you from the theatre and public recitals to the business of the forum, to the tribunals of justice, to scenes of real contention, to a conflict worthy of your abilities. You cannot decline the challenge, for you are left without an excuse. You cannot say, with a number of others, that the profession of poetry is safer than that of the public orator; since you have ventured, in a tragedy written with spirit, to display the ardor of a bold and towering genius.

'And for whom have you provoked so many enemies? Not for a friend; that would have had alleviating circumstances. You undertook the cause of Cato, and for him committed yourself. You cannot plead by way of apology, the duty of an advocate, or the sudden effusion of sentiment in the heat and hurry

prize. Her son succeeded. Transported with joy at a sight so glorious, the mother overleaped the fence which inclosed the magistrates, and in the violence of that exertion let fall her garment. She was by consequence known to be a woman, but absolved from all criminality. For that mild and equitable sentence she was indebted to the merit of her father, her brothers, and her son, who all obtained the victor's crown. The incident however gave birth to a new law; whereby it was enacted that the masters of the gymnastic art should, for the future, come naked to the Olympic games.

1 Nicostratus is praised by Pausanias (v. 20) as a great master of the athletic arts. Quintilian has also recorded his prowess. 'Nicostratus, whom in our youth we saw advanced in years, would instruct his pupil in every branch of his art, and make him what he was himself, an invincible champion. Invincible he was, since on one and the same day he entered the lists as a wrestler and a boxer, and was proclaimed conqueror in both.'

of an unpremeditated speech. Your plan was settled; a great historical personage was your hero, and you chose him, because what falls from so distinguished a character, falls from a height that gives it additional weight. I am aware of your answer: you will say it was that very circumstance that insured the success of your piece; the sentiments were received with sympathetic rapture; the room echoed with applause, and hence your fame throughout the city of Rome. Then let us hear no more of your love of quiet and a state of security: you have voluntarily courted danger. For myself, I am content with controversies of a private nature, and the incidents of the present day. If hurried beyond the bounds of prudence, I should happen, on any occasion, to grate the ears of men in power, the zeal of an advocate, in the service of his client, will excuse the honest freedom of speech, and perhaps be deemed a proof of integrity.'

XI. Aper went through his argument, according to his custom, with warmth and vehemence. He delivered the whole with a peremptory tone and an eager eye. As soon as he had finished, 'I am prepared,' said Maternus smiling, 'to exhibit a charge against the professors of oratory, which may perhaps counterbalance the praise so lavishly bestowed on them by my friend. In the course of what he said, I was not surprised to see him going out of his way to lay poor poetry prostrate at his feet. He has indeed shown some kindness to such as are not blessed with oratorical talents. He has passed an act of indulgence in their favor, and they, it seems, are allowed to pursue their favorite studies. For my part, I will not say that I think myself wholly unqualified for the eloquence of the bar. It may be true that I have some kind of talent for that profession; but the tragic muse

affords superior pleasure. My first attempt was in the reign of Nero, in opposition to the extravagant claims of the prince,[1] and in defiance of the domineering spirit of Vatinius,[2] that pernicious favorite, by whose coarse buffoonery the muses were every day disgraced, I might say, most impiously profaned. The portion of fame, whatever it be, that I have acquired since that time, is to be attributed, not to the speeches which I made in the forum, but to the power of dramatic composition. I have therefore resolved to take my leave of the bar for ever. The homage of visitors, the train of attendants, and the multitude of clients, which glitter so much in the eyes of my friend, have no attraction for me. I regard them as I do pictures, and busts, and statues of brass; things which indeed are in my family, but they came unlooked for, without

1 Nero's ambition to excel in poetry was not only ridiculous, but at the same time destructive to Lucan, and almost all the good authors of the age. The affectation of rhyme, which many ages afterwards was the essential part of monkish verse, the tumor of the words, and the wretched penury of thought, may be imputed to a frivolous prince, who studied his art of poetry in the manner described by Tacitus. And yet it may be a question, whether the satirist would have the hardiness to insert the very words of an imperial poet armed with despotic power. A burlesque imitation would answer the purpose; and it may be inferred from another passage in the same poem that Persius was content to ridicule the mode of versification then in vogue at court.

2 Vatinius was a favorite at the court of Nero. Tacitus calls him the spawn of a cook's shop and a tipling-house. He recommended himself to the favor of the prince by his scurrility and vulgar humor. Being by those arts raised above himself, he became the declared enemy of all good men, and acted a distinguished part among the vilest instruments of that pernicious court. When an illiberal and low buffoon basks in the sunshine of a court, and enjoys exorbitant power, the cause of literature can have nothing to expect. The liberal arts must by consequence be degraded by a corrupt taste, and learning will be left to run wild and grow to seed.

my stir, or so much as a wish on my part. In my humble station, I find that innocence is a better shield than oratory. For the last I shall have no occasion, unless I find it necessary, on some future occasion, to exert myself in the just defence of an injured friend.

XII. 'But woods, and groves,[1] and solitary places, have not escaped the satirical vein of my friend. To me they afford sensations of a pure delight. It is there I enjoy the pleasures of a poetic imagination; and among those pleasures it is not the least that they are pursued far from the noise and bustle of the world, without a client to besiege my doors, and not a criminal to distress me with the tears of

1 That poetry requires a retreat from the bustle of the world has been so often repeated, that it is now considered as a truth from which there can be no appeal. Milton, it is true, wrote his Paradise Lost in a small house near Bunhill Fields; and Dryden courted the muse in the hurry and dissipation of a town life. But neither of them fixed his residence by choice. Pope grew immortal on the banks of the Thames. But though the country seems to be the seat of contemplation, two great writers have been in opposite opinions. Cicero says, woods and groves, and rivers winding through the meadows, and the refreshing breeze, with the melody of birds, may have their attraction; but they rather relax the mind into indolence than rouse our attention, or give vigor to our faculties. This perhaps may be true, as applied to the public orator, whose scene of action lay in the forum or the senate. Pliny, on the other hand, says to his friend Tacitus, 'There is something in the solemnity of venerable woods, and the awful silence which prevails in those places, that strongly disposes us to study and contemplation. For the future, therefore, whenever you hunt, take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your basket and bottle; for you will find the mountains not more inhabited by Diana than by Minerva.' Between these two different opinions a true poet may be allowed to decide. Horace describes the noise and tumult of a city life, and then says,

> Alas! to grottos and to groves we run,
> To ease and silence, every muse's son.—*Pope.*

affliction. Free from those distractions, the poet retires to scenes of solitude, where peace and innocence reside. In those haunts of contemplation he has his pleasing visions. He treads on consecrated ground. It was there that Eloquence first grew up, and there she reared her temple. In those retreats she first adorned herself with those graces which have made mankind enamored of her charms; and there she filled the hearts of the wise and good with joy and inspiration. Oracles first spoke in woods and sacred groves. As to the species of oratory which practises for lucre, or with views of ambition, that sanguinary eloquence[1] now so much in vogue, it is of modern growth, the offspring of corrupt manners and degenerate times; or rather, as my friend Aper expresses it, it is a weapon in the hands of ill-designing men.

'The early and more happy period of the world, or, as we poets call it, the golden age, was the era of true

1 The immoderate wealth acquired by Eprius Marcellus has been mentioned in this dialogue. Pliny gives us an idea of the vast acquisitions gained by Regulus, the notorious informer. From a state of indigence he rose, by a train of villanous actions, to such immense riches, that he once consulted the omens to know how soon he should be worth sixty millions of sesterces, and found them so favorable, that he had no doubt of being worth double that sum. In another epistle the same author relates that Regulus, having lost his son, was visited on that occasion by multitudes of people, who all in secret detested him, yet paid their court with as much assiduity as if they esteemed and loved him. They retaliated on this man his own insidious arts: to gain the friendship of Regulus, they played the game of Regulus himself. He, in the mean time, dwells in his villa on the other side of the Tiber, where he has covered a large tract of ground with magnificent porticos, and lined the banks of the river with elegant statues; profuse, with all his avarice, and in the depth of infamy proud and vainglorious. All this splendor in which Regulus lived was the fruit of a gainful and blood-thirsty eloquence; if that may be called eloquence, which Pliny says was nothing more than a crazed imagination.

eloquence. Crimes and orators were then unknown. Poetry spoke in harmonious numbers, not to varnish evil deeds, but to praise the virtuous and celebrate the friends of humankind. This was the poet's office. The inspired train enjoyed the highest honors; they held commerce with the gods; they partook of the ambrosial feast: they were at once the messengers and interpreters of the supreme command. They ranked on earth with legislators, heroes, and demigods. In that bright assembly we find no orator, no pleader of causes. We read of Orpheus, of Linus, and if we choose to mount still higher, we can add the name of Apollo himself. This may seem a flight of fancy. Aper will treat it as mere romance and fabulous history: but he will not deny, that the veneration paid to Homer, with the consent of posterity, is at least equal to the honors obtained by Demosthenes. He must likewise admit that the fame of Sophocles and Euripides is not confined within narrower limits than that of Lysias[1] or Hyperides. To come home to our

1 Lysias, the celebrated orator, was a native of Syracuse, the chief town in Sicily. He lived about four hundred years before the Christian era. Cicero says that he did not addict himself to the practice of the bar; but his compositions were so judicious, so pure and elegant, that you might venture to pronounce him a perfect orator. Quintilian gives the same opinion. Lysias, he says, preceded Demosthenes: he is acute and elegant; and if to teach the art of speaking were the only business of an orator, nothing more perfect can be found. He has no redundancy, nothing superfluous, nothing too refined, or foreign to his purpose; his style is flowing, but more like a pure fountain than a noble river. A considerable number of his orations is still extant, all written with exquisite taste and inexpressible sweetness. See a very pleasing translation by Dr. Gillies.

Hyperides florished at Athens in the time of Demosthenes, Æschines, Lycurgus, and other famous orators. That age, says Cicero, poured forth a torrent of eloquence, of the best and purest kind, without the false glitter of affected orna-

own country, there are at this day more who dispute the excellence of Cicero than of Virgil. Among the orations of Asinius or Messala, is there one that can vie with the Medea of Ovid, or the Thyestes of Varius?

XIII. 'If we now consider the happy condition of the true poet, and that easy commerce in which he passes his time, need we fear to compare his situation with that of the boasted orator, who leads a life of anxiety, oppressed by business, and overwhelmed with care? But it is said, his contention, his toil and danger, are steps to the consulship. How much more eligible was the soft retreat in which Virgil[1] passed his days, loved by the prince, and honored by the people! To prove this the letters of Augustus are still extant; and the people, we know, hearing in the theatre some verses of that divine poet,[2] when he himself was pre-

ment, in a style of noble simplicity, which lasted to the end of that period. Quintilian allows to Hyperides a keen discernment, and great sweetness of style; but he pronounces him an orator designed by nature to shine in causes of no great moment. Whatever might be the case when this dialogue happened, it is certain, at present, that the fame of Sophocles and Euripides has eclipsed the two Greek orators.

1 The rural delight of Virgil is described by himself:

> Me may the lowly vales and woodland please,
> And winding rivers, and inglorious ease;
> O that I wander'd by Sperchius's flood,
> Or on Taygetus' sacred top I stood!
> Who in cool Hæmus' vales my limbs will lay,
> And in the darkest thicket hide from day?
>
> *Wharton's Virgil.*

Besides this poetical retreat, which his imagination could command at any time, Virgil had a real and delightful villa near Naples, where he composed his Georgics, and wrote part of the Æneid.

2 When Augustus, or any eminent citizen, distinguished by his public merit, appeared in the theatre, the people testified their joy by acclamations, and unbounded applause. It is recorded by Horace that Mecænas received that public

sent, rose in a body, and paid him every mark of homage, with a degree of veneration nothing short of what they usually offered to the emperor.

'Even in our own times, will any man say, that Secundus Pomponius,[1] in point of dignity or extent of fame, is inferior to Domitius Afer? But Vibius and Marcellus have been cited as bright examples: and yet, in their elevation what is there to be coveted? Is it to be deemed an advantage to those ministers, that they are feared by numbers, and live in fear themselves? They are courted for their favors, and the men who obtain their suit retire with ingratitude, pleased with their success, yet hating to be obliged. Can we suppose that the man is happy, who by his artifices has wriggled himself into favor, and yet is never thought by his master sufficiently pliant, nor by the people sufficiently free? And after all, what is the amount of all his boasted power? The emperor's freedmen have enjoyed the same. But as Virgil sweetly sings, 'Me let the sacred muses lead to their soft retreats, their living fountains, and melodious groves, where I may dwell remote from care, master of myself, and under no necessity of doing every day what my heart condemns. Let me no more be seen at the

honor. When Virgil appeared, the audience paid the same compliment to a man whose poetry adorned the Roman story. The letters from Augustus, which are mentioned in this passage, have perished in the ruins of ancient literature.

1 Pomponius Secundus was of consular rank, and an eminent writer of tragedy. His life was written by Pliny the elder, whose nephew mentions the fact (iii. 5), and says it was a tribute to friendship. Quintilian pronounces him the best of all the dramatic poets whom he had seen; though the critics whose judgment was matured by years did not think him sufficiently tragical. They admitted, however, that his erudition was considerable, and the beauty of his composition surpassed all his contemporaries.

wrangling bar, a pale and anxious candidate for precarious fame; and let neither the tumult of visitors crowding to my levee, nor the eager haste of officious freedmen, disturb my morning rest. Let me live free from solicitude, a stranger to the art of promising legacies [1] in order to buy the friendship of the great; and when nature shall give the signal to retire, may I possess no more than may be safely bequeathed to such friends as I shall think proper! At my funeral let no token of sorrow be seen, no pompous mockery of woe. Crown [2] me with chaplets; strew flowers on my grave, and let my friends erect no vain memorial to tell where my remains are lodged."

XIV. Maternus finished with an air of enthusiasm, that seemed to lift him above himself. In that moment Vipstanius Messala entered the room. From the attention that appeared in every countenance, he concluded that some important business was the sub-

1 We find in the Annals and the History of Tacitus a number of instances to justify the sentiments of Maternus. The rich found it necessary to bequeath part of their substance to the prince, in order to secure the remainder for their families. For the same reason, Agricola made Domitian joint heir with his wife and daughter.

2 By a law of the Twelve Tables, a crown, when fairly earned by virtue, was placed on the head of the deceased, and another was ordered to be given to his father. The spirit of the law, Cicero says, plainly intimated that commendation was a tribute due to departed virtue. A crown was given not only to him who earned it, but also to the father, who gave birth to distinguished merit. This is the reward to which Maternus aspires; and that being granted, he desires, as Horace did before him, to wave the pomp of funeral ceremonies.

> My friends, the funeral sorrow spare,
> The plaintive song, and tender tear;
> Nor let the voice of grief profane,
> With loud laments, the solemn scene;
> Nor o'er your poet's empty urn
> With useless idle sorrow mourn.—*Francis' Horace.*

ject of debate. 'I am afraid,' said he, 'that I break in on you at an unseasonable time. You have some secret to discuss, or perhaps a consultation on your hands.'—'Far from it,' replied Secundus. 'I wish you had come sooner. You would have had the pleasure of hearing an eloquent discourse from our friend Aper, who has been endeavoring to persuade Maternus to dedicate all his time to the business of the bar, and to give the whole man to his profession. The answer of Maternus would have entertained you: he has been defending his art, and but this moment closed an animated speech, that held more of the poetical than the oratorical character.'

'I should have been happy,' replied Messala, 'to have heard both my friends. It is however some compensation for the loss, that I find men of their talents, instead of giving all their time to the little subtleties and knotty points of the forum, extending their views to liberal science, and those questions of taste which enlarge the mind and furnish it with ideas drawn from the treasures of polite erudition. Inquiries of this kind afford improvement not only to those who enter into the discussion, but to all who have the happiness of being present at the debate. It is in consequence of this refined and elegant way of thinking that you, Secundus, have gained so much applause by the life of Julius Asiaticus, with which you have lately obliged the world. From that specimen we are taught to expect other productions of equal beauty from the same hand. In like manner, I see with pleasure that our friend Aper loves to enliven his imagination with topics of controversy, and still lays out his leisure in questions of the schools;[1] not indeed in imitation of

1 In the declamations of Seneca and Quintilian we have

the ancient orators, but in the true taste of our modern rhetoricians.'

XV. 'I am not surprised,' returned Aper, 'at that stroke of raillery. It is not enough for Messala that the oratory of ancient times engrosses all his admiration; he must have his fling at the moderns. Our talents and our studies are sure to feel the sallies of his pleasantry.[1] I have often heard you, my friend Messala, in the same humor. According to you, the present age has not a single orator to boast of, though your own eloquence, and that of your brother, are sufficient to refute the charge. But you assert roundly, and maintain your proposition with an air of confidence. You know how high you stand; and while in your general censure of the age you include yourself, the smallest tincture of malignity cannot be supposed to mingle in a decision which denies to your own genius what by common consent is allowed to be your undoubted right.'

'I have as yet,' replied Messala, 'seen no reason to make me retract my opinion; nor do I believe that my two friends here, or even you yourself, (though

abundant examples of these scholastic exercises, which Juvenal has placed in a ridiculous light.

> Provoked by these incorrigible fools,
> I left declaiming in pedantic schools;
> Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
> Advising Sylla to a private gown.—*Dryden's Juvenal.*

1 The eloquence of Cicero, and the eminent orators of that age, was preferred by all men of sound judgment to the unnatural and affected style that prevailed under the emperors. Quintilian gives a decided opinion. 'Cicero,' he says, 'was allowed to be the reigning orator of his time, and his name, with posterity, is not so much that of a man, as of eloquence itself.' Pliny the younger professed that Cicero was the orator with whom he aspired to enter into competition. Not content with the eloquence of his own times, he held it absurd not to follow the best examples of a former age.

you sometimes affect a different tone,) can seriously maintain the opposite doctrine. The decline of eloquence is too apparent. The causes which have contributed to it merit a serious inquiry. I shall be obliged to you, my friends, for a fair solution of the question. I have often reflected on the subject; but what seems to others a full answer, with me serves only to increase the difficulty. What has happened at Rome I perceive to have been the case in Greece. The modern orators of that country, such as the priest Nicetes,[1] and others, who like him stun the schools of Mytelene and Ephesus, are fallen to a greater distance from Æschines and Demosthenes than Afer and Africanus; or you, my friends, from Tully or Asinius Pollio.'

XVI. 'You have started an important question,' said Secundus, 'and who so able to discuss it as yourself? Your talents are equal to the difficulty; your acquisitions in literature are known to be extensive, and you have considered the subject.'—'I have no objection,' replied Messala: 'my ideas are at your service, on condition that, as I go on, you will assist me with the lights of your understanding.'—'For two of us I can venture to answer,' said Maternus; 'whatever you omit, or rather what you leave for us to glean after you, we shall be ready to add to your observations. As to our friend Aper, you have told us that he is apt to differ from you on this point, and

1 Nicetes was a native of Smyrna, and a rhetorician in great celebrity. Seneca says that his scholars, content with hearing their master, had no ambition to be heard themselves. Pliny the younger, among the commendations which he bestows on a friend, mentions, as a praiseworthy part of his character, that he attended the lectures of Quintilian and Nicetes Sacerdos, of whom Pliny himself was at that time a constant follower.

even now I see him preparing to give battle. He will not tamely bear to see us joined in a league in favor of antiquity.'

'Certainly not,' replied Aper; 'nor shall the present age, unheard and undefended, be degraded by a conspiracy. But before you sound to arms, I wish to know who are to be reckoned among the ancients? At what point of time do you fix your favorite era? When you talk to me of antiquity, I carry my view to the first ages of the world, and see before me Ulysses and Nestor, who florished little less than thirteen hundred years ago. Your retrospect, it seems, goes no farther back than to Demosthenes and Hyperides; men who lived in the times of Philip and Alexander, and indeed survived them both. The interval between Demosthenes and the present age is little more than four hundred years; a space of time which, with a view to the duration of human life, may be called long; but, as a portion of that immense tract of time which includes the different ages of the world, it shrinks into nothing, and seems to be but yesterday. For if it be true, as Cicero says in his treatise called Hortensius, that the great and genuine year is that period in which the heavenly bodies revolve to the station from which their source began; and if this grand rotation of the whole planetary system requires no less than twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty-four years of our computation,[1] it follows that Demosthenes,

1 In the rude state of astronomy, which prevailed during many ages of the world, it was natural that mankind should differ in their computation of time. The ancient Egyptians, according to Diodorus Siculus, lib. i., and Pliny the elder, vii. 48, measured time by the new moons. Some called the summer one year, and the winter another. At first thirty days were a lunar year; three, four, and six months were afterwards added, and hence in the Egyptian chronology the

your boasted ancient, becomes a modern, and even our contemporary; nay, that he lived in the same year with ourselves; I had almost said in the same month.[1]

vast number of years from the beginning of the world. Herodotus informs us that the Egyptians, in process of time, formed the idea of the solar or solstitial year, subdivided into twelve months. The Roman year at first was lunar, consisting, in the time of Romulus, of ten months. Numa Pompilius added two. Men saw a diversity in the seasons, and wishing to know the cause, began at length to perceive that the distance or proximity of the sun occasioned the various operations of nature; but it was long before the space of time wherein that luminary performs his course through the zodiac, and returns to the point from which he set out, was called a year. The great year, or the Platonic year, is the space of time wherein the seven planets complete their revolutions, and all set out again from the same point of the heavens where their course began before. Mathematicians have been much divided in their calculations. Brotier observes, that Riccioli makes the great year 25,920 solar years; Tycho Brahe 25,816; and Cassini, 24,800. Cicero expressly calls it a period of 12,954 years.

Brotier, in his note on this passage, relates a fact not universally known. He mentions a letter from one of the Jesuits on the mission, dated Peking, 25th October, 1725, in which it is stated, that in the month of March preceding, when Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury were in conjunction, the Chinese mathematicians fancied that an approximation of Saturn was near at hand, and, in that persuasion, congratulated the emperor Yong-tching on the renovation of the world, which was shortly to take place. The emperor received the addresses of the nobility, and gave credit to the opinion of the philosophers in all his public edicts. Meanwhile Father Keglar endeavored to undeceive the emperor, and to convince him that the whole was a mistake of the Chinese mathematicians: but he tried in vain; flattery succeeded at court, and triumphed over truth.

1 The argument is this: If the great year is the measure of time; then, as it consists, according to Cicero, of 12,954 solar years, the whole being divided by twelve, every month of the great year would be clearly 1080 years. According to that calculation, Demosthenes not only lived in the same year with the persons engaged in the dialogue, but, it may be said, in the same month. These are the months to which Virgil alludes in the forth eclogue.

XVII. 'But I am in haste to pass to our Roman orators. Menenius Agrippa[1] may fairly be deemed an

1 Menenius Agrippa was consul A. U. C. 251. In less than ten years afterwards violent dissensions broke out between the patrician order and the common people, who complained that they were harassed and oppressed by their affluent creditors. One Sicinius was their factious demagogue. He told them, that it was in vain they fought the battles of their country, since they were no better than slaves and prisoners at Rome. He added, that men are born equal; that the fruits of the earth were the common birthright of all, and an agrarian law was necessary; that they groaned under a load of debts and taxes; and that a lazy and corrupt aristocracy battened at ease on the spoils of their labor and industry. By the advice of this incendiary the discontented citizens made a secession to the Mons Sacer, about three miles out of the city. The fathers in the mean time were covered with consternation. In order however to appease the fury of the multitude, they despatched Menenius Agrippa to their camp. In the rude unpolished style of the times, that orator told them: 'At the time when the powers of man did not, as at present, co-operate to one useful end, and the members of the human body had their separate interest, their factions, and cabals; it was agreed among them, that the belly maintained itself by their toil and labor, enjoying, in the middle of all, a state of calm repose, pampered with luxuries, and gratified with every kind of pleasure. A conspiracy followed, and the several members of the body took the covenant. The hand would no longer administer food; the mouth would not accept it, and the drudgery of mastication was too much for the teeth. They continued in this resolution, determined to starve the treasury of the body, till they began to feel the consequences of their ill-advised revolt. Their several members lost their former vigor, and the whole body was falling into a rapid decline. It was then seen that the belly was formed for the good of the whole; that it was by no means lazy, idle, and inactive; but, while it was properly supported, took care to distribute nourishment to every part, and having digested the supplies, filled the veins with pure and wholesome blood.' The analogy which this fable bore to the sedition of the Roman people was understood and felt. The discontented multitude saw that the state of man described by Menenius was like to an insurrection. They returned to Rome, and submitted to legal government. St. Paul has made use of a similar argument: 'The body is not one member, but many: if the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of

ancient. I take it, however, that he is not the person whom you mean to oppose to the professors of modern eloquence. The era which you have in view is that of Cicero[1] and Cæsar; of Cælius[2] and Calvus; of Bru-

the body; is it therefore not of the body? and if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body: and the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it;' First Epistle to the Corinthians, xii. This reasoning of St. Paul merits the attention of those friends of innovation who are not content with the station in which God has placed them, and therefore object to all subordination, all ranks in society.

1 Cæsar the dictator was, as the poet expresses it, graced with both Minervas. Quintilian is of opinion, that if he had devoted his whole time to the profession of eloquence, he would have been the great rival of Cicero. The energy of his language, his strength of conception, and his power over the passions, were so striking, that he may be said to have harangued with the same spirit that he fought. To speak of Cicero in this place, were to hold a candle to the sun. It will be sufficient to refer to Quintilian, who in the chapter above cited has drawn a beautiful parallel between him and Demosthenes. The Roman orator, he admits, improved himself, by a diligent study of the best models of Greece. He attained the warmth and the sublime of Demosthenes, the harmony of Plato, and the sweet flexibility of Isocrates. His own native genius supplied the rest. He was not content, as Pindar expresses it, to collect the drops that rained down from heaven, but had in himself the living fountain of that copious flow, and that sublime, that pathetic energy, which were bestowed on him by the bounty of Providence, that in one man Eloquence might exert all her powers.

2 Marcus Cælius Rufus, in the judgment of Quintilian, was an orator of considerable genius. In the conduct of a prosecution, he was remarkable for a certain urbanity, that gave a secret charm to his whole speech. It is to be regretted that he was not a man of better conduct and longer life. His

tus,[1] Asinius, and Messala. Those are the men whom you place in the front of your line; but for what reason

letters to Cicero make the eighth book of the Epistolæ ad Familiares. Velleius Paterculus says of him, that his style of eloquence and his cast of mind bore a resemblance to Curio, but raised him above that factious orator. His genius for mischief and evil deeds was not inferior to Curio, and his motives were strong and urgent, since his fortune was worse than even his frame of mind.

Licinius Macer Calvus, we are told by Seneca, maintained a long but unjust contention with Cicero himself for the palm of eloquence. He was a warm and vehement accuser; insomuch, that Vatinius, though defended by Cicero, interrupted Calvus in the middle of his speech, and said to the judges, 'Though this man has a torrent of words, does it follow that I must be condemned?' Cicero could not dread him as a rival, and it may therefore be presumed that he has drawn his character with an impartial hand. Calvus was an orator more improved by literature than Curio. He spoke with accuracy, and in his composition showed great taste and delicacy; but, laboring to refine his language, he was too attentive to little niceties. He wished to make no bad blood, and he lost the good. His style was polished with timid caution; but while it pleased the ear of the learned, the spirit evaporated, and of course made no impression in the forum, which is the theatre of eloquence. Quintilian says, there were who preferred him to all the orators of his time. Others were of opinion that, by being too severe a critic on himself, he polished too much, and grew weak by refinement. But his manner was grave and solid; his style was chaste, and often animated. To be thought a man of Attic eloquence was the height of his ambition. If he had lived to see his error, and to give to his eloquence a true and perfect form, not by retrenching (for there was nothing to be taken away), but by adding certain qualities that were wanted, he would have reached the summit of his art. By a premature death his fame was nipped in the bud.

1 This was the famous Marcus Junius Brutus, who stood forth in the cause of liberty, and delivered his country from the usurpation of Julius Cæsar. Cicero describes him in that great tragic scene, brandishing his bloody dagger, and calling on Cicero by name, to tell him that his country was free. The late Dr. Akenside has retouched this passage with all the colors of a sublime imagination:

Look then abroad through nature, through the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,

they are to be classed with the ancients, and not, as I think they ought to be, with the moderns, I am still to learn. To begin with Cicero: he, according to the account of Tiro, his freedman, was put to death on the seventh of the ides of December, during the consulship of Hirtius and Pansa;[1] who, we know, were both cut

> Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,
> And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
> With half that kindling majesty dilate
> Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
> Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
> Amid the crowd of patricts, and his arm
> Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
> When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
> On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
> And bade the Father of his Country hail!
> For, lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
> And Rome again is free.—*Pleasures of Imagination.*

According to Quintilian, Brutus was fitter for philosophical speculations and books of moral theory, than for the career of public oratory. In the former he was equal to the weight and dignity of his subject; you clearly saw that he believed what he said.

1 Hirtius and Pansa were consuls A. U. C. 711; before the Christian era, 43. In this year the famous triple league, called the triumvirate, was formed between Augustus, Lepidus, and Antony. The proscription, or the list of those who were doomed to die for the crime of adhering to the cause of liberty, was also settled, and Cicero was one of the number. A band of assassins went in quest of him to his villa, called Astura, near the sea-shore. Their leader was one Popilius Lænas, a military tribune, whom Cicero had formerly defended with success in a capital cause. They overtook Cicero in his litter. He commanded his servants to set him down, and make no resistance; then looking on his executioners with a presence and firmness which almost daunted them, and thrusting his neck as forward as he could out of the litter, he bade them do their work, and take what they wanted. The murderers cut off his head and both his hands. Popilius undertook to convey them to Rome, as the most agreeable present to Antony, without reflecting on the infamy of carrying that head which had saved his own. He found Antony in the forum, and on showing the spoils which he brought, was rewarded on the spot with the honor of a crown,

off in the course of the year, and left their office vacant for Augustus and Quintus Pedius. Count from that time six-and-fifty years to complete the reign of Augustus; three-and-twenty for that of Tiberius; four for Caligula; eight-and-twenty for Claudius and Nero; one for Galba, Otho, and Vitellius; and finally, six from the accession of Vespasian to the present year of our felicity, we shall have from the death of Cicero a period of about one hundred and twenty years, which may be considered as the term allotted to the life of man. I myself remember to have seen in Britain a soldier far advanced in years, who averred that he carried arms in that very battle in which his countrymen sought to drive Julius Cæsar back from their coast. If this veteran, who served in the defence of his country against Cæsar's invasion, had been brought

and about 8000*l*. Antony ordered the head to be fixed on the rostra, between the two hands; a sad spectacle to the people, who beheld those mangled members which used to exert themselves from that place, in defence of the lives, the fortunes, and the liberties of Rome. Cicero was killed on the seventh of December, about ten days from the settlement of the triumvirate, after he had lived sixty-three years, eleven months, and five days. See Middleton's Life of Cicero. Velleius Paterculus, after mentioning Cicero's death, breaks out in a strain of indignation, that almost redeems the character of that time-serving writer. He says to Antony, in a spirited apostrophe, 'You have no reason to exult; you have gained no point by paying the assassin, who stopped that eloquent mouth, and cut off that illustrious head. You have paid the wages of murder, and you have destroyed a consul who was the conservator of the commonwealth. By that act you delivered Cicero from a distracted world, from the infirmities of old age, and from a life which, under your usurpation, would have been worse than death. His fame was not to be crushed: the glory of his actions and his eloquence still remains, and you have raised it higher than ever. He lives, and will continue to live in every age and nation. Posterity will admire and venerate the torrent of eloquence which he poured out against yourself, and will for ever execrate the horrible murder which you committed.'

a prisoner to Rome; or if his own inclination, or any other accident in the course of things, had conducted him thither, he might have heard, not only Cæsar and Cicero, but even ourselves in some of our public speeches.

'In the late public largess you will acknowlege that you saw several old men, who assured us that they had received more than once the like distribution from Augustus himself. If that be so, might not those persons have heard Corvinus and Asinius? Corvinus, we all know, lived through half the reign of Augustus, and Asinius almost to the end. How then are we to ascertain the just boundaries of a century? They are not to be varied at pleasure, so as to place some orators in a remote, and others in a recent period, while people are still living who heard them all, and may therefore with good reason rank them as contemporaries.

XVIII. 'From what I have said I assume it as a clear position, that the glory, whatever it be, that accrued to the age in which those orators lived, is not confined to that particular period, but reaches down to the present time; and may more properly be said to belong to us than to Servius Galba, or to Carbo, and others of the same or more ancient date. Of that whole race of orators I may freely say that their manner cannot now be relished. Their language is coarse, and their composition rough, uncouth, and harsh; and yet your Calvus, your Cælius, and even your favorite Cicero, condescend to follow that inelegant style. It were to be wished that they had not thought such models worthy of imitation. I mean to speak my mind with freedom; but before I proceed it will be necessary to make a preliminary observation, and it is this: eloquence has no settled form: at different times it

puts on a new garb, and changes with the manners and the taste of the age. Thus we find that Gracchus, compared with the elder Cato,[1] is full and copious;

1 This is the celebrated Marcus Portius Cato, commonly known by the name of Cato the Censor. He was questor under Scipio, who commanded against the Carthaginians, A. U. C. 548. He rose through the regular gradations of the magistracy to the consulship. When pretor he governed the province of Sardinia, and exerted himself in the reform of all abuses introduced by his predecessors. From his own person, and his manner of living, he banished every appearance of luxury. When he had occasion to visit the towns that lay within his government, he went on foot, clothed with the plainest attire, without a vehicle following him, or more than one servant, who carried the robe of office and a vase, to make libations at the altar. He sat in judgment with the dignity of a magistrate, and punished every offence with inflexible rigor. He had the happy art of uniting in his own person two things almost incompatible; namely, strict severity and sweetness of manners. Under his administration justice was at once terrible and amiable. Plutarch relates that he never wore a dress that cost more than thirty shillings; that his wine was no better than what was consumed by his slaves; and that by leading a laborious life he meant to harden his constitution for the service of his country. He never ceased to condemn the luxury of the times. On this subject a remarkable apophthegm is recorded by Plutarch: 'It is impossible,' said Cato, 'to save a city in which a single fish sells for more money than an ox.' The account given of him by Cicero, in the Cato Major, excites our veneration of the man. He was master of every liberal art, and every branch of science, known in that age. Some men rose to eminence by their skill in jurisprudence; others by their eloquence; and a great number by their military talents. Cato shone in all alike. The patricians were often leagued against him, but his virtue and his eloquence were a match for the proudest connexions. He was chosen censor, in opposition to a number of powerful candidates, A. U. C. 568. He was the adviser of the third Punic war. The question occasioned several warm debates in the senate. Cato always insisted on the demolition of Carthage: 'Delenda est Carthago.' He preferred an accusation against Servius Sulpicius Galba, on a charge of peculation in Spain, A. U. C. 603; and though he was then ninety years old, according to Livy (Cicero says he lived to eighty-five), he conducted the business with so

but in his turn yields to Crassus,[1] an orator more polished, more correct, and florid. Cicero rises supe-

much vigor, that Galba, in order to excite compassion, produced his children before the senate, and by that artifice escaped a sentence of condemnation. Quintilian gives the following character of Cato the Censor: 'His genius, like his learning, was universal: historian, orator, lawyer, he cultivated the three branches; and what he undertook he touched with a master-hand. The science of husbandry was also his. Great as his attainments were, they were acquired in camps, amidst the din of arms; and in the city of Rome, amidst scenes of contention and the uproar of civil discord. Though he lived in rude unpolished times, he applied himself, when far advanced in the vale of years, to the study of Greek literature, and thereby gave a signal proof that even in old age the willing mind may be enriched with new stores of knowlege.'

1 Lucius Licinius Crassus is often mentioned, and always to his advantage, by Cicero. When Philippus the consul showed himself disposed to encroach on the privileges of the senate, and in the presence of that body offered indignities to L. Crassus, the orator, as Cicero informs us, broke out in a blaze of eloquence against that violent outrage; concluding with that remarkable sentence: 'He shall not be to me a consul, to whom I am not a senator.' Cicero has given his oratorical character. He possessed a wonderful dignity of language; could enliven his discourse with wit and pleasantry; never descending to vulgar humor; refined and polished, without a tincture of scurrility. He preserved the true Latin idiom; in his selection of words accurate, with apparent facility; no stiffness, no affectation appeared; in his train of reasoning always clear and methodical; and, when the cause hinged on a question of law, or the moral distinctions of good and evil, no man possessed such a fund of argument and happy illustration. In Cicero, De Oratore, L. Crassus supports a capital part in the dialogue; but in the opening of the third book we have a pathetic account of his death, written, as the Italians say, *con amore*. Crassus returned from his villa, where the dialogue passed, to take part in the debate against Philippus the consul, who had declared to an assembly of the people that he was obliged to seek new counsellors, for with such a senate he could not conduct the affairs of the commonwealth. The conduct of Crassus on that occasion has been mentioned already. The vehemence with which he exerted himself threw him into a violent fever, and on the seventh day following put a period to his life. 'Then,' says

rior to both; more animated, more harmonious and sublime. He is followed by Corvinus, who has all the softer graces; a sweet flexibility in his style, and a curious felicity in the choice of his words. Which was the greatest orator is not the question.

'The use I make of these examples is to prove that eloquence does not always wear the same dress; but, even among your celebrated ancients, has its different modes of persuasion. And be it remembered, that what differs is not always the worst. Yet such is the malignity of the human mind, that what has the sanction of antiquity is always admired; what is present is sure to be condemned. Can we doubt that there have been critics who were better pleased with Appius Cæcus than with Cato? Cicero had his adversaries:[1] it

Cicero, 'that tuneful swan expired: we hoped once more to hear the melody of his voice, and went in that expectation to the senate-house; but all that remained was to gaze on the spot where that eloquent orator spoke for the last time in the service of his country.' This passage will naturally call to mind the death of the great earl of Chatham. He went, in a feeble state of health, to attend a debate of the first importance. Nothing could detain him from the service of his country. The dying notes of the British Swan were heard in the House of Peers. He was conveyed to his own house, and on the eleventh of May 1778 he breathed his last. The news reached the House of Commons late in the evening, when Colonel Barre had the honor of being the first to shed a patriot tear on that melancholy occasion. In a strain of manly sorrow, and with that unprepared eloquence which the heart inspires, he moved for a funeral at the public expense, and a monument to the memory of virtue and departed genius. By performing that pious office, Colonel Barre may be said to have made his own name immortal. History will record the transaction.

1 Quintilian acknowleges this fact with his usual candor. The question concerning Attic and Asiatic eloquence was of long standing. The style of the former was close, pure, and elegant; the latter was said to be diffuse and ostentatious. In the Attic, nothing was idle, nothing redundant: the Asiatic swelled above all bounds, affecting to dazzle by strokes of

was objected to him that his style was redundant, turgid, never compressed, void of precision, and destitute of Attic elegance. We all have read the letters of Calvus and Brutus to your famous orator. In the course of that correspondence we plainly see what was Cicero's opinion of those eminent men. The former appeared to him cold and languid; the latter, disjointed, loose, and negligent. On the other hand, we know what they thought in return: Calvus did not hesitate to say that Cicero was diffuse, luxuriant to a fault, and florid without vigor. Brutus in express terms says, he was weakened into length, and wanted sinew. If you ask my opinion, each of them had reason on his side. I shall hereafter examine them separately. My business at present is not in the detail: I speak of them in general terms.

XIX. 'The era of ancient oratory is, I think, extended by its admirers no farther back than the time of Cassius Severus. He, they tell us, was the first who dared to deviate from the plain and simple style of his predecessors. I admit the fact. He departed from the established forms, not through want of genius or of learning, but guided by his own good sense and

wit, by affectation and superfluous ornament. Cicero was said by his enemies to be an orator of the last school. They did not scruple to pronounce him turgid, copious to a fault, often redundant, and too fond of repetition. His wit, they said, was the false glitter of vain conceit, frigid, and out of season; his composition was cold and languid; wire-drawn into amplification, and fuller of meretricious finery than became a man. The same author adds, that when the great orator was cut off by Marc Antony's proscription, and could no longer answer for himself, the men who either personally hated him, or envied his genius, or chose to pay their court to the triumvirate, poured forth their malignity without reserve. It is unnecessary to observe, that Quintilian, in sundry parts of his work, has vindicated Cicero from these aspersions. See § xvii. note 2.

superior judgment. He saw that the public ear was formed to a new manner; and eloquence, he knew, was to find new approaches to the heart. In the early periods of the commonwealth, a rough unpolished people might well be satisfied with the tedious length of unskilful speeches, at a time when to make an harangue that took up the whole day was the orator's highest praise. The prolix exordium, wasting itself in feeble preparation, the circumstantial narration, the ostentatious division of the argument under different heads, and the thousand proofs and logical distinctions, with whatever else is contained in the dry precepts of Hermagoras and Apollodorus, were in that rude period received with universal applause. To finish the picture, if your ancient orator could glean a little from the common places of philosophy, and interweave a few shreds and patches with the thread of his discourse, he was extolled to the very skies. Nor can this be matter of wonder: the maxims of the schools had not been divulged; they came with an air of novelty. Even among the orators themselves, there were but few who had any tincture of philosophy. Nor had they learned the rules of art from the teachers of eloquence.

'In the present age, the tenets of philosophy and the precepts of rhetoric are no longer a secret. The lowest of our popular assemblies are now, I will not say fully instructed, but certainly acquainted with the elements of literature. The orator by consequence finds himself obliged to seek new avenues to the heart, and new graces to embellish his discourse, that he may not offend fastidious ears, especially before a tribunal where the judge is no longer bound by precedent, but determines according to his will and pleasure; not, as formerly, observing the measure of time allowed to the

advocate, but taking on himself to prescribe the limits. Nor is this all: the judge at present will not condescend to wait till the orator in his own way opens his case, but, of his own authority, reminds him of the point in question, and, if he wanders, calls him back from his digression, not without a hint that the court wishes to despatch.

XX. 'Who at this time would bear to hear an advocate introducing himself with a tedious preface about the infirmities of his constitution? Yet that is the threadbare exordium of Corvinus. We have five books against Verres.[1] Who can endure that vast redundance? Who can listen to those endless arguments on points of form and cavilling exceptions, which we find in the orations of the same celebrated advocate for Marcus Tullius and Aulus Cæcina? Our modern judges are able to anticipate the argument. Their quickness goes before the speaker. If not struck with the vivacity of his manner, the elegance of his sentiments, and the glowing colors of his descriptions, they soon grow weary of the flat insipid discourse. Even in the lowest class of life there is now a relish for rich and splendid ornament. Their taste requires the gay, the florid, and the brilliant. The unpolished style of antiquity would now succeed as ill at the bar

1 Doctor Middleton says, 'Of the seven excellent orations which now remain on the subject of Verres, the first two only were spoken; the one called, The Divination; the other, The First Action, which is nothing more than a general preface to the whole cause. The other five were published afterwards, as they were prepared and intended to be spoken, if Verres had made a regular defence; for as this was the only cause in which Cicero had yet been engaged, or ever designed to be engaged, as an accuser, so he was willing to leave those orations as a specimen of his abilities in that way, and the pattern of a just and diligent impeachment of a great and corrupt magistrate.'—Life of Cicero.

as the modern actor who should attempt to copy the deportment of Roscius[1] or Ambivius Turpio. Even

1 Roscius, in the last period of the republic, was the comedian whom all Rome admired for his talents. The great esteemed and loved him for his morals. Æsop, the tragedian, was his contemporary. Horace, in the epistle to Augustus, has mentioned them both with their proper and distinctive qualities. A certain measured gravity of elocution being requisite in tragedy, that quality is assigned to the former, and the latter is called Doctus, because he was a complete master of his art; so truly learned in the principles of his profession, that he possessed, in a wonderful degree, the secret charm that gave inimitable graces to his voice and action. Quintilian, in a few words, has given a commentary on the passage in Horace. 'Grief,' he says, 'is expressed by slow and deliberate accents; for that reason Æsop spoke with gravity; Roscius with quickness; the former being a tragedian, the latter a comedian.' Cicero was the great friend and patron of Roscius. An elegant oration in his behalf is still extant. The cause was this: one Fannius had made over to Roscius a young slave to be formed by him to the stage, on condition of a partnership in the profits which the slave should acquire by acting. The slave was afterwards killed. Roscius prosecuted the murderer for damages, and obtained, by composition, a little farm, worth about eight hundred pounds, for his particular share. Fannius also sued separately, and was supposed to have gained as much; but pretending to have recovered nothing, he sued Roscius for the moiety of what he had received. 'One cannot but observe,' says Dr. Middleton, 'from Cicero's pleading, the wonderful esteem and reputation in which Roscius then florished. 'Has Roscius,' says he, 'defrauded his partner? Can such a stain stick on such a man? a man who, I speak it with confidence, has more integrity than skill, more veracity than experience: a man whom the people of Rome know to be a better citizen than he is an actor; and while he makes the first figure on the stage for his art, is worthy of a seat in the senate for his virtue.'' In another place, Cicero says, 'he was such an artist, as to seem the only one fit to appear on the stage; yet such a man as to seem the only one who should not come on it at all.' What Cicero has said in his pleadings might be thought oratorical, introduced merely to serve the cause, if we did not find the comedian praised with equal warmth in the dialogue De Oratore. It is there said of Roscius, that every thing he did was perfect in the kind, and executed with consummate grace, with a secret charm, that touched, affected, and de-

the young men who are preparing for the career of eloquence, and for that purpose attend the forum and the tribunals of justice, have now a nice discriminating taste. They expect to have their imaginations pleased. They wish to carry home some bright illustration, some splendid passage, that deserves to be remembered. What has struck their fancy they communicate to each other: and in their letters, the glittering thought, given with sententious brevity, the poetical allusion that enlivened the discourse, and the dazzling imagery, are sure to be transmitted to their respective colonies and provinces. The ornaments of poetic diction are now required; not indeed copied from the rude obsolete style of Accius and Pacuvius, but embellished with the graces of Horace, Virgil, and Lucan.[1] The public judgment has raised a demand for

lighted the whole audience; insomuch, that when a man excelled in any other profession, it was grown into a proverb to call him, the Roscius of his art. After so much honorable testimony, one cannot but wonder why the Doctus Roscius of Horace is mentioned in this dialogue with an air of disparagement. It may be, that Aper, the speaker in this passage, was determined to degrade the orators of antiquity; and the comedian was therefore to expect no quarter. Dacier, in his notes on the Epistle to Augustus, observes that Roscius wrote a book, in which he undertook to prove to Cicero, that in all the stores of eloquence there were not so many different expressions for one and the same thing, as in the dramatic art there were modes of action and casts of countenance to mark the sentiment and convey it to the mind with its due degree of emotion. It is to be lamented that such a book has not come down to us. It would perhaps be more valuable than the best treatise of rhetoric.

Ambivius Turpio acted in most of Terence's plays, and seems to have been a manager of the theatre. Cicero, in the treatise De Senectute, says, 'He who sat near him in the first rows received the greatest pleasure; but still, those who were at the farther end of the theatre were delighted with him.'

1 Lucan was nephew to Seneca, and a poet of great celebrity. He was born in the reign of Caligula, at Corduba i-

harmonious periods; and, in compliance with the taste of the age, our orators grow every day more polished and adorned. Let it not be said, that what we gain in refinement we lose in strength. Are the temples raised by our modern architects of a weak structure because they are not formed with shapeless stones, but with the magnificence of polished marble, and decorations of the richest gilding?

XXI. 'Shall I fairly own to you the impression which I generally receive from the ancient orators? They make me laugh, or lull me to sleep. Nor is this the case only when I read the orations of Canutus, Arrius, Furnius, Toranius, and others of the same school,

Spain. His superior genius made Nero his mortal enemy. He was put to death by that inhuman emperor, A. U. C. 818, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. As a writer, Quintilian says, that he possessed an ardent genius, impetuous, rapid, and remarkable for the vigor of his sentiments: but he chooses to class him with the orators rather than the poets. Scaliger, on the other hand, contends that Lucan was a true poet, and that the critics do but trifle, when they object that he wrote history, not an epic poem. Strada, in his Prolusions, has given, among other imitations, a narrative in Lucan's manner: and though he thinks that poet has not the skill of Virgil, he places him on the summit of Parnassus, managing his Pegasus with difficulty, often in danger of falling from the ridge of a precipice, yet delighting his reader with the pleasure of seeing him escape. This is the true character of Lucan. The love of liberty was his ruling passion. It is but justice to add, that his sentiments, when free from antithesis and the Ovidian manner, are not excelled by any poet of antiquity. From him, as well as from Virgil and Horace, the orator is required to cull such passages as will help to enrich his discourse; and the practice is recommended by Quintilian, who observes, that Cicero, Asinius Pollio, and others, frequently cited verses from Ennius, Accius, Pacuvius, and Terence, in order to grace their speeches with polite literature, and enliven the imagination of their hearers. By those poetic insertions, the ear is relieved from the harsh monotony of the forum; and the poets, cited occasionally, serve by their authority to establish the proposition advanced by the speaker.

or rather the same infirmary: an emaciated, sickly race of orators; without sinew, color, or proportion. But what shall be said of your admired Calvus? He, I think, has left no less than one-and-twenty volumes: in the whole collection there is not more than one or two short orations that can pretend to perfection in the kind. On this point there is no difference of opinion. Who now reads his declamations against Asitius or Drusus? His speeches against Vatinius are in the hands of the curious; particularly the second, which must be allowed to be a masterpiece. The language is elegant; the sentiments are striking, and the ear is satisfied with the roundness of the periods. In this specimen we see that he had an idea of just composition, but his genius was not equal to his judgment. The orations of Cælius, though on the whole defective, are not without their beauties. Some passages are highly finished. In those we acknowlege the nice touches of modern elegance. In general, however, the coarse expression, the halting period, and the vulgarity of the sentiments, have too much of the leaven of antiquity.

'If Cælius is still admired, it is not I believe in any of those parts that bear the mark of a rude illiterate age. With regard to Julius Cæsar, engaged as he was in projects of vast ambition, we may forgive him the want of that perfection which might otherwise be expected from so sublime a genius. Brutus, in like manner, may be excused on account of his philosophical speculations. Both he and Cæsar, in their oratorical attempts, fell short of themselves. Their warmest admirers acknowlege the fact; nor is there an instance to the contrary, unless we except Cæsar's speech for Decius the Samnite, and that of Brutus for king Dejotarus. But are those performances, and some

others of the same lukewarm temper, to be received as works of genius? He who admires those productions may be left to admire their verses also. For verses they both made, and sent them into the world, I will not say with more success than Cicero, but certainly more to their advantage; for their poetry had the good fortune to be little known.

'Asinius lived near our own times. He seems to have studied in the old school of Menenius and Appius. He composed tragedies as well as orations, but in a style so harsh and rugged, that one would think him the disciple of Accius and Pacuvius. He mistook the nature of eloquence, which may then be said to have attained its true beauty when the parts unite with smoothness, strength, and proportion. As in the human body, the veins should not swell too high, nor the bones and sinews appear too prominent; but its form is then most graceful, when a pure and temperate blood gives animation to the whole frame; when the muscles have their proper play, and the color of health is diffused over the several parts. I am not willing to disturb the memory of Corvinus Messala. If he did not reach the graces of modern composition, the defect does not seem to have sprung from choice. The vigor of his genius was not equal to his judgment.

XXII. 'I now proceed to Cicero, who, we find, had often on his hands the controversy that engages us at present. It was the fashion with his contemporaries to admire the ancients, while he, on the contrary, contended for the eloquence of his own time. Were I to mention the quality that placed him at the head of his rivals, I should say it was the solidity of his judgment. It was he that first showed a taste for polished and graceful oratory. He was happy in his choice of words, and he had the art of giving weight and har-

mony to his composition. We find in many passages a warm imagination, and luminous sentences. In his later speeches he has lively sallies of wit and fancy. Experience had then matured his judgment; and, after long practice, he found the true oratorical style. In his earlier productions we see the rough cast of antiquity. The exordium is tedious; the narration is drawn into length; luxuriant passages are not retouched with care; he is not easily affected, and he rarely takes fire; his sentiments are not always happily expressed, nor are the periods closed with energy. There is nothing so highly finished as to tempt you to avail yourself of a borrowed beauty. In short, his speeches are like a rude building, which is strong and durable, but wants that grace and consonance of parts which give symmetry and perfection to the whole.

'In oratory, as in architecture, I require ornament as well as use. From the man of ample fortune, who undertakes to build, we expect elegance and proportion. It is not enough that his house will keep out the wind and the rain; it must strike the eye, and present a pleasing object. Nor will it suffice that the furniture may answer all domestic purposes; it should be rich, fashionable, elegant; it should have gold and gems so curiously wrought that they will bear examination, often viewed, and always admired. The common utensils which are either mean or sordid should be carefully removed out of sight. In like manner, the true orator should avoid the trite and vulgar. Let him reject the antiquated phrase, and whatever is covered with the rust of time; let his sentiments be expressed with spirit, not in careless, ill-constructed, languid periods, like a dull writer of annals; let him banish low scurrility; and, in short, let him know how to diversify his style, that he may not fatigue the ear

with a monotony, ending for ever with the same unvaried cadence.

XXIII. 'I shall say nothing of the false wit and insipid play on words which we find in Cicero's orations. His pleasant conceits about the wheel of fortune,[1] and the arch raillery on the equivocal meaning of the word 'verres,'[2] do not merit a moment's attention. I omit the perpetual recurrence of the phrase, 'esse videatur,' which chimes in our ears at the close of so many sentences, sounding big, but signifying nothing. These are petty blemishes; I mention them with reluctance. I say nothing of other defects equally

1 The remark in this place alludes to a passage in the oration against Piso, where we find a frivolous stroke of false wit. Cicero reproaches Piso for his dissolute manners, and his scandalous debauchery. 'Who,' he says, 'in all that time saw you sober? Who beheld you doing any one thing worthy of a liberal mind? Did you once appear in public? The house of your colleague resounded with songs and minstrels: he himself danced naked in the midst of his wanton company; and while he wheeled about with alacrity in the circular motion of the dance, he never once thought of the wheel of fortune.'

2 The passage here alluded to presents us with a double pun. The word Verres is the name of a man, and also signifies a boar-pig, as we read in Horace, 'Verris obliquum meditantis ictum.' Lib. iii. ode 22. The word *jus* is likewise of twofold meaning, importing *law* and *sauce*, or broth; 'tepidumque ligurierit jus.' Lib. i. sat. 3. The objection to Cicero is, that playing on both the words, and taking advantage of their ambiguous meaning, he says it could not be matter of wonder that the *Verrian jus* was such bad *hog soup*. The wit, if it deserves that name, is mean enough; but, in justice to Cicero, it should be remembered, that he himself calls it frigid, and says, that the men who in their anger could be so very facetious as to blame the priest who did not sacrifice such a hog (*verres*), were idle and ridiculous. He adds, that he should not descend to repeat such sayings, for they were neither witty, nor worthy of notice in such a cause, had he not thought it material to show, that the iniquity of Verres was, in the mouth of the vulgar, a subject of ridicule, and a proverbial joke.

improper: and yet those very defects are the delight of such as affect to call themselves ancient orators. I need not single them out by name: the men are sufficiently known; it is enough to allude in general terms to the whole class.

'We all are sensible that there is a set of critics now existing who prefer Lucilius to Horace, and Lucretius[1] to Virgil; who despise the eloquence of Aufidius Bassus and Servilius Nonianus, and yet admire Varro[2] and Sisenna.[3] By these pretenders to taste the

1 Lucretius is not without his partisans at this hour. Many of the French critics speak of him with rapture; and in England, Dr. Wharton of Winchester seems to be at the head of his admirers. He does not scruple to say that Lucretius had more spirit, fire, and energy, more of the 'vivida vis animi,' than any of the Roman poets. It is neither safe nor desirable to differ from so fine a genius as Dr. Wharton. The passages which he has quoted from his favorite poet show great taste in the selection. It should be remembered, however, that Quintilian does not treat Lucretius with the same passionate fondness. He places Virgil next to Homer; and the rest, he says, of the Roman poets follow at a great distance. Macer and Lucretius deserve to be read: they have handled their respective subjects with taste and elegance; but Macer has no elevation, and Lucretius is not easily understood. Statius, the poet, who florished in the reign of Domitian, knew the value of Lucretius, and in one line seems to have given his true character; but had he been to decide between him and Virgil, it is probable that he would say to Lucretius as he did to himself.

2 Varro was universally allowed to be the most learned of the Romans. He wrote on several subjects with profound erudition. Quintilian says he was completely master of the Latin language, and thoroughly conversant in the antiquities of Greece and Rome. His works will enlarge our sphere of knowlege, but can add nothing to eloquence.

3 Sisenna, we are told by Cicero, was a man of learning, well skilled in the Roman language, acquainted with the laws and constitution of his country, and possessed of no small share of wit; but eloquence was not his element, and his practice in the forum was inconsiderable. In a subsequent part of the same work, Cicero says that Sisenna was of opinion, that to use uncommon words was the prefection of style. To prove this he relates a pleasant anecdote. One Caius Rufus carried

works of our modern rhetoricians are thrown by with neglect, and even fastidious disdain; while those of Calvus are held in the highest esteem. We see these men prosing in their ancient style before the judges; but we see them left without an audience, deserted by the people, and hardly endured by their clients. The truth is, their cold and spiritless manner has no attraction. They call it sound oratory, but it is want of vigor; like that precarious state of health which weak constitutions preserve by abstinence. What physician will pronounce that a strong habit of body which requires constant care and anxiety of mind? To say barely that we are not ill, is surely not enough. True health consists in vigor, a generous warmth, and a certain alacrity in the whole frame. He who is only not indisposed is little distant from actual illness.

'With you, my friends, the case is different: proceed, as you well can, and in fact as you do, to adorn our age with all the grace and splendor of true oratory. It is with pleasure, Messala, that I see you selecting for imitation the liveliest models of the ancient school. You, too, Maternus, and you, my friend Secundus, you both possess the happy art of adding to weight of sentiment all the dignity of language. To a copious invention you unite the judgment that knows how to distinguish the specific qualities of different

on a prosecution. Sisenna appeared for the defendant; and to express his contempt of his adversary, said that many parts of the charge deserved to be spit on. For this purpose he coined so strange a word, that the prosecutor implored the protection of the judges. 'I do not,' said he, 'understand Sisenna: I am circumvented: I fear that some snare is laid for me. What does he mean by *sputatilica*? I know that *sputa* is spittle: but what is *tilica*?' The court laughed at the oddity of a word so strangely compounded. Whether this was the same Sisenna who is said in the former quotation to have been a correct speaker, does not appear with any degree of certainty.

authors. The beauty of order is yours. When the occasion demands it, you can expand and amplify with strength and majesty; and you know when to be concise with energy. Your periods flow with ease, and your composition has every grace of style and sentiment. You command the passions with resistless sway, while in yourselves you beget a temperance so truly dignified that, though perhaps envy and the malignity of the times may be unwilling to proclaim your merit, posterity will do you ample justice.'

XXIV. As soon as Aper concluded, 'You see,' said Maternus, 'the zeal and ardor of our friend: in the cause of the moderns what a torrent of eloquence! against the ancients, what a fund of invective! With great spirit, and a vast compass of learning, he has employed against his masters the arts for which he is indebted to them. And yet all this vehemence must not deter you, Messala, from the performance of your promise. A formal defence of the ancients is by no means necessary. We do not presume to vie with that illustrious race. We have been praised by Aper, but we know our inferiority. He himself is aware of it; though, in imitation of the ancient manner, he has thought proper, for the sake of a philosophical debate, to take the wrong side of the question. In answer to his argument, we do not desire you to expatiate in praise of the ancients: their fame wants no addition. What we request is, an investigation of the causes which have produced so rapid a decline from the flourishing state of genuine eloquence. I call it rapid, since, according to Aper's own chronology, the period from the death of Cicero does not exceed one hundred and twenty years.'[1]

1 Cicero was killed on the seventh of December, in the

XXV. 'I am willing,' said Messala, 'to pursue the plan which you have recommended. The question, whether the men who florished above one hundred years ago are to be accounted ancients, has been started by my friend Aper, and I believe it is of the first impression. But it is a mere dispute about words. The discussion of it is of no moment, provided it be granted, whether we call them ancients, or our predecessors, or give them any other appellation, that the eloquence of those times was superior to that of the present age. When Aper tells us that different periods of time have produced new modes of oratory, I see nothing to object; nor shall I deny, that in one and the same period the style and manners have greatly varied. But this I assume, that among the orators of Greece, Demosthenes holds the first rank, and after him Æschines, Hyperides, Lysias, and Lycurgus, in regular succession. That age, by common consent, is allowed to be the florishing period of Attic eloquence.

'In like manner Cicero stands at the head of our Roman orators; while Calvus, Asinius, and Cæsar, Cælius and Brutus, follow him at a distance; all of them superior, not only to every former age, but to the whole race that came after them. Nor is it material that they differ in the mode, since they all agree in the kind. Calvus is close and nervous; Asinius more open and harmonious; Cæsar[1] is distinguished

consulship of Hirtius and Pansa, A. U. C. 711; before Christ, 43.

1 For Quintilian's opinion of Cæsar's eloquence, see § xvii. note. To what is there said may be added the authority of Cicero, who fairly owns, that Cæsar's constant habit of speaking his language with purity and correctness exempted him from all the vices of the corrupt style adopted by others. To

by the splendor of his diction; Cælius by a caustic severity; and gravity is the characteristic of Brutus. Cicero is more luxuriant in amplification, and he has strength and vehemence. They all however agree in this: their eloquence is manly, sound, and vigorous. Examine their works, and you will see the energy of congenial minds; a family likeness in their genius, however it may take a distinct color from the specific qualities of the men. True, they detracted from each other's merit. In their letters, which are still extant, we find some strokes of mutual hostility. But this littleness does not impeach their eloquence: their jealousy was the infirmity of human nature. Calvus, Asinius, and Cicero, might have their fits of animosity; and no doubt were liable to envy, malice, and other degrading passions: they were great orators, but they were men.

'Brutus is the only one of the set who may be thought superior to petty contentions. He spoke his mind with freedom, and, I believe, without a tincture of malice. He did not envy Cæsar himself, and can it be imagined that he envied Cicero? As to Galba, Lælius, and others of a remote period, against whom we have heard Aper's declamation, I need not undertake their defence, since I am willing to acknowlege, that in their style and manner we perceive those defects and blemishes which it is natural to expect, while

that politeness of expression which every well-bred citizen, though he does not aspire to be an orator, ought to practise, when Cæsar adds the splendid ornaments of eloquence, he may then be said to place the finest pictures in the best light. In his manner there is nothing mechanical, nothing of professional craft: his voice is impressive, and his action dignified. To all these qualities he unites a certain majesty of mien and figure, that bespeaks a noble mind.

art, as yet in its infancy, has made no advances towards perfection.

XXVI. 'After all, if the best form of eloquence must be abandoned, and some new-fangled style must grow into fashion, give me the rapidity of Gracchus, or the more solemn manner of Crassus, with all their imperfections, rather than the effeminate delicacy of Mecænas,[1] or the tinkling cymbal of Gallio.[2] The most

1 The false taste of Mecænas has been noted by the poets and critics who florished after his death. His affected prettinesses are compared to the prim curls, in which women and effeminate men tricked out their hair. Seneca, who was himself tainted with affectation, has left a beautiful epistle on the very question that makes the main subject of the present dialogue. He points out the causes of the corrupt taste that debauched the eloquence of those times, and imputes the mischief to the degeneracy of the manners. Whatever the man was, such was the orator. When ancient discipline relaxed, luxury succeeded, and language became delicate, brilliant, spangled with conceits. Simplicity was laid aside, and quaint expressions grew into fashion. Does the mind sink into languor, the body moves reluctantly. Is the man softened into effeminacy, you see it in his gait. Is he quick and eager, he walks with alacrity. The powers of the understanding are affected in the same manner. Having laid this down as his principle, Seneca proceeds to describe the soft delicacy of Mecænas, and he finds the same vice in his phraseology. He cites a number of the lady-like terms, which the great patron of letters considered as exquisite beauties. 'In all this,' says he, 'we see the man who walked the streets of Rome in his open and flowing robe.' What he has said of Mecænas is perfectly just. The fopperies of that celebrated minister are in this dialogue called *calamistri*; an allusion borrowed from Cicero, who praises the beautiful simplicity of Cæsar's Commentaries, and says there were men of a vicious taste, who wanted to apply the curling-iron, that is, to introduce the glitter of conceit and antithesis in the place of truth and nature.

2 Who Gallio was is not clearly settled by the commentators. Quintilian, lib. iii. cap. 1, makes mention of Gallio, who wrote a treatise of eloquence; and in the Annals, xv. 73, we find Junius Gallio, the brother of Seneca; but whether either of them is the person here intended, remains uncertain. Whoever he was, his eloquence was a tinkling cymbal. Quintilian

homely dress is preferable to gaudy colors and meretricious ornaments. The style in vogue at present is an innovation against every thing just and natural; it is not even manly. The luxuriant phrase, the inanity of tuneful periods, and the wanton levity of the whole composition, are fit for nothing but the histrionic art, as if they were written for the stage. To the disgrace of the age (however astonishing it may appear), it is the boast, the pride, the glory of our present orators, that their periods are musical enough either for the dancer's heel,[1] or the warbler's throat. Hence it is, that by a frequent but preposterous metaphor, the orator is said to speak in melodious cadence, and the dancer to move with expression. In this view of things even Cassius Severus (the only modern whom Aper has ventured to name) if we compare him with the race that followed, may be fairly pronounced a legitimate orator; though it must be acknowleged, that in what remains of his composition, he is clumsy without strength, and violent without spirit. He was the first that deviated from the great masters of his art. He despised all method and regular arrangement: indelicate in his

says of such orators, who are all inflated, tumid, corrupt, and jingling, that their malady does not proceed from a full and rich constitution, but from mere infirmity: for

As in bodies, thus in souls we find,
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.

1 Pliny declares, without ceremony, that he was ashamed of the corrupt effeminate style that disgraced the courts of justice, and made him think of withdrawing from the forum. He calls it sing-song, and says that nothing but musical instruments could be added. The chief aim of Persius in his first satire is levelled against the bad poets of his time, and also the spurious orators, who enervated their eloquence by antithesis, far-fetched metaphors, and points of wit, delivered with the softest tone of voice, and ridiculous airs of affectation.

choice of words, he paid no regard to decency; eager to attack, he left himself unguarded; he brandished his weapons without skill or address; and, to speak plainly, he wrangled, but did not argue. And yet, notwithstanding these defects, he was, as I have already said, superior to all that came after him, whether we regard the variety of his learning, the urbanity of his wit, or the vigor of his mind. I expected that Aper, after naming this orator, would have drawn up the rest of his forces in regular order. He has fallen indeed on Asinius, Cælius, and Calvus; but where are his champions to enter the lists with them? I imagined that he had a phalanx in reserve, and that we should have seen them man by man giving battle to Cicero, Cæsar, and the rest in succession. He has singled out some of the ancients, but has brought none of his moderns into the field. He thought it enough to give them a good character in their absence. In this perhaps he acted with prudence: he was afraid, if he selected a few, that the rest of the tribe would take offence: for among the rhetoricians of the present day, is there one to be found who does not in his own opinion tower above Cicero, though he has the modesty to yield to Gabinianus?[1]

XXVII. 'What Aper has omitted I intend to perform. I shall produce his moderns by name, to the end that, by placing the example before our eyes, we may be able more distinctly to trace the steps by which the vigor of ancient eloquence has fallen to decay.' Maternus interrupted him: 'I wish,' he said,

1 Gabinianus was a teacher of rhetoric in the reign of Vespasian. Eusebius says that Gabinianus, a celebrated rhetorician, was a teacher of eloquence in Gaul. His admirers deemed him another Cicero, and, after him, all such orators were called Cicerones Gabiniani.

'that you would come at once to the point: we claim your promise. The superiority of the ancients is not in question. We want no proof of it. On that point my opinion is decided. But the causes of our rapid decline from ancient excellence remain to be unfolded. We know that you have turned your thoughts to this subject, and we expected from you a calm disquisition, had not the violent attack which Aper made on your favorite orators roused your spirit, and perhaps given you some offence.'—'Far from it,' replied Messala; 'he has given me no offence; nor must you, my friends, take umbrage, if at any time a word should fall from me not quite agreeable to your way of thinking. We are engaged in a free inquiry; and you know, that in this kind of debate the established law allows every man to speak his mind without reserve.'—'That is the law,' replied Maternus: 'you may proceed in perfect security. When you speak of the ancients, speak of them with ancient freedom, which I fear is at a lower ebb than even the genius of those eminent men.'

XXVIII. Messala resumed his discourse: 'The causes of the decay of eloquence are by no means difficult to be traced. They are I believe well known to you, Maternus, and also to Secundus, not excepting my friend Aper. It seems however that I am now, at your request, to unravel the business. But there is no mystery in it. We know that eloquence, with the rest of the polite arts, has lost its former lustre; and yet it is not a dearth of men, or a decay of talents, that has produced this fatal effect. The true causes are, the dissipation of our young men, the inattention of parents, the ignorance of those who pretend to give instruction, and the total neglect of ancient discipline. The mischief began at Rome; it has overrun all Italy,

and is now with rapid strides spreading through the provinces. The effects however are more visible at home, and therefore I shall confine myself to the reigning vices of the capital; vices that wither every virtue in the bud, and continue their baleful influence through every season of life.

'But before I enter on the subject it will not be useless to look back to the system of education that prevailed in former times, and to the strict discipline of our ancestors in a point of so much moment as the formation of youth. In the times to which I now refer the son of every family was the legitimate offspring of a virtuous mother. The infant, as soon as born, was not consigned to the mean dwelling of a hireling nurse,[1] but was reared and cherished in the bosom of a tender parent. To regulate all household affairs, and attend to her infant race, was at that time the glory of the female character. A matron, related to the family, and distinguished by the purity of her life, was chosen to watch the progress of the tender mind. In her presence not one indecent word was uttered; nothing was done against propriety and good manners. The hours of study and serious employment were settled by her direction; and not only so, but even the diversions of the children were conducted with modest reserve and sanctity of manners. Thus it was that Cornelia,[2] the mother of the Gracchi, superintended

1 In order to brand and stigmatise the Roman matrons who committed the care of their infant children to hired nurses, Tacitus observes, that no such custom was known among the savages of Germany.

2 Cornelia, the mother of the two Gracchi, was daughter to the first Scipio Africanus. The sons, Quintilian says, owed much of their eloquence to the care and institutions of their mother, whose taste and learning were fully displayed in her letters, which were then in the hands of the public. Cicero says, 'We have read the letters of Cornelia, the mo-

the education of her illustrious issue. It was thus that Aurelia trained up Julius Cæsar; and thus Atia formed the mind of Augustus. The consequence of this regular discipline was, that the young mind grew up in innocence, unstained by vice, unwarped by irregular passions, and under that culture received the seeds of science. Whatever was the peculiar bias, whether to the military art, the study of the laws, or the profession of eloquence, that engrossed the whole attention; and the youth, thus directed, embraced the intire compass of one favorite science.

XXIX. 'In the present age, what is our practice? The infant is committed to a Greek chambermaid, and a slave or two, chosen for the purpose, generally the worst of the household train; all utter strangers to every liberal notion. In that worshipful society[1] the youth grows up, imbibing folly and vulgar error. Throughout the house, not one servant cares what he says or does in the presence of his young master,[2] and

ther of the Gracchi, from which it appears, that the sons were educated, not so much in the lap of their mother, as her conversation.' Pliny the elder informs us that a statue was erected to her memory, though Cato the Censor declaimed against showing so much honor to women, even in the provinces. But with all his vehemence he could not prevent it in the city of Rome.

1 Quintilian thinks the first elements of education so highly material, that he has two long chapters on the subject. He requires, in the first place, that the language of the nurses should be pure and correct. Their manners are of great importance; but he adds, let them speak with propriety. It is to them that the infant first attends; he listens, and endeavors to imitate them. The first color, imbibed by yarn or thread, is sure to last. What is bad generally adheres tenaciously. Let the child therefore not learn in his infancy what he must afterwards take pains to unlearn. Plutarch has a long discourse on the breeding of children, in which all mistakes are pointed out, and the best rules enforced with great acuteness of observation.

2 Juvenal has one intire satire on the subject of education.

indeed how should it be otherwise? The parents themselves are the first to give their children the worst examples of vice and luxury. The stripling consequently loses all sense of shame, and soon forgets the respect he owes to others as well as to himself. A passion for horses, players, and gladiators,[1] seems to be the epidemic folly of the times. The child receives it in his mother's womb; he brings it with him into the world; and in a mind so possessed, what room for science or any generous purpose?

'In our houses, at our tables, sports and interludes are the topics of conversation. Enter the places of academical lectures, and who talks of any other sub-

1 The rage of the Romans for the diversions of the theatre, and public spectacles of every kind, is often mentioned by Horace, Juvenal, and other writers under the emperors. Seneca says, that, at one time, three ways were wanted to as many different theatres; and that the most illustrious of the Roman youth are no better than slaves to the pantomimic performers. It was for this reason that Petronius lays it down as a rule to be observed by the young student, never to enlist himself in the parties and factions of the theatre. It is well known that theatrical parties distracted the Roman citizens, and rose almost to frensy. They were distinguished by the green and the blue. Caligula, as we read in Suetonius, attached himself to the former, and was so fond of the charioteers, who wore green liveries, that he lived for a considerable time in the stables where their horses were kept. Montesquieu reckons such party divisions among the causes that wrought the downfal of the empire. Constantinople, he says, was split into two factions, the green and the blue, which owed their origin to the inclination of the people to favor one set of charioteers in the circus rather than another. These two parties raged in every city throughout the empire, and their fury rose in proportion to the number of inhabitants. Justinian favored the blues, who became so elate with pride, that they trampled on the laws. All ties of friendship, all natural affection, and all relative duties, were extinguished. Whole families were destroyed; and the empire was a scene of anarchy and wild contention. He who felt himself capable of the most atrocious deeds, declared himself a blue, and the greens were massacred with impunity.

ject? The preceptors themselves have caught the contagion. Nor can this be wondered at. To establish a strict and regular discipline, and to succeed by giving proofs of their genius, is not the plan of our modern rhetoricians. They pay their court to the great, and by servile adulation increase the number of their pupils. Need I mention the manner of conveying the first elements of school learning? No care is taken to give the student a taste for the best authors;[1] the page of history lies neglected; the study of men and manners is no part of their system; and every branch of useful knowlege is left uncultivated. A preceptor is called in, and education is then thought to be in a fair way. But I shall have occasion hereafter to speak more fully of that class of men called rhetoricians. It will then be seen at what period that profession first

1 Quintilian has given a full account of the best Greek and Roman poets, orators, and historians; and, in ii. 6, he draws up a regular scheme for the young student to pursue in his course of reading. There are, he says, two rocks, on which they may split. The first, by being led by some fond admirer of antiquity to set too high a value on the manner of Cato and the Gracchi; for in that commerce they will be in danger of growing dry, harsh, and rugged. The strong conception of those men will be beyond the reach of tender minds. Their style indeed may be copied; and the youth may flatter himself, when he has contracted the rust of antiquity, that he resembles the illustrious orators of a former age. On the other hand, the florid decorations and false glitter of the moderns may have a secret charm, the more dangerous and seductive, as the petty florishes of our new way of writing may prove acceptable to the youthful mind. Such was the doctrine of Quintilian. His practice, we may be sure, was consonant to his own rules. Under such a master the youth of Rome might be initiated in science, and formed to a just taste for eloquence and legitimate composition; but one man was not equal to the task. The rhetoricians and pedagogues of the age preferred the novelty and meretricious ornaments of the style then in vogue.

made its appearance at Rome, and what reception it met with from our ancestors.

XXX. 'Before I proceed, let us advert for a moment to the plan of ancient discipline. The unwearied diligence of the ancient orators, their habits of meditation, and their daily exercise in the whole circle of arts and sciences, are amply displayed in the books which they have transmitted to us. The treatise of Cicero, intitled Brutus,[1] is in all our hands. In that work, after commemorating the orators of a former day, he closes the account with the particulars of his own progress in science, and the method he took in educating himself to the profession of oratory. He studied the civil law under Mucius Scævola:[2] he was instructed in the various systems of philosophy by Philo[3] of the academic school, and by Diodorus the

1 This is the treatise, or history of the most eminent orators (De Claris Oratoribus), which has been so often cited in the course of these notes. It is also intitled Brutus: a work replete with the soundest criticism, and by its variety and elegance always charming.

2 Quintus Mucius Scævola was the great lawyer of his time. Cicero draws a comparison between him and Crassus. They were both engaged on opposite sides, in a cause before the centumviri. Crassus proved himself the best lawyer among the orators of that day, and Scævola the most eloquent of the lawyers. During the consulship of Sylla, A. U. C. 666, Cicero being then in the nineteenth year of his age, and wishing to acquire a competent knowlege of the principles of jurisprudence, attached himself to Mucius Scævola, who did not undertake the task of instructing pupils, but, by conversing freely with all who consulted him, gave a fair opportunity to those who thirsted after knowlege.

3 Philo was a leading philosopher of the academic school. To avoid the fury of Mithridates, who waged a long war with the Romans, he fled from Athens, and with some of the most eminent of his fellow-citizens repaired to Rome. Cicero was struck with his philosophy, and became his pupil.

Cicero adds, that he gave board and lodging at his own

stoic: and though Rome at that time abounded with the best professors, he made a voyage to Greece,[1] and thence to Asia, in order to enrich his mind with every branch of learning. Hence that store of knowlege which appears in all his writings. Geometry, music, grammar, and every useful art, were familiar to him. He embraced the whole science of logic and ethics.[2]

house to Diodorus the stoic, and under that master employed himself in various branches of literature, but particularly in the study of logic, which may be considered as a mode of eloquence contracted, close, and nervous.

1 Cicero gives an account of his travels, which he undertook, after having employed two years in the business of the forum, where he gained an early reputation. At Athens he passed six months with Antiochus, the principal philosopher of the old academy, and, under the direction of that able master, resumed those abstract speculations which he had cultivated from his earliest youth. Nor did he neglect his rhetorical exercises. In that pursuit he was assisted by Demetrius, the Syrian, who was allowed to be a skilful preceptor. He passed from Greece into Asia; and in the course of his travels through that country, he lived in constant habits with Menippus of Stratonice; a man eminent for his learning; who, if to be neither frivolous nor unintelligible, is the character of Attic eloquence, might fairly be called a disciple of that school. He met with many other professors of rhetoric, such as Dionysius of Magnesia, Æschylus of Cnidos, and Xenocles of Adramyttium; but not content with their assistance, he went to Rhodes, and renewed his friendship with Molo, whom he had heard at Rome, and knew to be an able pleader in real causes; a fine writer, and a judicious critic; who could, with a just discernment of the beauties as well as the faults of a composition, point out the road to excellence, and improve the taste of his scholars. In his attention to the Roman orator, the point he aimed at (Cicero will not say that he succeeded) was to lop away superfluous branches, and confine within its proper channel a stream of eloquence, too apt to swell above all bounds, and overflow its banks. After two years thus spent in the pursuit of knowlege, and improvement in his oratorical profession, Cicero returned to Rome almost a new man.

2 Cicero is here said to have been a complete master of philosophy, which, according to Quintilian, was divided into three branches, namely, physics, ethics, and logic. It has

He studied the operations of nature. His diligence of inquiry opened to him the long chain of causes and effects; and, in short, the whole system of physiology was his own. From a mind thus replenished it is no wonder, my good friends, that we see in the compositions of that extraordinary man that affluence of ideas, and that prodigious flow of eloquence. In fact, it is

been mentioned in this section, note 3, that Cicero called logic a contracted and close mode of eloquence. That observation is fully explained by Quintilian. Speaking of logic, the use, he says, of that contentious art, consists in just definition, which presents to the mind the precise idea; and in nice discrimination, which marks the essential difference of things. It is this faculty that throws a sudden light on every difficult question, removes all ambiguity, clears up what was doubtful, divides, developes, and separates, and then collects the argument to a point. But the orator must not be too fond of this close combat. The minute attention which logic requires will exclude what is of higher value; while it aims at precision, the vigor of the mind is lost in subtlety. We often see men, who argue with wonderful craft; but, when petty controversy will no longer serve their purpose, we see the same men without warmth or energy, cold, languid, and unequal to the conflict; like those little animals, which are brisk in narrow places, and by their agility baffle their pursuers, but in the open field are soon overpowered.

Ethics, or moral philosophy, the same great critic holds to be indispensably requisite. Unless the mind be enriched with a store of knowlege, there may be loquacity, but nothing that deserves the name of oratory. 'Eloquence,' says Lord Bolingbroke, 'must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy stream on some gaudy day, and remain dry for the rest of the year.' See Spirit of Patriotism.

With regard to natural philosophy, Quintilian has a sentiment so truly sublime, that to omit it in this place would look like insensibility. 'If,' says he, 'the universe is conducted by a superintending Providence, it follows that good men should govern the nations of the earth. And if the soul of man is of celestial origin, it is evident that we should tread in the paths of virtue, all aspiring to our native source, not slaves to passion, and the pleasures of the world.' These are important topics; they often occur to the public orator, and demand all his eloquence.

not with oratory as with the other arts, which are confined to certain objects, and circumscribed within their own peculiar limits. He alone deserves the name of an orator who can speak in a copious style, with ease or dignity, as the subject requires; who can find language to decorate his argument; who through the passions can command the understanding; and, while he serves mankind, knows how to delight the judgment and the imagination of his audience.

XXXI. 'Such was, in ancient times, the idea of an orator. To form that illustrious character it was not thought necessary to declaim in the schools of rhetoricians,[1] or to make a vain parade in fictitious controversies, which were not only void of all reality, but even of a shadow of probability. Our ancestors pursued a different plan: they stored their minds with just ideas of moral good and evil; with the rules of right and wrong, and the fair and foul in human transac-

1 Quintilian, as well as Seneca, has left a collection of school declamations, but he has given his opinion of all such performances. They are mere imitation, and by consequence have not the force and spirit which a real cause inspires. In public harangues, the subject is founded in reality; in declamations, all is fiction. Petronius has given a lively description of the rhetoricians of his time. 'The consequence,' he says, 'of their turgid style, and the pompous swell of sounding periods, has ever been the same: when their scholars enter the forum, they look as if they were transported into a new world. The teachers of rhetoric have been the bane of all true eloquence. That gay writer, who passed his days in luxury and voluptuous pleasures, was, amidst all his dissipation, a man of learning, and at intervals of deep reflection. He knew the value of true philosophy, and therefore directs the young orator to the Socratic school, and to that plan of education which we have before us in the present dialogue. He bids his scholar begin with Homer, and there drink deep of the Pierian spring; after that he recommends the moral system; and when his mind is thus enlarged, he allows him to wield the arms of Demosthenes.

tions. These, on every controverted point, are the orator's province. In courts of law, just and unjust undergo his discussion; in political debate, between what is expedient and honorable, it is his to draw the line; and those questions are so blended in their nature that they enter into every cause. On such important topics, who can hope to bring variety of matter, and to dignify that matter with style and sentiment, if he has not beforehand enlarged his mind with the knowlege of human nature? with the laws of moral obligation? the deformity of vice, the beauty of virtue, and other points which do not immediately belong to the theory of ethics?

'The orator who has enriched his mind with these materials may be truly said to have acquired the powers of persuasion. He who knows the nature of indignation will be able to kindle or allay that passion in the breast of the judge: and the advocate who has considered the effect of compassion, and from what secret springs it flows, will best know how to soften the mind, and melt it into tenderness. It is by these secrets of his art that the orator gains his influence. Whether he has to do with the prejudiced, the angry, the envious, the melancholy, or the timid, he can bridle their various passions, and hold the reins in his own hand. According to the disposition of his audience, he will know when to check the workings of the heart, and when to raise them to their full tumult of emotion.

'Some critics are chiefly pleased with that close mode of oratory which, in a laconic manner, states the facts, and forms an immediate conclusion: in that case, it is obvious how necessary it is to be a complete master of the rules of logic. Others delight in a more open, free, and copious style, where the arguments are drawn from topics of general knowlege: for this pur-

pose the peripatetic school will supply the orator with ample materials.[1] The academic philosopher[2] will in-

1 Cicero has left a book, intitled Topica, in which he treats at large of the method of finding proper arguments. This, he observes, was executed by Aristotle, whom he pronounces the great master both of invention and judgment. The sources from which arguments may be drawn are called *loci communes, common places.* To supply the orator with ample materials, and to render him copious on every subject, was the design of the Greek preceptor, and for that purpose he gave his Topica. Aristotle was the most eminent of Plato's scholars: he retired to a gymnasium, or place of exercise, in the neighborhood of Athens, called the Lyceum, where, from a custom, which he and his followers observed, of discussing points of philosophy, as they walked in the porticos of the place, they obtained the name of Peripatetics, or the walking philosophers. See Middleton's Life of Cicero.

2 The academic sect derived its origin from Socrates, and its name from a celebrated gymnasium, or place of exercise, in the suburbs of Athens, called the Academy, after Academus, who possessed it in the time of the Tyndaridæ. It was afterwards purchased, and dedicated to the public for the convenience of walks and exercises for the citizens of Athens. It was gradually improved with plantations, groves and porticos for the particular use of the professors or masters of the academic school; where several of them are said to have spent their lives, and to have resided so strictly, as scarce ever to have come within the city. See Middleton's Life of Cicero. Plato and his followers continued to reside in the porticos of the academy. They chose

> ——————————The green retreats
> Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
> Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
> Ilyssus pure devolved his tuneful stream
> In gentle murmurs.
>
> *Akenside, Pleasures of Imagination.*

For dexterity in argument the orator is referred to this school, for the reason given by Quintilian, who says that the custom of supporting an argument on either side of the question approaches nearest to the orators' practice in forensic causes. He also assures us that we are indebted to the academic philosophy for the ablest orators, and it is to that school that Horace sends his poet for instruction:

> Good sense, that fountain of the muse's art,
> Let the rich page of Socrates impart;

spire him with warmth and energy; Plato will give the sublime; and Xenophon that equal flow which charms us in that amiable writer. The rhetorical figure which is called exclamation, so frequent with Epicurus and Metrodorus, will add to a discourse those sudden breaks of passion which give motion, strength, and vehemence.

'It is not for the stoic school, nor for their imaginary wise man, that I am laying down rules. I am forming an orator, whose business it is, not to adhere to one sect, but to go the round of all the arts and sciences. Accordingly we find that the great masters of ancient eloquence laid their foundation in a thorough study of the civil law, and to that fund they added grammar, music, and geometry. The fact is, in most of the causes that occur, perhaps in every cause, a due knowlege of the whole system of jurisprudence is an indispensable requisite. There are likewise many subjects of litigation, in which an acquaintance with other sciences is of the highest use.

XXXII. 'Am I to be told, that to gain some slight information on particular subjects, as occasion may require, will sufficiently answer the purposes of an orator? In answer to this, let it be observed, that the application of what we draw from our own fund is very different from the use we make of what we borrow. Whether we speak from digested knowlege, or the mere suggestion of others, the effect is soon perceived. Add to this, that conflux of ideas with which the different sciences enrich the mind, gives an air of dignity to whatever we say, even in cases where that depth of knowlege is not required. Science adorns

> And if the mind with clear conception glow,
> The willing words in just expressions flow.
> *Francis' Horace.*

the speaker at all times; and, where it is least expected, confers a grace that charms every hearer; the man of erudition feels it, and the unlettered part of the audience acknowlege the effect without knowing the cause. A murmur of applause ensues; the speaker is allowed to have laid in a store of knowlege; he possesses all the powers of persuasion, and then is called an orator indeed.

'I take the liberty to add, if we aspire to that honorable appellation, that there is no way but that which I have chalked out. No man was ever yet a complete orator; and, I affirm, never can be, unless, like the soldier marching to the field of battle, he enters the forum armed at all points with the sciences and the liberal arts. Is that the case in these our modern times? The style which we hear every day abounds with colloquial barbarisms and vulgar phraseology: no knowlege of the laws is heard; our municipal policy is wholly neglected, and even the decrees of the senate are treated with contempt and derision. Moral philosophy is discarded, and the maxims of ancient wisdom are unworthy of their notice. In this manner Eloquence is dethroned: she is banished from her rightful dominions, and obliged to dwell in the cold regions of antithesis, forced conceit, and pointed sentences. The consequence is, that she, who was once the sovereign mistress of the sciences, and led them as handmaids in her train, is now deprived of her attendants, reduced, impoverished, and, stripped of her usual honors, (I might say of her genius,) compelled to exercise a mere plebeian art.

'And now, my friends, I think I have laid open the efficient cause of the decline of eloquence. Need I call witnesses to support my opinion? I name Demosthenes, among the Greeks. He, we are assured, con-

stantly attended the lectures of Plato.[1] I name Cicero, among the Romans: he tells us (I believe I can repeat his words) that if he attained any degree of excellence, he owed it not so much to the precepts of rhetoricians, as to his meditations in the walks of the academic school. I am aware that other causes of our present degeneracy may be added; but that task I leave to my friends, since I now may flatter myself that I have performed my promise. In doing it I fear that, as often happens to me, I have incurred the danger of giving offence. Were a certain class of men to hear the principles which I have advanced in favor of legal knowlege and sound philosophy, I should expect to be told that I have been all the time commending my own visionary schemes.'

XXXIII. 'You will excuse me,' replied Maternus, 'if I take the liberty to say that you have by no means finished your part of our inquiry. You seem to have spread your canvass, and to have touched the outlines of your plan; but there are other parts that still require the coloring of so masterly a hand. The stores of knowlege with which the ancients enlarged their minds you have fairly explained; and, in contrast to that pleasing picture, you have given us a true draught of modern ignorance. But we now wish to know, what were the exercises, and what the discipline, by which the youth of former times prepared themselves for the honors of their profession. It will not, I believe, be contended, that theory and systems of art are of themselves sufficient to form a genuine orator. It is by

1 We are told by Quintilian, that Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, was an assiduous hearer of Plato. And Cicero expressly says that if he might venture to call himself an orator, he was made so, not by the manufacture of the schools of rhetoric, but in the walks of the academy.

practice, and by constant exertion, that the faculty of speech improves, till the genius of the man expands and florishes in its full vigor. This I think you will not deny; and my two friends, if I may judge by their looks, seem to give their assent.' Aper and Secundus agreed without hesitation.

Messala proceeded as follows: 'Having, as I conceive, shown the seed-plots of ancient eloquence, and the fountains of science from which they drew such copious streams, it remains now to give some idea of the labor, the assiduity, and the exercises, by which they trained themselves to their profession. I need not observe, that in the pursuit of science method and constant exercise are indispensable: for who can hope, without regular attention, to master abstract schemes of philosophy, and embrace the whole compass of the sciences? Knowlege must be grafted in the mind by frequent meditation: to that must be added the faculty of conveying our ideas; and, to make sure of our impression, we must be able to adorn our thoughts with the colors of true eloquence. Hence it is evident that the same arts by which the mind lays in its stock of knowlege must be still pursued, in order to attain a clear and graceful manner of conveying that knowlege to others. This may be thought refined and too abstruse. If however we are still to be told that science and elocution are things in themselves distinct and unrelated, this at least may be assumed, that he who, with a fund of previous knowlege, undertakes the province of oratory, will bring with him a mind well seasoned, and duly prepared for the study and exercise of real eloquence.

XXXIV. 'The practice of our ancestors was agreeable to this theory. The youth who was intended for public declamation went forth under the care of his

father, or some near relation, with all the advantages of home discipline; his mind was expanded by the fine arts, and impregnated with science. He was conducted to the most eminent orator of the time. Under that illustrious patronage he visited the forum; he attended his patron on all occasions; he listened with attention to his pleadings in the tribunals of justice, and his public harangues before the people; he heard him in the warmth of argument; he noted his sudden replies; and thus, in the field of battle, if I may so express myself, he learned the first rudiments of rhetorical warfare. The advantages of this method are obvious: the young candidate gained courage, and improved his judgment: he studied in open day, amidst the heat of the conflict, where nothing weak or idle could be said with impunity; where every thing absurd was instantly rebuked by the judge, exposed to ridicule by the adversary, and condemned by the whole bar.

'In this manner the student was initiated in the rules of sound and manly eloquence; and though it be true that he placed himself under the auspices of one orator only, he heard the rest in their turn; and in that diversity of tastes which always prevails in mixed assemblies, he was enabled to distinguish what was excellent or defective in the kind. The orator in actual business was the best preceptor: the instructions which he gave were living eloquence, the substance, and not the shadow. He was himself a real combatant, engaged with a zealous antagonist; both in earnest, and not like gladiators, in a mock contest, fighting for prizes. It was a struggle for victory, before an audience always changing, yet always full; where the speaker had his enemies as well as his admirers; and between both, what was brilliant met with applause; what was defective was sure to be condemned. In this clash of opi-

nions the genuine orator florished, and acquired that lasting fame which we all know does not depend on the voice of friends only, but must rebound from the benches filled with your enemies. Extorted applause is the best suffrage.

'In that school the youth of expectation, such as I have delineated, was reared and educated by the most eminent genius of the times. In the forum he was enlightened by the experience of others; he was instructed in the knowlege of the laws, accustomed to the eye of the judges, habituated to the looks of a numerous audience, and acquainted with the popular taste. After this preparation he was called forth to conduct a prosecution, or to take on himself the whole weight of the defence. The fruit of his application was then seen at once. He was equal in his first outset to the most arduous business. Thus it was that Crassus, at the age of nineteen,[1] stood forth the accuser of Papirius Carbo: thus Julius Cæsar, at one-and-twenty, arraigned Dolabella: Asinius Pollio, about the same age, attacked Caius Cato; and Calvus, but a little older, flamed out against Vatinius. Their several speeches are still extant, and we all read them with admiration.

1 There is in this place a trifling mistake, either in Messala, the speaker, or in the copyists. Crassus was born A. U. C. 614. Papirius Carbo, the person accused, was consul A. U. C. 634, and the prosecution was in the following year, when Crassus expressly says that he was then only one-and-twenty. Cicero, De Orat. iii. 74. Pliny the consul was another instance of early pleading. He says himself that he began his career in the forum at the age of nineteen, and after a long practice, he could only see the functions of an orator as it were in a mist. Quintilian relates of Cæsar, Calvus, and Pollio, that they all three appeared at the bar long before they arrived at the questorian age, which was twenty-seven.

XXXV. 'In opposition to this system of education, what is our modern practice? Our young men are led to academical prolusions in the school of vain professors, who call themselves rhetoricians; a race of impostors, who made their first appearance at Rome not long before the days of Cicero. That they were unwelcome visitors is evident from the circumstance of their being silenced by the two censors, Crassus and Domitius. They were ordered, says Cicero, to shut up their school of impudence. Those scenes, however, are open at present, and there our young students listen to mountebank oratory. I am at a loss how to determine which is most fatal to all true genius, the place itself, the company that frequent it, or the plan of study universally adopted. Can the place impress the mind with awe and respect where none are ever seen but the raw, the unskilful, and the ignorant? In such an assembly what advantage can arise? Boys harangue before boys, and young men exhibit before their fellows. The speaker is pleased with his declamation, and the hearer with his judgment. The very subjects on which they display their talents tend to no useful purpose. They are of two sorts, persuasive or controversial. The first, supposed to be of the lighter kind, are usually assigned to the youngest scholars: the last are reserved for students of longer practice and riper judgment. But, gracious powers! what are the compositions produced on these occasions?

'The subject is remote from truth, and even probability, unlike any thing that ever happened in human life: and no wonder if the superstructure perfectly agrees with the foundation. It is to these scenic exercises that we owe a number of frivolous topics, such as the reward due to the slayer of a tyrant; the elec-

tion to be made by violated virgins;[1] the rites and ceremonies proper to be used during a raging pestilence; the loose behavior of married women; with other fictitious subjects, hackneyed in the schools, and seldom or never heard of in our courts of justice. These imaginary questions are treated with gaudy florishes, and all the tumor of unnatural language. But after all this mighty parade, call these striplings from their schools of rhetoric into the presence of the judges, and to the real business of the bar:[2]

1 Seneca has left a collection of declamations in the two kinds, viz. the persuasive and controversial. See his Suasoriæ, and Controversiæ. In the first class, the questions are, Whether Alexander should attempt the Indian ocean? Whether he should enter Babylon, when the augurs denounced impending danger? Whether Cicero, to appease the wrath of Marc Antony, should burn all his works? The subjects in the second class are more complex.

2 Here unfortunately begins a chasm in the original. The words are, 'Cum ad veros judices ventum est, * * * * rem cogitare * * * * nihil humile, nihil abjectum eloqui poterat.' This is unintelligible. What follows from the words 'magna eloquentia sicut flamma,' palpably belongs to Maternus, who is the last speaker in the dialogue. The whole of what Secundus said is lost. The expedient has been, to divide the sequel between Secundus and Maternus; but that is mere patchwork. We are told in the first section of the dialogue that the several persons present spoke their minds, each in his turn assigning different but probable causes, and at times agreeing on the same. There can therefore be no doubt but Secundus took his turn in the course of the inquiry. Of all the editors of Tacitus, Brotier is the only one who has adverted to this circumstance. To supply the loss, as well as it can now be done by conjecture, that ingenious commentator has added a Supplement, with so much taste, and such a degree of probability, that it has been judged proper to adopt what he has added. The thread of the discourse will be unbroken, and the reader, it is hoped, will prefer a regular continuity to a mere vacant space. The sections of the Supplement will be marked, for the sake of distinction, with figures, instead of the Roman numeral letters, as far as section xxxvi.

1. 'What figure will they make before that solemn judicature? Trained up in chimerical exercises, strangers to the municipal laws, unacquainted with the principles of natural justice and the rights of nations, they will bring with them that false taste which they have been for years acquiring, but nothing worthy of the public ear, nothing useful to their clients. They have succeeded in nothing but the art of making themselves ridiculous. The peculiar quality of the teacher, whatever it be, is sure to transfuse itself into the performance of the pupil. Is the master haughty, fierce, and arrogant, the scholar swells with confidence; his eye threatens prodigious things, and his harangue is an ostentatious display of the common-places of school oratory, dressed up with dazzling splendor, and thundered forth with emphasis. On the other hand, does the master value himself for the delicacy of his taste, for the foppery of glittering conceits and tinsel ornament, the youth who has been educated under him sets out with the same artificial prettiness, the same foppery of style and manner. A simper plays on his countenance; his elocution is soft and delicate; his action pathetic; his sentences entangled in a maze of sweet perplexity; he plays off the whole of his theatrical skill, and hopes to elevate and surprise.

2. 'This love of finery, this ambition to shine and glitter, has destroyed all true eloquence. Oratory is not the child of hireling teachers; it springs from another source: from a love of liberty; from a mind replete with moral science, and a thorough knowlege of the laws; from a due respect for the best examples; from profound meditation, and a style formed by constant practice. While these were thought essential requisites eloquence florished. But the true beauties [illegible]nguage fell into disuse, and oratory went to ruin.

The spirit evaporated; I fear to revive no more. I wish I may prove a false prophet; but we know the progress of art in every age and country. Rude at first, it rises from low beginnings, and goes on improving till it reaches the highest perfection in the kind. But at that point it is never stationary: it soon declines; and from the corruption of what is good, it is not in the nature of man, nor in the power of human faculties, to rise again to the same degree of excellence.'

3. Messala closed with a degree of vehemence; and then, turning to Maternus and Secundus, 'It is yours,' he said, 'to pursue this train of argument; or if any cause of the decay of eloquence lies still deeper, you will oblige us by bringing it to light. Maternus, I presume, will find no difficulty: a poetic genius holds commerce with the gods, and to him nothing will remain a secret. As for Secundus, he has been long a shining ornament of the forum, and by his own experience knows how to distinguish genuine eloquence from the corrupt and vicious.' Maternus heard this sally of his friend's good-humor with a smile. 'The task,' he said, 'which you have imposed on us we will endeavor to execute. But though I am the interpreter of the gods, I must notwithstanding request that Secundus may take the lead. He is master of the subject; and, in questions of this kind, experience is better than inspiration.'

4. Secundus complied with his friend's request. 'I yield,' he said, 'the more willingly, as I shall hazard no new opinion, but rather confirm what has been urged by Messala. It is certain that, as painters are formed by painters, and poets by the example of poets, so the young orator must learn his art from orators

only. In the schools of rhetoricians,[1] who think themselves the fountain-head of eloquence, every thing is false and vitiated. The true principles of the persuasive art are never known to the professor; or if at any time there may be found a preceptor of superior genius, can it be expected that he shall be able to transfuse into the mind of his pupil all his own conceptions, pure, unmixed, and free from error? The sensibility of the master, since we have allowed him genius, will be an impediment: the uniformity of the same dull tedious round will give him disgust, and the student will turn from it with aversion. And yet I am inclined to think, that the decay of eloquence would not have been so rapid if other causes more fatal than the corruption of the schools had not co-operated. When the worst models became the objects of imitation, and not only the young men of the age, but even the whole body of the people, admired the new way of speaking, eloquence fell at once into that state of degeneracy from which nothing can recover it. We, who came afterwards, found ourselves in a hopeless situation: we were driven to wretched expedients, to forced conceits, and the glitter of frivolous sentences; we were obliged to hunt after wit when we could be no longer eloquent. By what pernicious examples this was ac-

1 Enough perhaps has been already said in the notes concerning the teachers of rhetoric; but it will not be useless to refer to one passage more from Petronius, who in literature, as well as convivial pleasure, may be allowed to be 'arbiter elegantiarum.' 'The rhetoricians,' he says, 'came originally from Asia; they were however neither known to Pindar, and the nine lyric poets, nor to Plato, or Demosthenes. They arrived at Athens in evil hour, and imported with them that enormous frothy loquacity, which at once, like a pestilence, blasted all the powers of genius, and established the rules of corrupt eloquence.'

complished has been explained by our friend Messala.

5. 'We are none of us strangers to those unhappy times when Rome, grown weary of her vast renown in arms, began to think of striking into new paths of fame, no longer willing to depend on the glory of our ancestors. The whole power of the state was centred in a single ruler; and by the policy of the prince men were taught to think no more of ancient honor. Invention was on the stretch for novelty, and all looked for something better than perfection; something rare, far-fetched, and exquisite. New modes of pleasure were devised. In that period of luxury and dissipation, when the rage of new inventions was grown epidemic, Seneca arose. His talents were of a peculiar sort; acute, refined, and polished; but polished to a degree that made him prefer affectation and wit to truth and nature. The predominance of his genius was great; and by consequence he gave the mortal stab to all true eloquence.[1] When I say this, let me not be suspected of that low malignity which would tarnish the fame of a great character. I admire the man and the philosopher. The undaunted firmness with which he braved the tyrant's frown will do im-

1 When the public taste was vitiated, and to elevate and surprise, as Bayes says, was the new way of writing, Seneca is, with good reason, ranked in the class of ingenious, but affected authors. Menage says if all the books in the world were in the fire, there is not one whom he would so eagerly snatch from the flames as Plutarch. That author never tires him; he reads him often, and always finds new beauties. He cannot say the same of Seneca; not but there are admirable passages in his works, but when brought to the test they lose their apparent beauty by a close examination. Seneca serves to be quoted in the warmth of conversation, but is not of equal value in the closet. Whatever be the subject, he wishes to shine, and by consequence his thoughts are too refined, and often false.

mortal honor to his memory. But the fact is (and why should I disguise it?) the virtues of the writer have undone his country.

6. 'To bring about this unhappy revolution no man was so eminently qualified.[1] His understanding was

1 This charge against Seneca is by no means new. Quintilian was his contemporary; he saw and heard the man, and in less than twenty years after his death pronounced judgment against him. In the conclusion of the first chapter of his tenth book, after having given an account of the Greek and Roman authors, he says he reserved Seneca for the last place, because, having always endeavored to counteract the influence of a bad taste, he was supposed to be influenced by motives of personal enmity. But the case was otherwise. He saw that Seneca was the favorite of the times, and, to check the torrent that threatened the ruin of all true eloquence, he exerted his best efforts to diffuse a sounder judgment. He did not wish that Seneca should be laid aside: but he could not in silence see him preferred to the writers of the Augustan age, whom that writer endeavored to depreciate, conscious that, having chosen a different style, he could not hope to please the taste of those who were charmed with the authors of a former day. But Seneca was still in fashion; his partisans continued to admire, though it cannot be said that they imitated him. He fell short of the ancients, and they were still more beneath their model. Since they were content to copy, it were to be wished that they had been able to vie with him. He pleased by his defects, and the herd of imitators chose the worst. They acquired a vicious manner, and flattered themselves that they resembled their master. But the truth is, they disgraced him. Seneca, it must be allowed, had many great and excellent qualities; a lively imagination, vast erudition, and extensive knowlege. He frequently employed others to make researches for him, and was often deceived. He embraced all subjects; in his philosophy, not always profound, but a keen censor of the manners, and on moral subjects truly admirable. He has brilliant passages, and beautiful sentiments; but the expression is in a false taste, the more dangerous, as he abounds with delightful vices. You would have wished that he had written with his own imaginstion, and the judgment of others. To sum up his character; had he known how to rate little things, had he been above the petty ambition of always shining, had he not been fond of himself, had he not weakened his force by mi-

large and comprehensive; his genius rich and powerful; his way of thinking ingenious, elegant, and even charming. His researches in moral philosophy excited the admiration of all; and moral philosophy is never so highly praised as when the manners are in a state of degeneracy. Seneca knew the taste of the times. He had the art to gratify the public ear. His style is neat, yet animated; concise, yet clear; familiar, yet seldom inelegant. Free from redundancy, his periods are often abrupt, but they surprise by their vivacity. He shines in pointed sentences; and that unceasing prosecution of vice, which is kept up with uncommon ardor, spreads a lustre over all his writings. His brilliant style charmed by its novelty. Every page sparkles with wit, with gay allusions, and sentiments of virtue. No wonder that the graceful ease, and sometimes the dignity of his expression, made their way into the forum. What pleased universally soon found a number of imitators. Add to this the advantages of rank and honors. He mixed in the splendor, and perhaps in the vices, of the court. The resentment of Caligula, and the acts of oppression which soon after followed, served only to adorn his name. To crown all, Nero was his pupil and his mur-

nute and dazzling sentences, he would have gained, not the admiration of boys, but the suffrage of the judicious. At present he may be read with safety by those who have made acquaintance with better models. His works afford the fairest opportunity of distinguishing the beauties of fine writing from their opposite vices. He has much to be approved, and even admired: but a just selection is necessary; and it is to be regretted that he did not choose for himself. Such was the judgment of Quintilian. From this it is evident that Seneca, even in the meridian of his fame and power, was considered as the grand corrupter of eloquence. The charge is therefore renewed in this dialogue, with strict propriety.

derer. Hence the character and genius of the man rose to the highest eminence. What was admired was imitated, and true oratory was heard no more. The love of novelty prevailed, and for the dignified simplicity of ancient eloquence no taste remained. The art itself, and all its necessary discipline, became ridiculous. In that black period, when vice triumphed at large, and virtue had every thing to fear, the temper of the times was propitious to the corrupters of taste and liberal science. The dignity of composition was no longer of use. It had no power to stop the torrent of vice which deluged the city of Rome; and virtue found it a feeble protection. In such a conjuncture it was not safe to speak the sentiments of the heart. To be obscure, abrupt, and dark, was the best expedient. Then it was that the affected sententious brevity came into vogue. To speak concisely, and with an air of precipitation, was the general practice. To work the ruin of a person accused, a single sentence, or a splendid phrase, was sufficient. Men defended themselves in a short brilliant expression; and if that did not protect them, they died with a lively apophthegm, and their last words were wit. This was the fashion introduced by Seneca. The peculiar but agreeable vices of his style wrought the downfal of eloquence. The solid was exchanged for the brilliant; and they who ceased to be orators studied to be ingenious.

7. 'Of late, indeed, we have seen the dawn of better times. In the course of the last six years Vespasian has revived our hopes. The friend of regular manners, and the encourager of ancient virtue, by which Rome was raised to the highest pinnacle of glory, he has restored the public peace, and with it the blessings of liberty. Under his propitious influence the arts

and sciences begin once more to florish, and genius has been honored with his munificence. The example of his sons[1] has helped to kindle a spirit of emulation. We beheld with pleasure the two princes adding to the dignity of their rank, and their fame in arms, all the grace and elegance of polite literature. But it is fatally true, that when the public taste is once corrupted, the mind which has been warped seldom recovers its former tone. This difficulty was rendered still more insurmountable by the licentious spirit of our young men, and the popular applause that encouraged the false taste of the times. I need not, in this company, call to mind the unbridled presumption with which, as soon as genuine eloquence expired, the young men of the age took possession of the forum. Of modest worth and ancient manners nothing remained. We know that in former times the youthful candidate was introduced in the forum by a person of consular rank, and by him set forward in his road to fame. That laudable custom being at an end, all fences were thrown down: no sense of shame remained; no respect for the tribunals of justice. The aspiring genius wanted no patronage; he scorned the usual forms of a regular introduction, and with full confidence in his own powers he obtruded himself on the court. Neither the solemnity of the place, nor the sanctity of laws, nor the importance of the oratorical character, could restrain the impetuosity of young ambition. Unconscious of the importance of the undertaking, and less sensible of his own incapacity, the

1 Titus, it is needless to say, was the friend of virtue and of every liberal art. Even that monster Domitian was versed in polite learning, and by fits and starts capable of intense application: but we read in Tacitus, that his studies and his pretended love of poetry served as a cloak to hide his real character.

bold adventurer rushed at once into the most arduous business. Arrogance supplied the place of talents.

8. 'To oppose the torrent that bore down every thing, the danger of losing all fair and honest fame was the only circumstance that could afford a ray of hope. But even that slender fence was soon removed by the arts of Largius Licinius. He was the first that opened a new road to ambition. He intrigued for fame, and filled the benches with an audience suborned to applaud his declamations. He had his circle round him, and shouts of approbation followed. It was on that occasion that Domitius Afer emphatically said, 'Eloquence is now at the last gasp.' It had indeed at that time shown manifest symptoms of decay, but its total ruin may be dated from the introduction of a mercenary band to flatter and applaud. If we except a chosen few, whose superior genius has not as yet been seduced from truth and nature, the rest are followed by their partisans, like actors on the stage, subsisting altogether on the bought suffrages of mean and prostitute hirelings. Nor is this sordid traffic carried on with secrecy: we see the bargain made in the face of the court: the bribe is distributed with as little ceremony as if they were in a private party at the orator's own house. Having sold their voices, this venal crew rush forward from one tribunal to another, the distributors of fame, and the sole judges of literary merit. The practice is no doubt disgraceful. To brand it with infamy two new terms have been invented;[1]

1 The whole account of the trade of puffing is related in the dialogue, on the authority of Pliny, who tells us that those wretched sycophants had two nicknames; one in Greek, Σοφοκλεις, and the other in Latin, *Laudicœni*; the former from *sophos*, the usual exclamation of applause, as in Martial; the Latin word importing *parasites*, who sold their praise for a supper.

one in the Greek language, importing the venders of praise; and the other in the Latin idiom, signifying the parasites who sell their applause for a supper. But sarcastic expressions have not been able to cure the mischief: the applauders by profession have taken courage; and the name, which was intended as a stroke of ridicule, is now become an honorable appellation.

9. 'This infamous practice rages at present with increasing violence. The party no longer consists of freeborn citizens; our very slaves are hired. Even before they arrive at full age we see them distributing the rewards of eloquence. Without attending to what is said, and without sense enough to understand, they are sure to crowd the courts of justice whenever a raw young man, stung with the love of fame, but without talents to deserve it, obtrudes himself in the character of an advocate. The hall resounds with acclamations, or rather with a kind of bellowing; for I know not by what term to express that savage uproar which would disgrace a theatre.

'On the whole, when I consider these infamous practices, which have brought so much dishonor on a liberal profession, I am far from wondering that you, Maternus, judged it time to sound your retreat. When you could no longer attend with honor, you did well, my friend, to devote yourself intirely to the muses. And now, since you are to close the debate, permit me to request that, besides unfolding the causes of corrupt eloquence, you will fairly tell us whether you entertain any hopes of better times; and, if you do, by what means a reformation may be accomplished.'

10. 'It is true,' said Maternus, 'that seeing the forum deluged by an inundation of vices, I was glad, as my friend expressed it, to sound my retreat. I saw corruption rushing on with hasty strides, too shameful

to be defended, and too powerful to be resisted. And yet, though urged by all those motives, I should hardly have renounced the business of the bar if the bias of my nature had not inclined me to other studies. I balanced however for some time. It was at first my fixed resolution to stand to the last, a poor remnant of that integrity and manly eloquence which still lingered at the bar, and showed some signs of life. It was my intention to emulate, not indeed with equal powers, but certainly with equal firmness, the bright models of ancient times; and in that course of practice to defend the fortunes, the dignity, and the innocence of my fellow-citizens. But the strong impulse of inclination was not to be resisted. I laid down my arms, and deserted to the safe and tranquil camp of the muses. But though a deserter, I have not quite forgot the service in which I was enlisted. I honor the professors of real eloquence, and that sentiment, I hope, will be always warm in my heart.

11. 'In my solitary walks, and moments of meditation, it often happens that I fall into a train of thinking on the florishing state of ancient eloquence, and the abject condition to which it is reduced in modern times. The result of my reflections I shall venture to unfold, not with a spirit of controversy, nor yet dogmatically to enforce my own opinion. I may differ in some points; but from a collision of sentiments it is possible that some new light may be struck out. My friend Aper will therefore excuse me, if I do not, with him, prefer the false glitter of the moderns to the solid vigor of ancient genius. At the same time it is not my intention to disparage his friends. Messala too, whom you, Secundus, have closely followed, will forgive me if I do not in every thing coincide with his opinion. The vices of the forum, which you have

both, as becomes men of integrity, attacked with vehemence, will not have me for their apologist. But still I may be allowed to ask, have you not been too much exasperated against the rhetoricians?

'I will not say in their favor, that I think them equal to the task of reviving the honors of eloquence; but I have known among them men of unblemished morals, of regular discipline, great erudition, and talents every way fit to form the minds of youth to a just taste for science and the persuasive arts. In this number one in particular has lately shone forth with superior lustre. From his abilities, all that is in the power of man may fairly be expected. A genius like his would have been the ornament of better times. Posterity will admire and honor him. And yet I would not have Secundus amuse himself with ill-grounded hopes: neither the learning of that most excellent man, nor the industry of such as may follow him, will be able to promote the interests of Eloquence, or to establish her former glory. It is a lost cause. Before the vices, which have been so ably described, had spread a general infection, all true oratory was at an end. The revolutions in our government, and the violence of the times, began the mischief, and in the end gave the fatal blow.

12. 'Nor are we to wonder at this event. In the course of human affairs there is no stability, nothing secure or permanent. It is with our minds as with our bodies: the latter, as soon as they have attained their full growth, and seem to florish in the vigor of health, begin, from that moment, to feel the gradual approaches of decay. Our intellectual powers proceed in the same manner: they gain strength by degrees; they arrive at maturity; and when they can no longer improve, they languish, droop, and fade away. This is the law of nature, to which every age, and

every nation, of which we have any historical records, have been obliged to submit. There is besides another general law, hard perhaps, but wonderfully ordained, and it is this: nature, whose operations are always simple and uniform, never suffers in any age or country more than one great example of perfection in the kind.[1] This was the case in Greece, that prolific parent of genius and of science. She had but one Homer, one Plato, one Demosthenes. The same has happened at Rome: Virgil stands at the head of his art, and Cicero is still unrivalled. During a space of seven hundred years our ancestors were struggling to reach the summit of perfection: Cicero at length arose; he thundered forth his immortal energy, and Nature was satisfied with the wonder she had made. The force of genius could go no farther. A new road to fame was to be found. We aimed at wit, and gay conceit, and glittering sentences. The change indeed was great; but it naturally followed the new form of government. Genius died with public liberty.

13. 'We find that the discourse of men always conforms to the temper of the times. Among savage nations language is never copious. A few words serve the purpose of barbarians, and those are always uncouth and harsh, without the artifice of connexion; short, abrupt, and nervous. In a state of polished society, where a single ruler sways the sceptre, the powers of the mind take a softer tone, and language grows more refined. But affectation follows, and pre-

1 Maternus, without contradicting Messala or Secundus, gives his opinion, viz. that the decline of eloquence, however other causes might conspire, was chiefly occasioned by the ruin of a free constitution. To this he adds another observation, which seems to be founded in truth, as we find that, since the revival of letters, Spain has produced one Cervantes; France, one Moliere; England, one Shakspeare, and one Milton.

cision gives way to delicacy. The just and natural expression is no longer the fashion. Living in ease and luxury, men look for elegance, and hope by novelty to give a grace to adulation. In other nations, where the first principles of the civil union are maintained in vigor; where the people live under the government of laws, and not the will of man; where the spirit of liberty pervades all ranks and orders of the state; where every individual holds himself bound, at the hazard of his life, to defend the constitution framed by his ancestors; where, without being guilty of an impious crime, no man dares to violate the rights of the whole community; in such a state the national eloquence will be prompt, bold, and animated. Should internal dissensions shake the public peace, or foreign enemies threaten to invade the land, Eloquence comes forth arrayed in terror; she wields her thunder, and commands all hearts. It is true, that on those occasions men of ambition endeavor, for their own purposes, to spread the flame of sedition; while the good and virtuous combine their force to quell the turbulent, and repel the menaces of a foreign enemy. Liberty gains new strength by the conflict, and the true patriot has the glory of serving his country, distinguished by his valor in the field, and in debate no less terrible by his eloquence.

14. 'Hence it is that in free governments we see a constellation of orators. Hence Demosthenes displayed the powers of his amazing genius, and acquired immortal honor. He saw a quick and lively people dissolved in luxury, open to the seductions of wealth, and ready to submit to a master; he saw a great and warlike monarch threatening destruction to the liberties of his country; he saw that prince at the head of powerful armies, renowned for victory, possessed of an opulent treasury, formidable in battle, and, by his sec-

arts, still more so in the cabinet; he saw that king, inflamed by ambition and the lust of dominion, determined to destroy the liberties of Greece. It was that alarming crisis that called forth the powers of Demosthenes. Armed with eloquence, and with eloquence only, he stood as a bulwark against a combination of enemies, foreign and domestic. He roused his countrymen from their lethargy: he kindled the holy flame of liberty: he counteracted the machinations of Philip, detected his clandestine frauds, and fired the men of Athens with indignation. To effect these generous purposes, and defeat the policy of a subtle enemy, what powers of mind were necessary! how vast, how copious, how sublime! He thundered and lightened in his discourse; he faced every danger with undaunted resolution. Difficulties served only to inspire him with new ardor. The love of his country glowed in his heart; liberty roused all his powers, and Fame held forth her immortal wreath to reward his labors. These were the fine incentives that roused his genius; and no wonder that his mind expanded with vast conceptions. He thought for his country, and by consequence every sentiment was sublime; every expression was grand and magnificent.

XXXVI. 'The true spirit of genuine eloquence,[1] like an intense fire, is kept alive by fresh materials: every new commotion gives it vigor, and in proportion

1 When great and powerful eloquence is compared to a flame, that must be supported by fresh materials, it is evident that the sentence is a continuation, not the opening of a new argument. It has been observed, and it will not be improper to repeat, that the two former speakers (Messala and Secundus) having stated, according to their way of thinking, the causes of corrupt eloquence, Maternus, as was promised in the outset of the dialogue, now proceeds to give another reason, and perhaps the strongest of all; namely, the alteration the government from the old republican form to the absosway of a single ruler.

as it burns, it expands and brightens to a purer flame. The same causes at Rome produced the same effect. Tempestuous times called forth the genius of our ancestors. The moderns it is true have taken fire, and rose above themselves, as often as a quiet, settled, and uniform government gave a fair opportunity; but eloquence, it is certain, florishes most under a bold and turbulent democracy, where the ambitious citizen who best can mould to his purposes a fierce and contentious multitude, is sure to be the idol of the people. In the conflict of parties that kept our ancestors in agitation laws were multiplied: the leading chiefs were the favorite demagogues; the magistrates were often engaged in midnight debate; eminent citizens were brought to a public trial; families were set at variance; the nobles were split into factions, and the senate waged incessant war against the people. Hence that flame of eloquence which blazed out under the republican government, and hence that constant fuel that kept the flame alive.

'The state it is true was often thrown into convulsions; but talents were exercised, and genius opened the way to public honors. He who possessed the powers of persuasion rose to eminence, and by the arts which gave him popularity, he was sure to eclipse his colleagues. He strengthened his interest with the leading men, and gained weight and influence not only in the senate, but in all assemblies of the people. Foreign nations courted his friendship. The magistrates, setting out for their provinces, made it their business to ingratiate themselves with the popular speaker, and at their return took care to renew their homage. The powerful orator had no occasion to solicit for preferment: the offices of pretor and consul stood open to receive him. He was invited those exalted stations. Even in the rank of a pri-

citizen he had a considerable share of power, since his authority swayed at once the senate and the people. It was in those days a settled maxim, that no man could either rise to dignities, or support himself in office, without possessing, in an eminent degree, a power of words, and dignity of language.

'Nor can this be a matter of wonder, when we recollect that persons of distinguished genius were on various occasions called forth by the voice of the people, and in their presence obliged to act an important part. Eloquence was the ruling passion of all. The reason is, it was not then sufficient merely to vote in the senate; it was necessary to support that vote with strength of reasoning, and a flow of language. Moreover, in all prosecutions, the party accused was expected to make his defence in person, and to examine the witnesses, who at that time were not allowed to speak in written depositions, but were obliged to give their testimony in open court. In this manner necessity, no less than the temptation of bright rewards, conspired to make men cultivate the arts of oratory. He who was known to possess the powers of speech was held in the highest veneration. The mute and silent character fell into contempt. The dread of shame was a motive not less powerful than the ambition that aimed at honors. To sink into the humiliating rank of a client, instead of maintaining the dignity of a patron, was a degrading thought. Men were unwilling to see the followers of their ancestors transferred to other families for protection. Above all, they dreaded the disgrace of being thought unworthy of civil honors; and if by intrigue they attained their wishes, the fear of being despised for incapacity was a spur to quicken their ardor in the pursuit of literary fame and commanding eloquence.

XXXVII. 'I do not know whether you have as yet

seen the historical memoirs which Mucianus has collected, and lately published, containing, in eleven volumes, the transactions of the times, and, in three more, the letters of eminent men who figured on the stage of public business. This portion of history is well authenticated by the original papers still extant in the libraries of the curious. From this valuable collection it appears that Pompey and Crassus[1] owed their elevation as much to their talents as to their fame in arms; and that Lentulus, Metellus, Lucullus, Curio, and others of that class, took care to enlarge their minds, and distinguish themselves by their powers of speech. To say all in one word, no man in those times rose to eminence in the state who had not given proof of his genius in the forum and the tribunals of justice.

'To this it maybe added, that the importance, the splendor, and magnitude of the questions discussed in that period, served to animate the public orator. The subject, beyond all doubt, lifts the mind above itself; it gives vigor to sentiment, and energy to expression. Let the topic be a paltry theft, a dry form of pleading, or a petty misdemeanor: will not the orator feel him-

1 The person intended in this place must not be confounded with Lucius Crassus, the orator celebrated by Cicero in the dialogue De Oratore. What is here said relates to Marcus Crassus, who was joined in the triumvirate with Pompey and Cæsar; a man famous for his riches, his avarice, and his misfortunes. While Cæsar was engaged in Gaul, and Pompey in Spain, Crassus invaded Asia, where, in a battle with the Parthians, his whole army was cut to pieces. He himself was in danger of being taken prisoner, but he fell by the sword of the enemy. His head was cut off and carried to Orodes, the Parthian king, who ordered liquid gold to be infused into his mouth, that he, who thirsted for gold, might be glutted with it after his death; Florus, iii. 11. Cicero says, that with slender talents, and a small stock of learning, he was able for some years, by his assiduity and interest, to maintain his rank in the list of eminent orators.

self cramped and chilled by the meanness of the question? Give him a cause of magnitude, such as bribery in the election of magistrates, a charge for plundering the allies of Rome, or the murder of Roman citizens, how different then his emotions! how sublime each sentiment! what dignity of language! The effect, it must be admitted, springs from the disasters of society. It is true, that form of government in which no such evils occur, must, beyond all question, be allowed to be the best; but since, in the course of human affairs, sudden convulsions must happen, my position is, that they produced at Rome that flame of eloquence which at this hour is so much admired. The mind of the orator grows and expands with his subject. Without ample materials no splendid oration was ever yet produced. Demosthenes, I believe, did not owe his vast reputation to the speeches which he made against his guardians; nor was it either the oration in defence of Quintius, or that for Archias the poet, that established the character of Cicero. It was Catiline, it was Verres, it was Milo and Marc Antony, that spread so much glory round him.

'Let me not be misunderstood: I do not say, that for the sake of hearing a bright display of eloquence, it is fit that the public peace should be disturbed by the machinations of turbulent and lawless men. But, not to lose sight of the question before us, let it be remembered, that we are inquiring about an art which thrives and florishes most in tempestuous times. It were no doubt better that the public should enjoy the sweets of peace, than be harassed by the calamities of war: but still it is war that produces the soldier and great commander. It is the same with Eloquence. The oftener she is obliged, if I may so express it, to take the field, the more frequent the engagement, in which she gives and receives alternate wounds; and the

more formidable her adversary, the more she rises in pomp and grandeur, and returns from the warfare of the forum crowned with unfading laurels. He who encounters danger is ever sure to win the suffrages of mankind. For such is the nature of the human mind, that in general we choose a state of security for ourselves, but never fail to gaze with admiration on the man whom we see, in the conflict of parties, facing his adversaries, and surmounting difficulties.

XXXVIII. 'I proceed to another advantage of the ancient forum; I mean the form of proceeding and the rules of practice observed in those days. Our modern custom is, I grant, more conducive to truth and justice: but that of former times gave to eloquence a free career, and by consequence greater weight and splendor. The advocate was not, as now, confined to a few hours; he might adjourn as often as it suited his convenience; he might expatiate, as his genius prompted him: and the number of days, like that of the several patrons, was unlimited. Pompey was the first who circumscribed the genius of men within narrower limits. In his third consulship he gave a check to eloquence, and, as it were, bridled its spirit, but still left all causes to be tried according to law in the forum, and before the pretors. The importance of the business which was decided in that court of justice will be evident if we compare it with the transactions before the centumviri, who at present have cognisance of all matters whatever. We have not so much as one oration of Cicero or Cæsar, of Brutus, Cælius, or Calvus, or any other person famous for his eloquence, which was delivered before the last-mentioned jurisdiction, excepting only the speeches of Asinius Pollio for the heirs of Urbinia. But those speeches were delivered about the middle of the reign of Augustus, when, after a long peace with foreign nations, and

profound tranquillity at home, that wise and politic prince had conquered all opposition, and not only triumphed over party and faction, but subdued eloquence itself.

XXXIX. 'What I am going to say will appear perhaps too minute; it may border on the ridiculous, and excite your mirth: with all my heart; I will hazard it for that very reason. The dress now in use at the bar has an air of meanness: the speaker is confined in a close robe, and loses all the grace of action. The very courts of judicature are another objection: all causes are heard at present in little narrow rooms, where spirit and strenuous exertion are unnecessary. The orator, like a generous steed, requires liberty and ample space: before a scanty tribunal his spirit droops, and the dulness of the scene damps the powers of genius. Add to this, we pay no attention to style; and indeed how should we? No time is allowed for the beauties of composition: the judge calls on you to begin, and you must obey, liable at the same time to frequent interruptions, while documents are read, and witnesses examined.

'During all this formality, what kind of an audience has the orator to invigorate his faculties? Two or three stragglers drop in by chance, and to them the whole business seems to be transacted in solitude. But the orator requires a different scene. He delights in clamor, tumult, and bursts of applause. Eloquence must have her theatre, as was the case in ancient times, when the forum was crowded with the first men in Rome; when a numerous train of clients pressed forward with eager expectation; when the people, in their several tribes; when ambassadors from the colonies, and a great part of Italy, attended to hear the debate; in short, when all Rome was interested in the event. We know that in the cases of Cornelius, Scau-

rus, Milo, Bestia, and Vatinius, the concourse was so great, that those several causes were tried before the whole body of the people. A scene so vast and magnificent was enough to inflame the most languid orator. The speeches delivered on those occasions are in every body's hands, and by their intrinsic excellence we of this day estimate the genius of the respective authors.

XL. 'If we now consider the frequent assemblies of the people, and the right of prosecuting the most eminent men in the state; if we reflect on the glory that sprung from the declared hostility of the most illustrious characters; if we recollect, that even Scipio, Sylla, and Pompey, were not sheltered from the storms of eloquence, what a number of causes shall we see conspiring to rouse the spirit of the ancient forum! The malignity of the human heart, always adverse to superior characters, encouraged the orator to persist. The very players, by sarcastic allusions to men in power, gratified the public ear, and by consequence sharpened the wit and acrimony of the bold declaimer.

'Need I observe to you, that in all I have said, I have not been speaking of that temperate faculty which delights in quiet times, supported by its own integrity and the virtues of moderation? I speak of popular eloquence, the genuine offspring of that licentiousness, to which fools and ill-designing men have given the name of liberty: I speak of bold and turbulent oratory, that inflamer of the people and constant companion of sedition; that fierce incendiary, that knows no compliance, and scorns to temporise; busy, rash, and arrogant, but in quiet and well regulated governments utterly unknown. Who ever heard of an orator at Crete or Lacedæmon? In those states a system of rigorous discipline was established by the

first principles of the constitution. Macedonian and Persian eloquence are equally unknown. The same may be said of every country where the plan of government was fixed and uniform.

'At Rhodes, indeed, and also at Athens, orators existed without number; and the reason is, in those communities the people directed every thing; a giddy multitude governed, and, to say the truth, all things were in the power of all. In like manner, while Rome was engaged in one perpetual scene of contention; while parties, factions, and internal divisions convulsed the state; no peace in the forum, in the senate no union of sentiment; while the tribunals of justice acted without moderation; while the magistrates knew no bounds, and no man paid respect to eminent merit; in such times it must be acknowleged that Rome produced a race of noble orators; as in the wild uncultivated field the richest vegetables will often shoot up, and florish with uncommon vigor. And yet it is fair to ask, could all the eloquence of the Gracchi atone for the laws which they imposed on their country? Could the fame which Cicero obtained by his eloquence compensate for the tragic end to which it brought him?

XLI. 'The forum at present is the last sad relic of ancient oratory. But does that epitome of former greatness give the idea of a city so well regulated, that we may rest contented with our form of government, without wishing for a reformation of abuses? If we except the man of guilt, or such as labor under the hard hand of oppression, who resorts to us for our assistance? If a municipal city applies for protection, it is when the inhabitants, harassed by the adjacent states, or rent and torn by intestine divisions, sue for protection. The province that addresses the senate for a redress of grievances has been oppressed and

plundered before we hear of the complaint. It is true, we vindicate the injured; but to suffer no oppression would surely be better than to obtain relief. Find, if you can, in any part of the world a wise and happy community, where no man offends against the laws: in such a nation what can be the use of oratory? You may as well profess the healing art where ill health is never known. Let men enjoy bodily vigor, and the practice of physic will have no encouragement. In like manner, where sober manners prevail, and submission to authority of government is the national virtue, the powers of persuasion are rendered useless. Eloquence has lost her field of glory. In the senate, what need of elaborate speeches, when all good men are already of one mind? What occasion for studied harangues before a popular assembly, where the form of government leaves nothing to the decision of a wild democracy, but the whole administration is conducted by the wisdom of a single ruler? And again; when crimes are rare and in fact of no great moment, what avails the boasted right of individuals to commence a voluntary prosecution? What necessity for a studied defence, often composed in a style of vehemence, artfully addressed to the passions, and generally stretched beyond all bounds, when justice is executed in mercy, and the judge is of himself disposed to succor the distressed?

'Believe me, my very good, and (as far as the times will admit) my eloquent friends, had it been your lot to live under the old republic, and the men whom we so much admire had been reserved for the present age; if some god had changed the period of theirs and your existence, the flame of genius had been yours, and the chiefs of antiquity would now be acting with minds subdued to the temper of the times. On the whole, since no man can enjoy a state of calm tran-

quillity, and at the same time raise a great and splendid reputation; to be content with the benefits of the age in which we live, without detracting from our ancestors, is the virtue that best becomes us.'

XLII. Maternus concluded[1] his discourse. 'There have been,' said Messala, 'some points advanced to which I do not intirely accede; and others, which I think require farther explanation. But the day is wellnigh spent. We will therefore adjourn the debate.' —'Be it as you think proper,' replied Maternus; 'and if in what I have said you find any thing not sufficiently clear, we will adjust those matters in some future conference.' Hereon he rose from his seat, and embracing Aper, 'I am afraid,' he said, 'that it will fare hardly with you, my good friend. I shall cite you to answer before the poets, and Messala will arraign you at the bar of the antiquarians.'—'And I,' replied Aper, 'shall make reprisals on you both before the school-professors and the rhetoricians.' This occasioned some mirth and raillery. We laughed, and parted in good-humor.

1 The urbanity with which the dialogue is conducted, and the perfect harmony with which the speakers take leave of each other, cannot but leave a pleasing impression on the mind of every reader of taste. It has some resemblance to the conclusion of Cicero's dialogue De Natura Deorum. The present dialogue, it is true, cannot be proved, beyond a controversy, to be the work of Tacitus; but it is also true that it cannot, with equal probability, be ascribed to any other writer. It has been retained in almost every edition of Tacitus; and for that reason, claims a place in a translation which professes to give all the works of so fine a writer.

END OF TACITUS.